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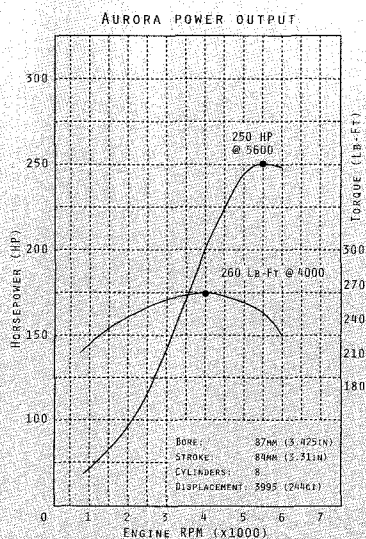
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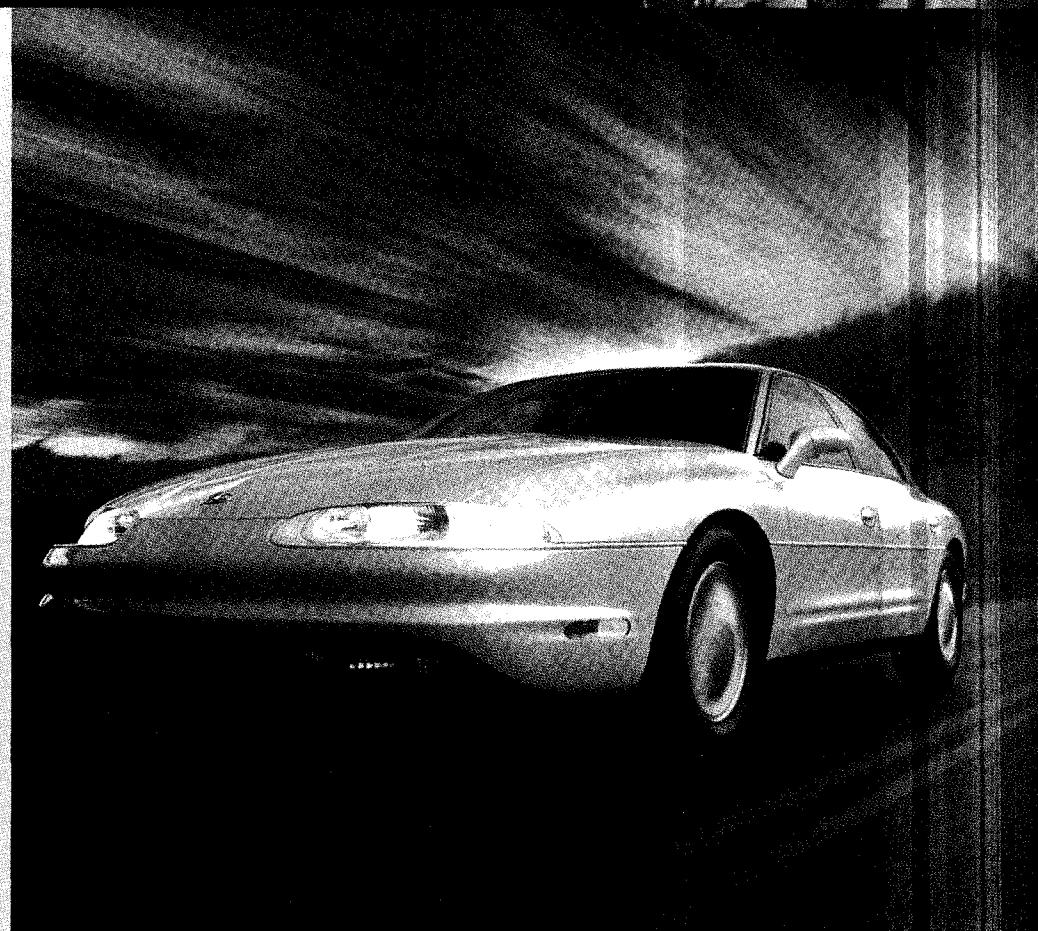
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JOHN SPRINGER, PUBLICIST, ON O.J., PAGE 52



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By Chris Smith

They were a New York archetype: She traded stocks on Wall Street; he launched his own magazine. They rented in the Hamptons as well as on the West Side, in a prewar big enough for the kids. But Richard and Trish Marback sought excitement beyond their clichés. Then



heroin got hip, and then she was dead. **Also:** Paul Tullis on Michael VerMeulen, London media's young Falstaff, a gabber who used high-volume Yankee swagger to sell himself—and British *GQ*—to the English public. His was a "death by misadventure."

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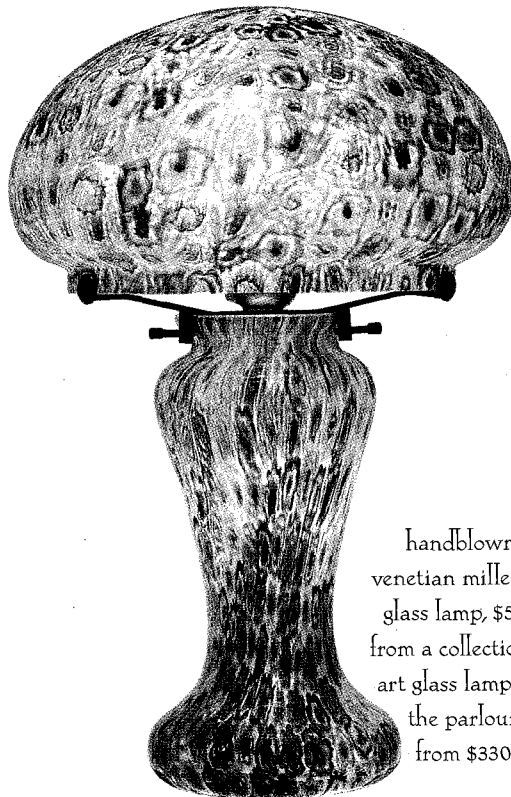
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Party Politics

AIDS activists of every stripe—producers, partygoers, and nonprofit types—say the cause justifies the means.

BURIED IN DAVID GROFF'S MEAN-SPIRITED, sensationalistic article "Gay vs. Gay" ["Gotham," September 4] are these most salient facts about the Morning Party: Almost 5,000 gays, lesbians, and sympathetic straights united to raise money for GMHC, and the event grossed \$350,000. But what readers are most likely to remember from this article is (1) the "fracas" between the Pines and the Grove (oh, those bitchy queens), (2) the physical devastation of AIDS (well, okay, maybe it doesn't hurt to remind people), and (3) rampant, seemingly out-of-control drug use in the gay community (as if no straight person has ever snorted a line or shot up—see "The Lost Boy" in your July 24 issue).

Katherine Persky
MANHATTAN

DAVID GROFF'S ARTICLE ON THIS YEAR'S Morning Party in Fire Island has me saying the Lambda's "Moon Over Maui" fund-raiser lost money in the Grove, when, in fact, this year's event was the most successful Fire island event in Lambda's history. It would be difficult, if not impossible, for anyone to distinguish which portion of the funds came from the Grove and which came from the Pines.

I did say that because of the diverse profiles of the two communities, it is more difficult to target fund-raising in the Grove than in the Pines. The Pines is made up of more than 600 mostly "share" houses, with largely similar demographic characteristics. The Grove, on the other hand, is much more diverse in nature, with more straights, lesbians, and "day-trippers." There are also only 200 homes in the Grove. So it's easy to see why a fund-raiser in the Grove might generate fewer proceeds than one in the Pines.

The security of the Morning Party attendees has always been of the utmost concern to GMHC and the event's producers. And this year there were six full-time lifeguards hired to make certain no

one entered the choppy ocean waters. Of the ten citations issued, five were for urinating in an area not even near the event. I believe it would be difficult to stage an event of this size (4,500 people) in any other community without the need for some form of police supervision. It is unfortunate that Mr. Groff, as a prominent member of the gay-and-lesbian community as well as a Pines resident, would take such a negative stand against an event he has attended for years, and which he personally told me "was a great party."

Peter A. Dolgin
MANHATTAN

I AM CURIOUS AS TO WHY DAVID GROFF writes such negative commentary on an event that is for a positive cause. His article conveys nothing more than disapproval and contempt, painting a picture of sickly, drugged-out, sexually rampant gay men partying until they collapse, when for most people, including myself, the Gay Men's Health Crisis Morning Party represents gay men and women coming together for two simple reasons: to fight AIDS and have fun.

Shawn G. Mulhare
MANHATTAN

IT'S UNFORTUNATE THAT *New York* MAGAZINE failed to check with Lambda Legal Defense and Education Fund before printing that this year's joint Cherry Grove-Fire Island Pines fund-raiser "lost money in the Grove." Every summer since 1991, our event has taken place simultaneously in the Grove and the Pines. Tickets—which include round-trip water-taxi fare to permit visits to both party sites—are sold in both communities. One summer, it was even called "Two on the Isle." The truth is that—thanks to increased support at every level from both communities—this year's joint community fund-raiser, "Moon Over Maui," raised a record \$93,000 in critical summer funds.

William A. Peters
Lambda Legal Defense and Education Fund
MANHATTAN

David Groff replies: The producer of the Lambda benefit, Peter Dolgin, told me that the fund-raiser lost money in Cher-

ry Grove—a fact his business partner verified with a *New York* fact checker. As my article made clear, the Grove is less affluent, more diverse, and far smaller than Fire Island Pines. Certainly the lesbians and gay men of the Grove have been profoundly affected by AIDS and care deeply about it as individuals—including, surely, those who protested GMHC's use of the Grove beach.

A Producer's Lament

I AM THE EXECUTIVE PRODUCER AND writer of *A Mother's Prayer*, which John Leonard reviewed in the "Cue" section "The Mix" [August 7]. His review says that TV has moved on to braver ground; I don't know what braver ground there is than a mother having to give up her child before she dies. Rosemary Holmstrom, unlike most women who die of AIDS, walked through her fear to find a home for her son before she got too ill to do it. She walked through the shame and fear of discrimination that paralyze most people. Rosemary went public for two reasons: (1) She needed help to find a good home for her son, and (2) she wanted other women to see that if she could do it, so could they.

To say that the same movie could have been made about Lyme disease is not only stupid but flip, and it dismisses everyone who is dying of AIDS. Last, to say that AIDS is being exploited shows an ignorance of the situation. This movie gave \$100,000 to Rosemary and her son, a great deal of money to a woman on welfare. No movie before *A Mother's Prayer* ever dealt with AIDS orphans, whose numbers the Centers for Disease Control says will reach 5 million worldwide by the year 2000—a figure most people would love to ignore. We televised an 800 number for the National Council for Adoption's AIDS Orphan Adoption Project at the end of the movie, and thousands of mothers with AIDS called to get help, and thousands of others called to see how they could adopt these kids. If that means I've exploited AIDS, then I will continue to do it whenever possible. We will not be dismissed, and we are proud of what we did.

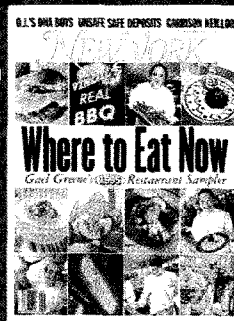
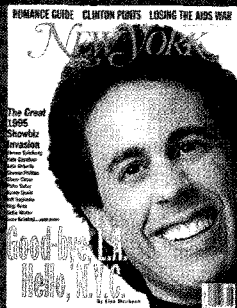
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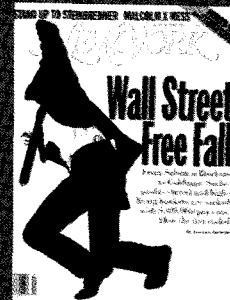
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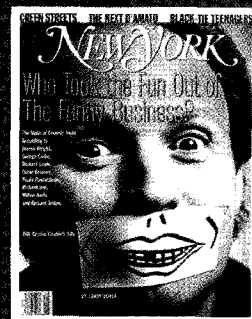
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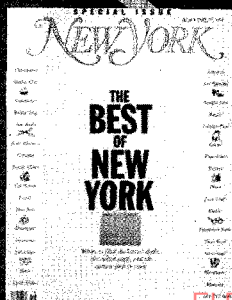
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INTELLIGENCER

WHO GETS THE PARK AVENUE KID?

An 8-year-old boy is caught in the center of a bizarre Park Avenue custody case involving some of the Upper East Side's wealthier society families. Last July, political image-maker **David Sawyer**, 59—whose clients included **Simon Peres** and **Bill Bradley**—and his wife, **Nell McFarland Sawyer**, 50, whose father was a founding partner of the blue-chip Loeb, Rhoades investment firm, died within two weeks of each other. In her most recent codicil, drawn up last May by trust-and-estates expert **William Zabel**, Mrs. Sawyer designated her friends **Leola** and **Robert MacDonald** as guardians for the Sawyers' 8-year-old son, Lucas. But two months after their deaths, Luke is liv-



David Sawyer:
Decontrolled

CHRIS DARDEN GETS A PROMOTION

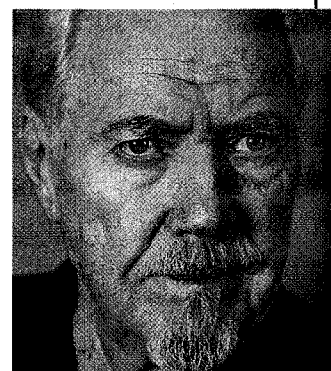
O. J. Simpson prosecutor **Christopher Darden** will have a new job after his current gig is finally over. Sources say he's about to become the new D.A. of Inglewood, a largely black community in Los Angeles County. "It's definitely a promotion," says an insider. "He'll be running the office." The move should be a much-needed ego boost to the publicly anguished Darden, who's been increasingly cut out of the Simpson case and now must defer to Assistant D.A. **Brian Kelberg**. "Gil Garcetti is very enamored of Brian right now," notes one insider. So much so that Kelberg, rather than Darden, has been chosen to help deliver the prosecution's closing arguments. Though the confusion in **Marcia Clark's** crew is nothing new, it *does* seem bizarre that the full team of prosecutors—Clark, Darden, Kelberg, **Hank Goldberg**, **William Hodgman**, **Rockne Harmon**, and **Woody Clark**—never had a complete staff meeting until two weeks ago. Harmon and Woody Clark, who are on loan from San Francisco and Oakland, respectively, have reportedly been kept away from "high level" prosecution meetings and kept in the dark about anything other than DNA evidence—their specialty. Neither of the two attorneys has ever met with Garcetti, and neither will return to Los Angeles until closing arguments begin.

ing instead with Mrs. Sawyer's first husband, investment banker **Alan McFarland**, and his second wife, Kathleen—odd, since Mrs. Sawyer's antipathy toward her ex-husband was well documented. **Andrew McFarland**, 27, the older of Mrs.

Sawyer and Mr. McFarland's two sons, admits that the two families were not friendly. "But the animosity was mostly from [the Sawyers'] side," he says. As a result of their acrimonious 1984 divorce, Mr. McFarland lost a Southampton mansion he'd built, nicknamed the QE III. In her 1992 will, Mrs. Sawyer wrote: "It is [my] strong wish and desire that in no event shall the Southampton residence be sold, given, or otherwise transferred to [my] former husband, Alan R. McFarland, nor shall he be permitted to enjoy its use in any way." Nevertheless, if the family's plan goes through, Kathleen McFarland will become Luke's co-guardian along with Mrs. Sawyer's 23-year-old son Gavin. Andrew is pleased at how things have worked out. "My father," he says, "has taken Luke in out of love for me and my brother. We're very happy about it." Attorney Zabel declines



Christopher Darden:
Lost and found



Robert Altman:
Please release him

NOTHING'S UP-TO-DATE WITH KANSAS CITY

What's happened to **Robert Altman's** thirties epic *Kansas City*? Sources say the crotchety director is putting finishing touches on the film, which stars **Miranda Richardson**, but still doesn't have an American distributor. Though Altman had become the apple of co-chairman **Harvey Weinstein's** eye at Miramax, the director recently sued that studio for \$1 million he claims to be owed for *Pret-a-Porter*, his frockumentary that flopped disastrously last winter. "I think it's safe to say he's not going back to Miramax," says a source close to Altman, who is also at odds with New Line Pictures. His production of *Angels in America* is on hold until someone can figure how long it should be. *Kansas City* was financed by CIBY 2000, the French company that also backed **Ulu Grosbard's** forthcoming *Georgia*, which stars **Jennifer Jason Leigh** and will be screened at the New York Film Festival. The company's president, **Jean François Fonlupt**, says he'll start showing *Kansas City* to distributors—including Weinstein, who's been invited to see it next week—in preparation for a Christmas release. And if Altman tries to veto a distributor? "It's not my problem," sniffs Fonlupt.

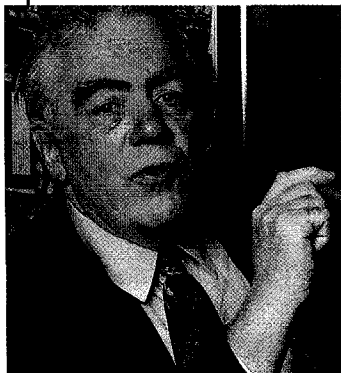
to talk about the case, admitting only that the situation is highly unusual.

SERVING UP A NEW RACQUET IN QUEENS

The United States Tennis Association is looking to tone up its image. Paving the way for the opening of its new Forest Hills stadium in 1997, the USTA has dropped Restaurant Associates—the well-known owner of the American Festival Cafe, the Sea Grill, and many other Gotham watering holes. The contract for all the stadium's



Pete Sampras:
Eating well is the best revenge



Jimmy Breslin:
In happier times

food concessions will most likely go to Rainbow Room co-owner **Joe Baum**—who was president of Restaurant Associates in the sixties—and a Buffalo-based company called Delaware North. Though negotiations are under way, Delaware has a dark spot in its past. “In the seventies, there were allegations that one of our subsidiaries had mob connections,” admits Delaware’s **Germaine Reinhardt**. “We’ve put that on the back burner, but it just seems to keep coming up.”

WHOSE BAR IS IT, ANYWAY?

Former Privé owner **Michael Ault** and partner **David Sarnar** are in trouble once again. Their new Greene Street lounge, *Spy*, is having landlord problems: **Tony Goldman** claims that the re-

BRESLIN'S BARGAIN-BASEMENT BROUHAHA

For a minute there, it looked as if **Jimmy Breslin** had found himself a new New York outlet—at a neighborhood giveaway. The columnist, who earns six figures at *Newsday*, lost his local forum when New York *Newsday* folded last July, but the Times Mirror Company, *Newsday*'s corporate parent, retained the right to distribute his column to other local publications. So which major-league journal won the right to run it? The *Post*? The *Daily News*? Maybe the *Observer*? No, not even—*Manhattan Spirit* and *Our Town*, and two other freebies published by News Communications, Inc., which also publishes *Manhattan File*. The company is owned by **Jerry Finkelstein**, father of former New York politician **Andrew Stein**. Finkelstein snatched up the popular column for a mere \$25 per week and boldly heralded the debut of his cut-rate columnist with the headline BRESLIN'S ON BOARD. “It was our particular stroke of genius,” crows News Communications's executive vice-president, **Tom Allon**. “We thought we had scored a big coup.” They had, until Breslin got wind of the matter and directed his notorious ire their way. “Was I upset? I get upset about the weather,” quips Breslin. “But they shouldn't have done it.” An L.A. *Times*-syndicate spokesman says that Breslin's column is no longer being offered to Finkelstein.

cently closed Kaptain Banana transferred its lease to Ault and Sarnar without his approval. “In my judgment, they are in serious violation of the lease,” he warns. “I'm amazed that they have proceeded without the landlord's approval, and I plan to pursue all legal remedies.” Then there's MercBar owner **John McDonald**, who is not happy that Ault has taken credit for the MercBar concept. “Michael owns 3 percent of the MercBar. He's never had any administrative or creative authority in its operations,” insists McDonald, who says he is particularly peeved that Ault and Sarnar are using the MercBar name in *Spy*'s promotional material. Ault denies this. “I was one of four partners who helped create the MercBar,” he insists. “I even helped get the liquor license.”

CHRISTIE'S TAG SALE; MILLION-BUCK BOOK

SOLD TO THE MAN... As managing director of Christie's auction house, **David Tyler** is used to selling art for millions of dollars. But now that

he's returning to England in early December, Tyler is trying to sell his own possessions, at rock-bottom prices. For sale: a Sega Genesis system (a rather surprising hobby for such a genteel fellow), including *Sonic 2* and *Super Street Fighter*, for \$140; a

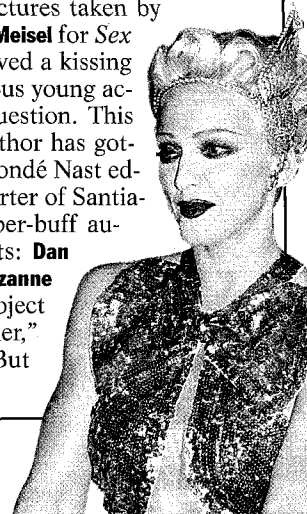
nine-inch cake tin for \$5; and a (presumably) used shower curtain for \$10.

MICHAEL KINSLEY, EAT YOUR HEART OUT: **Daniel Silva**, who produces *Crossfire* for CNN, has sold his first novel to Villard Books for \$1.5 million. *The Unlikely Spy* features a young, attractive female villain in her mid-twenties, says Silva's agent, **Esther Newberg**. But don't expect to see it published anytime soon. According to Newberg, publishers are wary of putting out big books next fall because of the Olympics and the presidential elections. “Everyone's going to be watching television,” she sighs.

SCHAMA ON HIM: Brilliant Columbia University historian and essayist **Simon Schama** is about to join *The New Yorker* as art critic. The position, which earlier had been turned down by *Time*'s Robert Hughes, was made available by the departure of **Tina Brown** pet **Adam Gopnik** for France, where he will continue to write for the magazine. He will be replacing **Jane Kramer**, who is returning to New York.

MADONNA'S SEX PROTÉGÉ WRITES

Alanis Morissette isn't the only **Madonna** protégé making it big these days. **Rocky Santiago**, 31, a self-described male hustler, model, and dancer, is now hustling a book called *Private Shows: Anatomy of the Art of Hustling*, which he's co-written, improbably, with a comparative-literature professor at Rutgers University. Santiago appeared in Madonna's *Sex* book naked and was later sued by the singer for breaking confidentiality. (The suit was dropped.) In his memoir, Rocky claims that several of the racier pictures taken by Calvin Klein photographer **Stephen Meisel** for *Sex* were discreetly dumped. One involved a kissing scene between Santiago and a famous young actor whose sexuality has been in question. This isn't the first time the would-be author has gotten help from a strange corner. A Condé Nast editor was such an enthusiastic supporter of Santiago's that he recommended the hyper-buff author to two top-tier literary agents: **Dan Strone**, of William Morris, and **Suzanne Gluck**, of ICM. Both turned the project down. “The book didn't hold together,” concedes the magazine editor. “But Rocky was a nice guy.”



Madonna: Rocky
road ahead?

Photographs: top to bottom, Steve Berman/Gamma-Liaison; Dominique Nabokov/Gamma-Liaison; Outline.



*Michel
P. N.*

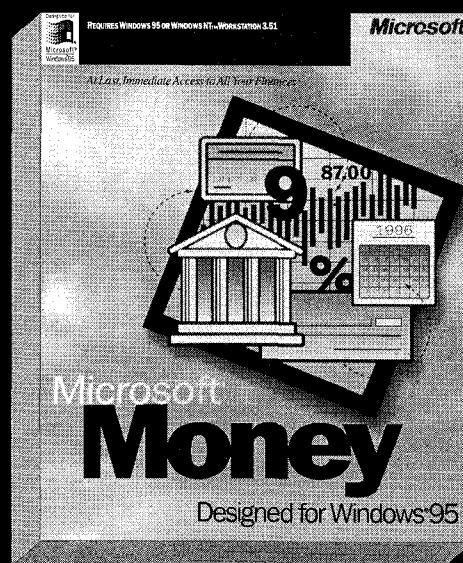
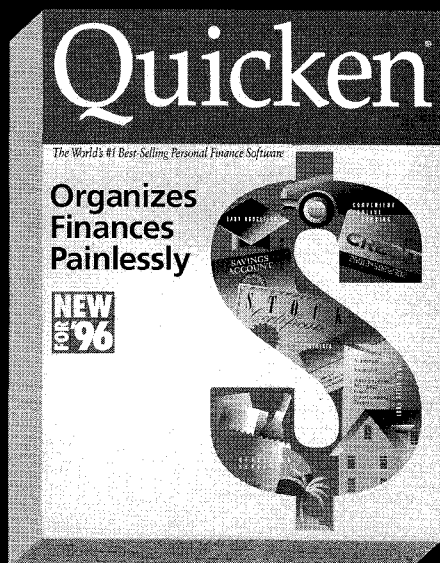
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GOTHAM



e city is permanently cruel—*Mark Vonnegut*

THE FRONT PAGE Murder Ink

Another gruesome crime trivialized by the city tabloids.

It is probably not entirely off base to assume that when Maria Isabel Monteiro Alves was brutally murdered in Central Park, *Daily News* columnist Mike McAlary felt sincerely bad for one whole minute, maybe two. Let's even give him the benefit of the

doubt and say that when he heard the victim was found lying in a stream with her running shorts and underwear around her ankles, he probably didn't assume right off the bat that she was into some kind of rough-sex thing and wonder whether there was a column to be eked out of that notion. It seems a safe bet, however, that what *did* occur to McAlary moments after the bad feeling wore off was that this would be a good opportunity to prove he was a friend to women everywhere and at last put that whole messy 1994

Prospect Park incident—you know, the one in which he alone insensitively accused a rape victim of lying about her attack—behind him.

Incapable, apparently, of rising to the challenge of summoning up any genuine emotion for a woman who fought ferociously for her life, and whose last conscious thought was probably that she'd lost that fight, McAlary grasped for his standard

clumsy tropes and sent them hurtling into the atmosphere.

"There were bare white marks on the black rubber soles [of her sneakers]," he wrote. "She was a *pronata* victim. That means she lands on her heels." From there, he advanced

the theme. "She worked in a fabulously fashionable shoe store. . . . She ran all of her miles on these sneakers, police believe, landing heel first." Then he tried to work a man-against-nature concept: "Alves was not afraid of the rain, which saves us from drought and covers the murderer." And in the crimes-against-women-are-bad-and-female-prosecutors-are-great! portion, he managed to work almost all the aforementioned themes into one paragraph about Linda Friel, who will prosecute the case: "While the city's dream about crimeless life lies muddy in the stream with Maria Alves, it is good to know we have the talent to squash a murderer under the blunt heel of justice."

Satisfying though it may be to bash McAlary, it's not entirely fair to single him out. After a crime as abhorrent as this one, we're allowed only a brief window of opportunity in which to examine our bewilderment. Then the city's tabloids fetishize the victim and sap the incident of its momentum by making us thoroughly sick of reading about it. Is it cynical to observe that Wednesday's *Daily News* cover story, JOGGER'S MOM PLEADS FOR HELP: I CAN'T FLY HER HOME—in which we learned the jogger's mother could not afford to travel to New York in order to reclaim her daughter's body—was followed the next day by CITY OPENS ITS HEART?

All of this allows us, in turn, to divert our attention from the ghastly particulars of the latest horror, to do more jaded eye-rolling at the autopilot sentimentality of our local tabs.

Which is how we, too, lose touch with how awful it truly is that not a year seems to go by when something heinous doesn't happen to a woman in Central Park.

OFF THE RECORD "There's some intense political jockeying



behind the scene right now. Leon Goldstein [Giuliani's candidate] only has two votes. He won't get a

fifth vote unless there's a fourth vote, and he won't get the fourth vote unless there's a third vote. So the mayor's office is trying to whipsaw three people into thinking they're all onboard," a source familiar with the search for a schools chancellor told *New York*.

PENTAGON PAPERS THEY AIN'T

"When history is written and the *Washington Post* goes down as the paper who actually printed this thing, there won't be a single *Times* person who will regret it for a second. This was a shotgun wedding with two grooms, and we were more than happy to be left at the altar," an editor at the *New York Times* told *New York* when asked about the two newspapers' decision to share the publishing costs of eight pages written by the Unabomber but to have only the *Washington Post* carry the supplement.



THAT WOULD BE IN THE

"ETIQUETTE" SECTION How has the ever-expansive Barnes & Noble—replete with cafés and sofas for lounging—affected the way New Yorkers shop at *other*, less casual bookstores? "People think they can just sit down in the store and read. They didn't used to do that a couple of years ago. We had to put out stools," says Terry McCoy, co-owner of St. Mark's Bookshop.





Taxi Driver, 1976.

City ARE YOU TALKING TO ME?

KOREANS HAVE BEEN TRYING TO KILL Donald Lathrom for more than a decade now, as he will tell anyone willing to listen, or anyone unfortunate enough to get into the cab that he's been driving for the past eight years.

"I had been in New York three or four weeks, tops. I was still alarmed by *normal* cabdrivers," says Marsh McCall, a former head writer of *Late Night With Conan O'Brien*, who got into Lathrom's cab almost two years ago after a night at Carolines comedy club. "I noticed he had a small stack of materials—immediately he picks something up and hands it back. 'This is about some people who are trying to kill me. I'd like you to read it,' he said."

The six-page single-spaced Lathrom treatise claims "a group of very ugly people met privately and planned a savage campaign of character assassination directed at me." As a result, "approximately 400,000–500,000 people have acted out against me directly in some fashion."

"Their obsession with me began when a Korean woman said something 'nice' about me," Lathrom concludes, but "the allegations regarding my sexuality are based on a deliberately selective interpretation of an inadvertent encounter I had with a transvestite eight years ago."

"I recently found out that several of my neighbors expressed their concern by meeting privately to see how they

could get me psychiatric help. It has been my experience that no one will believe any part of this, unless they have witnessed some part of this."

"I was worried," says McCall. "When you get in a cab and he zooms off and your life is in his hands, it's a bit scary."

All of which raises the question: Why is Donald Lathrom, clearly unstable and most likely clinically paranoid, still on the road? "He has been doing this for a while," acknowledges Brice Peyre of the Taxi & Limousine Commission. "He is, in fact, a famous character in the annals of the TLC."

In 1993, after receiving several complaints, the TLC pulled Lathrom in to see a psychiatrist, who concluded that "while he may have [had] some delusions, he in

no way was impaired in terms of driving abilities," says Peyre. (The psychiatrist had been selected by Lathrom's attorney.) So the TLC allowed him to keep his hack license as long as he stopped talking to passengers about his Korean-persecution theory. Four months ago, he received another warning after he mailed a copy of his treatise to a retired city politician who alerted the TLC. But the TLC couldn't pull him off the road, since the politician hadn't been a passenger in his cab. As recently as several weeks ago, Lathrom was appealing to passengers to help him seek justice. In addition to distributing the original treatise, he is now also handing out the TLC document that forbids him to hand out the treatise.

"I've heard of a cabbie who insisted the passenger read his children's poetry, but this is really unusual," says Peyre. "[Lathrom] has a problem with gay people. The real fear is that if a gay person or a Korean gets in his cab, he might slip off the deep end."

Lathrom's relapse comes at a time when the TLC is unveiling its "Taxi Rider's Bill of Rights" to protect passengers from rudeness and bad driving but not, it seems, lunacy. "We're trying to run a new-and-improved TLC here. We're ready to yank him off the road," says Peyre, sounding like he really means it this time. "The only thing we're waiting for is [another] complaint."

RUTH G. DAVIS

Media

SEE VENDELA RUN!

LAST MONTH, WHEN *Creme & Sugar*—the brand-new four-and-a-quarter-by-six-inch magazine dedicated to covering models, fashion, and downtown New York City nightlife—was actually spotted downtown in the hands of supermodels Bridget Hall and Rachel Williams, culture watchers clamored to explain its success.

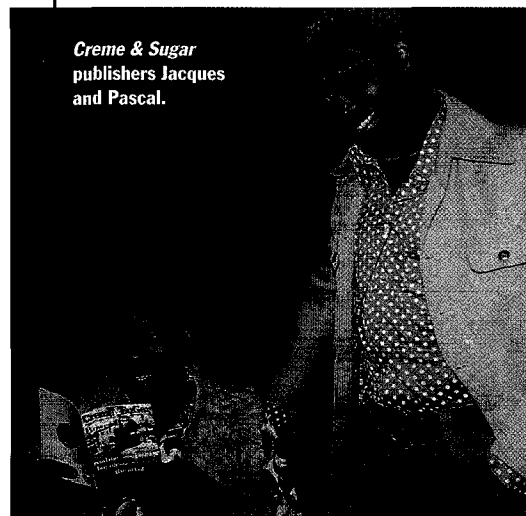
"Of course *Creme & Sugar* is popular with models," said DeDe Fedrizzi, a photographer whose work appears in the first issue. "It's about all the superficial things they love: sex, restaurants, clothes, gossip."

"I'm not surprised models have latched onto this small magazine," reasoned Karen Marta, an associate editor at *Vogue*. "It all has to do with the new, narrow silhouette, which has dictated that accessories become smaller."

Aside from a ten-page interracial-erotic-photo essay and a column by the doorman at the Bowery Bar ("Top Ten Things *Not* to Say to Get Into the Bowery Bar"), the first issue of *Creme & Sugar* covers some familiar magazine territory—albeit with a decidedly sophomore-existentialist take. A review of a SoHo restaurant begins, "The vapid models are all dining down the street . . . but who cares 'cause they're just gonna throw it up later anyway." An art critic writes: "The interior of a jetliner tells me more about the anguish of placelessness today than all Julian Schnabel's broken plates and Coop Himmelblau's fragmented planes put together." And an X-rated horoscope advises Pisces, "Don't be too surprised if he begs you to pee on him; oblige—after all, fish die if kept out of the water for too long."

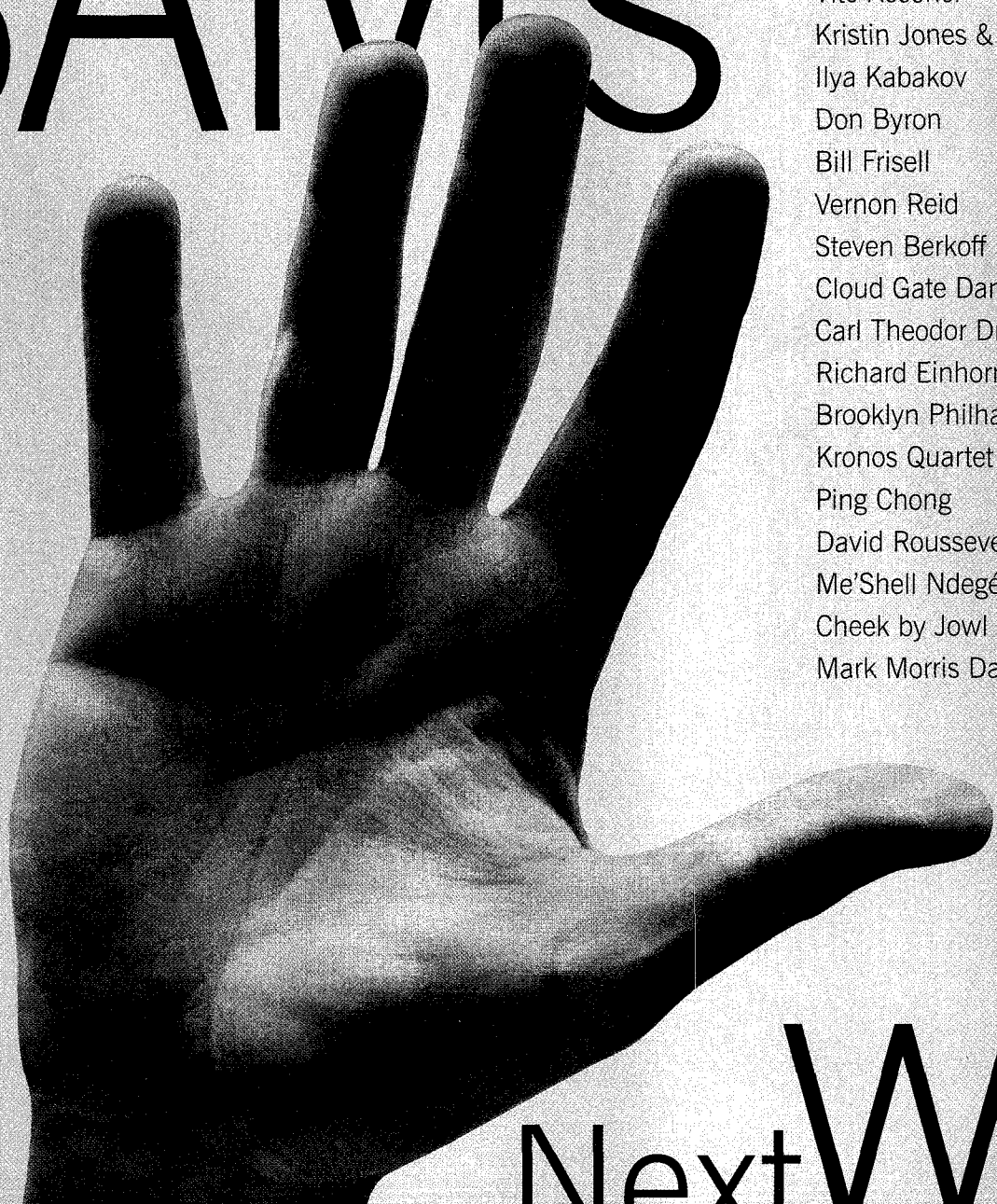
The magazine, not surprisingly, is not available at newsstands. "You can't just

Creme & Sugar
publishers Jacques
and Pascal.



(continued on page 35)

BAM'S



Brooklyn Academy of Music 1995 Next Wave Festival

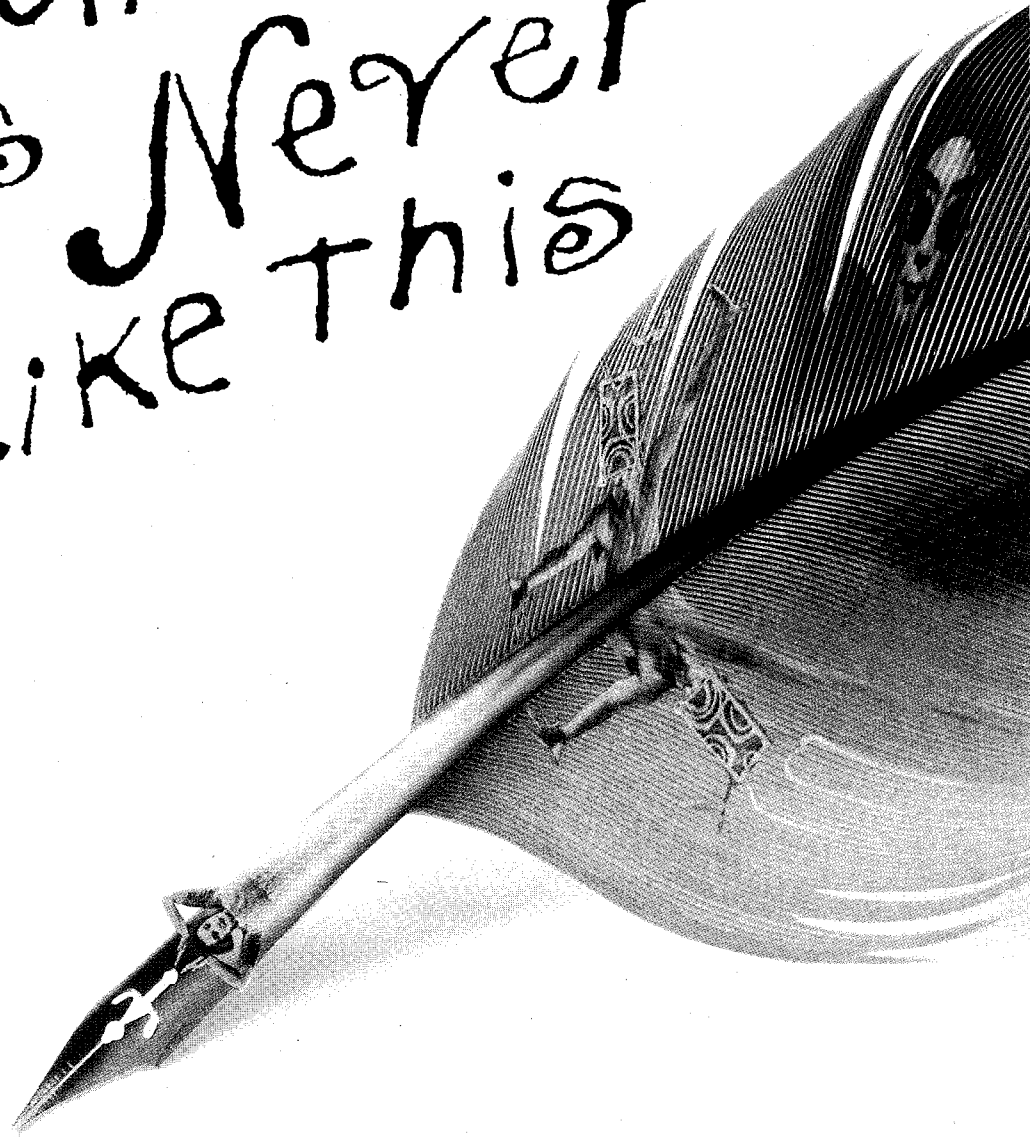
Robert Wilson
Tom Waits
Vito Acconci
Kristin Jones & Andrew Ginzler
Ilya Kabakov
Don Byron
Bill Frisell
Vernon Reid
Steven Berkoff
Cloud Gate Dance Theatre
Carl Theodor Dreyer
Richard Einhorn
Brooklyn Philharmonic Orchestra
Kronos Quartet
Ping Chong
David Rousseve / REALITY
Me'Shell NdegéOcello
Cheek by Jowl
Mark Morris Dance Group

NextWave

Brooklyn Academy of Music
1995 Next Wave Festival
Sponsored by Philip Morris Companies Inc.

October 6–December 17

ONCE
UPON A TIME
WAS NEVER
LIKE THIS





Not so far away (though very far out) there exists a place called BAM. Where fairy tales don't come true. They come to life. But beware! For you might not recognize these characters from the dusty pages of childhood, but you will never forget them. Listen as the raspy-voiced minstrel, Tom Waits, takes "Alice in Wonderland" to places she's never been. And it's no tea party. Visit other distant worlds in "The Passion of Joan of Arc," "Salome" and "The Duchess of Malfi" by entering this enchanted land. And before you know it you'll be able to say (and here's the storybook ending): "Once upon a time I went to BAM."

NEXT WAVE Festival, Brooklyn Academy of Music
October 6-December 17, 1995
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With its rich history, the Brooklyn Academy of Music takes credit for having recognized the cultural masters of the past in their own day—from Enrico Caruso, Edwin Booth, Gustav Mahler, and Ruth St. Denis to Isadora Duncan, Gertrude Stein, Arturo Toscanini, and Mary Pickford. Today, BAM's commitment to artistic vision encompasses the newest forms in the performing arts. In recent years, BAM has played host to the works of Merce Cunningham, Twyla Tharp, Pina Bausch, Peter Brook, Ingmar Bergman,

Philip Glass, Laurie Anderson, and Steve Reich.

Since its inception in 1983, the Next Wave Festival has been regarded as the nation's leading series dedicated to provocative, contemporary performing arts. With an international scope and reputation, the Next Wave has showcased artistic rebels and the interplay between them in dance, music, and theater. Highlights of the 1995 Next Wave Festival will include the work of Robert Wilson, Tom Waits, Don Byron, Steven Berkoff, Bill Frisell, the Kronos Quartet, Mark Morris, and Cheek by Jowl.

Alice

Thalia Theater, Hamburg

Directed and designed by Robert Wilson

**Music and lyrics by Tom Waits
and Kathleen Brennan**

Text by Paul Schmidt

Performed in English and German with
surtitles in English

Based on *Alice's Adventures in
Wonderland* and *Through the Looking-
Glass* by Charles Lutwidge Dodgson
(a.k.a. Lewis Carroll)

BAM Opera House

October 6 at 7 P.M. (Next Wave Gala);

October 7, 10–14 at 8 P.M.;

October 8 at 3 P.M.

Tickets: \$75, 55, 35, 25



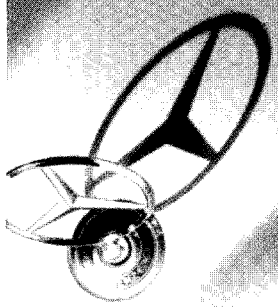
HERMANN J. BAUS

Twenty years after *Einstein on the Beach*, Robert Wilson has become the patriarch of the avant-garde. His creative alliance with gravel-voiced rock star Tom Waits resulted in a sold-out engagement of the *The Black Rider* at BAM in 1993, and has produced another surrealist pop opera inspired by the *Alice in Wonderland* tales of Charles Dodgson, a.k.a. Lewis Carroll. The mock turtle, the Cheshire cat and the Queen of Hearts are all here, but this is no fairy tale. Alice becomes both seductress and child, tortured by the mystery of the Jabberwock and the not-so-innocent yearnings of her creator. Don't be late for this very important date: when *Alice* premiered in Hamburg, it sold out, too.

Alice

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Theater

The Duchess of Malfi



JAMES HUNKIN

The Duchess of Malfi

Written by John Webster
 Cheek by Jowl (Great Britain)
 Directed by Declan Donnellan
 Set design by Nick Ormerod

BAM Majestic Theater
 December 6 at 7 P.M.
 December 7-9, 12-16 at 8 P.M.
 December 16 at 2 P.M.
 Tickets: \$50, 35, 25

Following their credo that if the play is a classic, toss the elaborate sets and fussy costumes and let the language soar—the acclaimed British theater company Cheek by Jowl brings us John Webster's *The Duchess of Malfi*. A contemporary of Shakespeare, Webster took his plot from an intrigue in the Italian court, but put his own spin on a tale of evil more disturbing than anything cooked up by the modern imagination.

Ping Chong

Conceived, directed by, and featuring Ping Chong

Music by Guy Klucvsek
 Text by Michael Matthews with Ping Chong,
 Regine Anna Seckinger,
 and Ric Oquita
 Choreography by Shi-Zheng Chen

BAM Majestic Theater
 November 14 at 7 P.M.
 November 15-18 at 8 P.M.
 Tickets: \$40, 30, 20

Co-produced by Ping Chong and Company, Yellow Springs Institute, SUNY Buffalo, The Walker Arts Center, the Lied Center of the University of Nebraska, and BAM.

Ping Chong, who grew up in New York's Chinatown, understands that culture is made of the high and the low, the sacred and the profane, the Buddhist temple and the pu pu platter. In his trademark style, Chong mixes film clips, songs, music, dance, and stunning costumes designed by Byron Lars to examine our perceptions of one of the world's oldest and richest cultures. The theatrical work covers an amazing spectrum of events including the Opium War, the 19th-century Chinese diaspora, and the shipwreck of the Golden Venture.



BOB VAN DANCIG

Salome

Written by Oscar Wilde
 Directed by Steven Berkoff

Set design by Robert Ballagh
 Costumes by David Blight
 Lighting design by Brian Knox,
 from the original design
 by Trevor Dawson
 Music composed and
 performed by Roger Doyle

BAM Majestic Theater
 October 17 at 7 P.M.;
 October 18-21 at 8 P.M.;
 October 21 at 2 P.M.
 Tickets: \$50, 35, 25

In his day job, Steven Berkoff plays the icy, intellectual villain in James Bond movies. By night, the English actor, director, and writer stages passionate, intelligent plays in which he often stars. This year, Berkoff has resurrected Oscar Wilde's

Salome, a retelling of the Biblical story of Salome's passion for John the Baptist and his betrayal at the hands of King Herod (played by Berkoff). Wilde's play has sometimes been criticized as too flowery or too purple for modern taste, but Berkoff has cleverly stripped the play of its peacock feathers, reinventing it as a sleek black-tie affair in the 1920s.

Salome



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Dance

Mark Morris Dance Group

Program A

Stephen Foster:
*Somebody's Coming
To See Me Tonight*
John Wilson: *A Spell*
Antonín Dvořák: *The Office*
Franz Schubert: *Bedtime*
Lou Harrison:
New Work/Untitled

Program B

Jacques Ibert: *Lucky Charms*,
Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart:
Rondo
Johann Sebastian Bach:
Jesu, Meine Freude
Lou Harrison: *Grand Duo*
Music Performed by The
Brooklyn Philharmonic Orchestra

BAM Opera House

Program A

December 9 at 7 P.M.
December 12, 15 at 8 P.M.;
December 17 at 3 P.M.

Program B

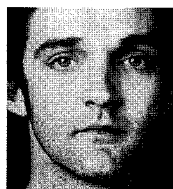
December 13, 14, and 16 at 8 P.M.
December 10 at 3 P.M.
Tickets: \$45, 40, 30, 20

When asked about his philosophy of dance, Mark Morris once responded "My philosophy of dance? I make it up, and you watch it. End of philosophy." And watch it we do. Morris and his company return to BAM with eight New York premieres in the eclectic but always classically rigorous style that his fans have come to expect. The live music ranges from Bach to Indonesian gamelan by American composer Lou Harrison. As always, Morris's choices startle and delight.

TOM BRAZIL

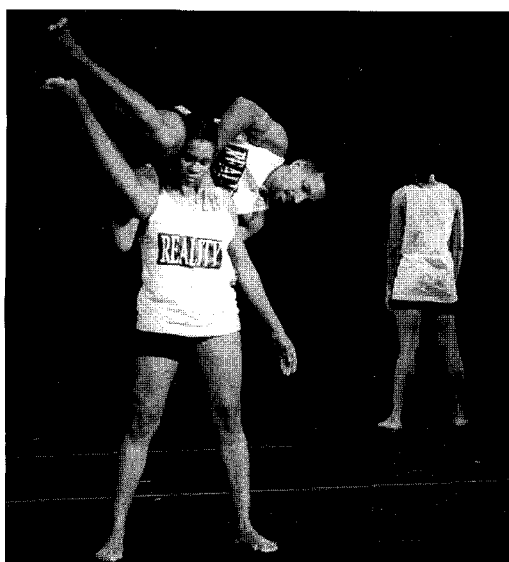


Mark Morris Dance Group



Mark Morris

PIERRE RADISIC



MARTHA SMOPE

The Whispers Of Angels

David Rousseve / REALITY

Original music by
Me'Shell NdegéOcello
Set design by Debbie Lee Cohen
Lighting design by Beverly Emmons
Vocalist B.J. Crosby

BAM Majestic Theater
November 28 at 7 P.M.
November 30 at 8 P.M.
December 1-2 at 8 P.M.
December 3 at 3 P.M.
Tickets: \$40, 30, 20

Hip-hop meets gospel in this emotionally stirring mix of music, dance, and storytelling, contrasting the sensual tradition of southern Black folklore and the hard-edged energies of urban America to explore one man's search for hope in a time of AIDS.

The Whispers of Angels

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Nine Songs



YU-HUANG

Cloud Gate

Nine Songs

Cloud Gate Dance Theatre of Taiwan

Co-presented by The Asia Society

Choreography by Lin Hwai-min

Performed to indigenous music of Taiwan and traditional music of Asia
Music advisor: Qu Xiao-song

Set design by Ming Cho Lee

BAM Opera House

October 18 at 7 P.M.,

October 20, 21 at 8 P.M.

Tickets: \$40, 35, 25, 15

Lin Hwai-min understands that dance is, at its heart, about ritual. The visually spectacular *Nine Songs* was inspired by a series of poems written 2,000 years ago by Chiu Yan. The set design, by internationally acclaimed designer Ming Cho Lee, features a lavish stage with a lotus pond, the classical Chinese symbol of nature's cycles. *Nine Songs* incorporates visual images and new movements inspired by various Asian cultures with elements of Western dance. Beginning with ancient rites honoring the gods, the work evolves to the 20th century, where the "brutishly physical" dancers depict scenes from the Japanese occupation to Tiananmen Square.

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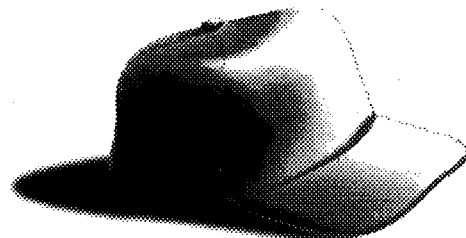
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Brooklyn Philharmonic Orchestra



Nathan Carter and the Morgan State University Choir



George Gershwin

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Kronos Quartet

The Kronos Quartet could symbolize the essence of BAM. Their technique is classical and flawless, but their approach is revolutionary. Who else plays Hendrix on a cello? As part of its ongoing residency at BAM, Kronos will perform selections from Steve Reich's *The Cave*, a new composition by Julia Wolfe, and the premiere of a new version of Harry Partch's graffiti-inspired *Barstow: Eight Hitchhikers'*

Inscriptions from a Highway Railing at Barstow, California. The Friday and Saturday programs feature concertos by two of Asia's leading compositional voices, Dmitri Yanov-Yanovsky and Zhou Long, both newly written for Kronos and the Brooklyn Philharmonic Orchestra. These concerts, throbbing with folk rhythms and exotic percussion, also include a new suite by Lou Harrison and Bartók's *The Miraculous Mandarin*.



MICHAEL LAVINE/OUTLINE

Kronos Quartet
Steve Reich: selections from *The Cave*
Julia Wolfe: new work (written for Kronos—New York Premiere)
Harry Partch (arranged by Ben Johnston): *Barstow: Eight Hitchhikers' Inscriptions from a Highway Railing at Barstow, California* (rearranged for Kronos New York Premiere)

BAM Carey Playhouse
November 16 at 8 P.M.
Tickets: \$30, 25, 20, 15



Duke Ellington

From Gospel to Gershwin
Brooklyn Philharmonic Orchestra
Conducted by Gunther Schuller
With Nathan Carter and
The Morgan State University Choir
November 3-4

Scott Joplin: *Treemonisha Overture*
 James P. Johnson: *Yamekraw*
 William Grant Still: *Symphony No. 3*
 Selected spirituals and gospel songs
 George Gershwin: *Porgy and Bess Suite*
 BAM Carey Playhouse

November 5

Music by Duke Ellington, with a jazz ensemble led by Gunther Schuller
 Improvisations by Art Tatum, recreated by Steven Mayer
 BAM Opera House

November 3-4 at 8 P.M.;
 Sunday Interplay, November 5 at 2 P.M.
 Tickets: \$30, 25, 20, 15
 (Interplay: \$20, 15, 10, 5)

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Kronos Quartet /
Brooklyn Philharmonic
Brooklyn Philharmonic Orchestra
Conducted by

Dennis Russell Davies
 World premieres by
 Dmitri Yanov-Yanovsky: *Conjunctions*
 Zhou Long: *The Alternatives*
 (BPO with the Kronos Quartet)

Lou Harrison: *New First Suite*
 Béla Bartók: *The Miraculous Mandarin*
 (Brooklyn Philharmonic Orchestra)

BAM Opera House
 November 17-18 at 8 P.M.
 Tickets: \$30, 25, 20, 15



pia jabé

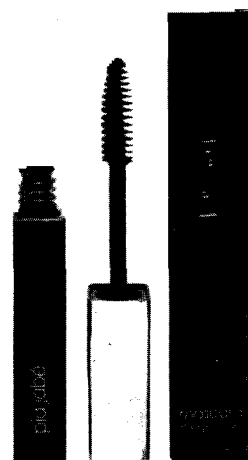
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Don Byron Group; Paul Bley & Friends
Friday, December 1:
Dave Douglas Sextet;
Vernon Reid/Bill Frisell Duo
Saturday, December 2:
Ku-Umba Frank Lacy;
Vernon Reid/Bill Frisell Duo
BAM Carey Playhouse
October 13 at 7 P.M.,
October 14 at 8 P.M.,
December 1-2 at 8 P.M.
Tickets: \$30, 25, 20, 15

Remember when jazz was alternative music? Don Byron wants you to know that the evolution of jazz did not stop with the death of the greats like John Coltrane and Charles Mingus. It's still alive and well and changing all the time. Though he's most recognized as that black guy who plays Jewish klezmer music, Byron is also a fearless jazz musician who actively seeks out the tricky and provocative. In *Alternative Jazz: the Next Wave*, Byron presents two weekends of music, gathering together the country's best non-establishment jazz musicians, including Bill Frisell, Vernon Reid, Ku-Umba Frank Lacy, Phil Haynes, Paul Bley and, of course, the Don Byron Group.

Frisell



PHOTOS: © JAZZ JONES PHOTOS/
LENNY BERNSTEIN 1995

For 50 years, the original director's cut of Carl Theodor Dreyer's silent masterpiece, *The Passion of Joan of Arc*, had been feared lost forever — until a few years ago, when a pristine copy was found in a Norwegian mental hospital. Inspired by the rediscovery of a film many consider one of the greatest silents ever made, composer Richard Einhorn created a modern oratorio, *Voices of Light*, to accompany the film. In depicting Joan of Arc's last day on earth, Dreyer achieved real-life intensity by shooting the actress Renée Falconetti without makeup in tight close-up. Her brilliant performance as Joan of Arc foreshadowed the young actress's own descent into madness. The oratorio will be performed live.

The Passion of Joan of Arc
A silent film
by Carl Theodor Dreyer (1928)
Accompanied by *Voices of Light*, an opera/oratorio by Richard Einhorn

Libretto based on the writings of Joan of Arc and other medieval women
Performed by the Camerata Chorale and members of the Brooklyn Philharmonic Orchestra
Conducted by Lucinda Carver

BAM Opera House
October 25 at 7 P.M.
October 28 at 8 P.M.
Tickets: \$30, 25, 20, 15

Dreyer



The Passion of

Joan of Arc

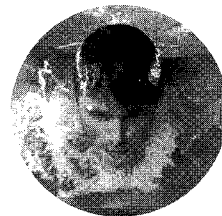
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Artists in Action

Then or Project for a Rock Band

**A work-in-progress by
Vito Acconci**

Conceived and directed
by Vito Acconci
Music and Performance
by the Mekons
Stage Design, Engineering, and
Lighting by Acconci Studio
(Luis Vera, Jenny Schrider,
Charles Doherty)
Sound Production by Arto Lindsay
DIA Center for the Arts
548 West 22nd Street, Manhattan
October 11-14 at 8 P.M.
October 13 at 11 P.M.
Tickets: \$15

Interim

After the end and
before the beginning

**A work-in-progress by
Kristin Jones and Andrew Ginzel**

Conceived and directed by
Kristin Jones, Andrew Ginzel,
Chandralekha
Scenography by Kristin Jones,
Andrew Ginzel
Choreographed by Chandralekha
Lighting Design by Eric Cornwell
Sound Design by Gayle Jefferies
Queens Museum of Art
Flushing Meadows
Corona Park, Queens
October 19-21 at 8 P.M.
October 21 at 3 P.M.
Tickets: \$15

The Flies

A Musical Phantasmagoria

**A work-in-progress by
Ilya Kabakov**

Conceived and directed by
Ilya Kabakov
Libretto, Set, and Costume Design
by Ilya Kabakov
Music by Vladimir Tarasov
Choreography by David Dorfman
Lighting Design by Jean Kalman
Project Coordination by
Emilia Kabakov and Rob Weiner
BAM Majestic Theater
October 26-28 at 8 P.M.
Tickets: \$15

Following each performance, artists
will engage the audience in a discussion
about their work.

To borrow a phrase from
Kristin Jones and Andrew
Ginzel, "After the end and
before the beginning" could
best describe BAM's new visual arts
initiative: *Artists in Action*. What
does it mean? In a reversal of roles,
Artists in Action allows the visual
artist to call the shots and create
works-in-progress for the stage as
part of the Next Wave Festival. The
Queens Museum and the DIA
Center for the Arts will join with
BAM to present the inaugural series.

Artists in Action is supported by
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By car: From the Manhattan Bridge, continue onto Flatbush Avenue and turn left onto Fulton Street. For the BAM Majestic Theater, proceed one block and turn right onto Rockwell Place where there are two parking lots. For other BAM theaters, proceed two blocks and turn right onto Ashland Place.

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continued from page 18

buy *Crème & Sugar*," explains 26-year-old Pascal, who (besides using only one name) co-publishes the magazine with 27-year-old Jacques (one name as well) from a room in the Chelsea Hotel. "You have to be chosen to receive it." That means there are only two ways one can actually get hold of a copy: (1) by being one of the people the publishers selected from their 20,000-person mailing list, which they have left over from their club-promoting days—they were the guys who threw \$1,500 in singles onto the dance floor at Nell's in 1990—or (2) by hanging outside one of the clubs or bars where they hand out the magazine like a flyer. "This . . . is not about being snobbish," explains Pascal. "We just don't want to offend anyone. This is NC-17 material."

Reaction has been mixed. "It's very kitsch and has the underlying message that fashion is not brain surgery," says Michael Flutie, the president of

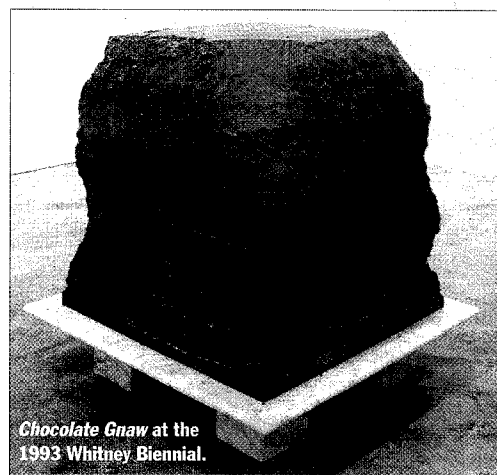
Company Management, a modeling agency. Jeffrey Meier, the special-projects manager at *Details*, is less enthusiastic. "There's not very much going on here. Reading articles written by doormen," he says, perhaps forgetting the origins of *Details*, "is not interesting."

Pascal is unconcerned. "*Crème & Sugar* is about breaking new ground. It isn't about censorship or being politically correct. It's *Town and Country* meets *Hustler* in a dark alley."

RENE CHUN

Culture REALITY BITES BACK

"ANY ACT OF CONCILIATION THE WHITNEY would make, I would sooner drop dead than believe it," Jacob Collins, a 31-year-old realist painter, stands at the lectern before an audience of 200 artists. "This is about the public being cheated," pipes in Mikel Glass, a 32-



Chocolate Gnaw at the 1993 Whitney Biennial.

year-old figurative painter. "You have to hit a certain gallery on a certain day to see an example of the exciting figurative art going on." Irwin Greenberg, an illustrator, stands up. "The Whitney is nervous," he says. "They don't have an audience anymore." Murmurs of assent.

It was standing room only in the gallery of the American Fine Arts Society two weeks ago, and anger over who does and who does *not* get selected to show at the Whitney Museum of American Art seemed likely to boil over. The artists—variously calling themselves realists, figurativists, or representationalists—assembled to plan a demonstration outside the Whitney for this Friday, September 29, at noon. A few hundred other artists, writers, and critics, it turns out, have agreed to join them to raise picket signs and perhaps a bullhorn or two, and mobilize a debate that has been simmering for years—for most of the century, in one place or another. Ironically, the Whitney is currently featuring a retrospective of works by Edward Hopper, one of the most celebrated American realists.

The timing doesn't matter, say the protestors. "There's a prejudice [at the Whitney] based on the assumption that representational art represents the past and nonrepresentational art represents the future," says Hilton Kramer, the New York *Observer* art critic and most vocal antagonist of the Whitney, particularly of its survey of American art known as the Biennial. "Any kind of representation in art that is not ironic, sarcastic, is considered old hat."

David Ross, the director of the Whitney, who has been fending off this type of criticism for years, is not fazed by the coming protest. "Is there a grand conspiracy?" he says, amused, sitting in his office. "Is there a lone gunman here? C'mon, it's not about hidden agendas."

"It's not a conspiracy," Tom Wolfe counters, unable to veil his frustration. "It's a circle of fashion. It's always risky

FASHION

A Frank and Honest Conversation

America has fretted about John F. Kennedy Jr. from the day he was born. Would he be okay after his father died? Would he make it through his bumpy adolescent years? Would he ever pass the bar exam? What about Daryl? Year after year, there have been new, exhausting crises to deal with, and it seems that just about everybody—journalists, politicians, cultural critics—has weighed in and publicly commented on this young man's personal life. Everyone, that is, except for that group of professionals who—regardless of their clients' family, money, or celebrity status—are most renowned for their candor.

KRISTEN LIPPERT MARTIN

Brad Johns, Oribe at Elizabeth Arden

"You know, we love the guy. We love his family. But his hair—he looks like the Wolfman or Eddie Munster or something. I'd cut it really short, maybe half an inch long, not a Caesar cut but sort of like his dad's hair. I'd lighten it up to a warm chestnut-brown, the way it looked when he was younger. You know, when he was John-John. I think you should look at a man's hair second and his face first. Right now, you look at his hair first, and that's just not right."

Roger Thompson, Roger Thompson at Barneys

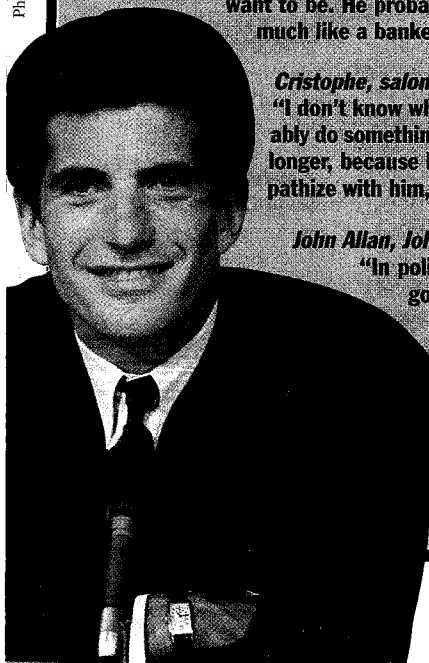
"His hair is pleasantly old-fashioned . . . typical political hair. But when you decide on a hairstyle, you have to think about how serious and how individual you want to be. He probably doesn't want to look too Wall Street or too much like a banker. It's conservative. He does look frumpy."

Cristophe, salons in Washington, D.C., and Los Angeles

"I don't know which way his career is going, but he could probably do something a little hipper. I'd say he could go shorter, not longer, because he has too much hair. Most men wouldn't sympathize with him, you know."

John Allan, John Allan's

"In politics it's better to not be too trendy, [but] he's going into publishing now. He can afford to update a bit. He looks like he's got the old hot-comb look you used to get at the barber's. It's kind of a helmet. His hair is like yeast—it expands as it grows. I wouldn't touch the length of the back or the sides, but I'd definitely shorten the top to reduce the mushroom effect. It would take some serious styling product to tone it down otherwise."



Photographs: top, courtesy of the Whitney Museum of American Art; bottom, Brooks Kraft/Sygma.



At the Gotham Awards, Madonna and Jane Fonda. At the Public Library, Morgan Freeman and Brad Pitt celebrate the opening of their film *Seven*.



Shooting Stars

At Roseland Ballroom for the IFP Gotham independent-film awards.

By Alex Williams

Photographed by Patrick McMullan

WAS IT ONLY THREE YEARS AGO THAT NEW YORK CITY'S outrageous union costs had film crews decamping to North Carolina to shoot "Brooklyn" exteriors? Nowadays, even Spielberg wants a Zip Code whose digits add up to less than ten, which means film-world cachet in 1995. And here at New York's own Gotham Awards—the hipsters' Oscars—East Village splatter-film auteurs like Abel Ferrara (*Bad Lieutenant*) are mingling with Ted Turner and Glenn Close. Everyone's smiling widely, serving up telepathic backslaps that all but announce, "New York cool is back on the map."

So what happened? The unions blinked, for one thing. But partygoers find other reasons to shoot in their own backyard. "There's no driving," offers Illeana Douglas, Martin Scorsese's filmmaker ex-girlfriend. "It's where I live," says Steve Buscemi, shrugging. Only Michael Moore (*Roger and Me*, *TV Nation*) risks extravagance, as well as contradiction of the gooey optimism that prevails. "The people here are not very career-oriented," he says, straight-facedly. "Out in L.A., people are always worried about the next job. Here you know there is no next job."

Right, at the Manhattan Center benefit for the Public Theater, Anna Wintour, Harry Evans, and Tina Brown; below, David Bowie and wife Iman.



Above, Andy Stein and designer Maria Snyder at Pamela Gross's birthday party at Mortimer's.

to show too much skill unless it's done ironically. There's the notion of the artist as the holy beast, and this business of precision and perspective is considered artificial."

"Maybe they're jealous that it was one artist and not them," says Ross. "What do you say to yourself if your entire work ethic and career and life of waking up in the morning and staring at a blank canvas and wondering what to do with it is bound up in something that someone finally looks at and says, 'Eh'? The cruelty is enormous." He shrugs. "That's not to say those people are dog food . . . but just because they can copy a style developed by Ingres or Sargent or by any of the great painters of history, and do it breathtakingly . . ."

He lets the sentence hang, but only for a moment, before pointing out that there actually *were* some figurative works in this year's Biennial. "It's an absolute copy of Rockwell," he says, referring to Frank Moore's replica of Rockwell's Thanksgiving homage *Freedom From Want*. Moore's version, however, has a multiracial cast and a mound of syringes instead of a turkey. "The artist is quoting. But he's amazingly inventive. He was using that to make a very conceptual point."

"Every put-on is a try-on," says Kramer. He draws an analogy to the Corinthian and Ionic columns that were ironically used by postmodern architects just twenty years ago but are now commonplace and earnest. "Parodies often have the irony drained out of them and taken straight. But what you have to understand is that one of the few constants on the art scene has been an absolutely uninterrupted succession of excellent realist painting. . . . This argument has never died out. It isn't cyclical; it's just that people weren't paying attention."

Ross's supporters are rallying around him before the protest. "It's like people who aspire to have lived in the Victorian era because they look great in smoking jackets," says Johanna Drucker, an associate professor of art history at Yale and a Whitney lecturer. "If it's just going to be wallpaper to the eye . . ."

"Radical innovation is easier than painting a marvelous painting," Kramer fires back. "Most of the objects in the Biennial can be encompassed in about 40 seconds."

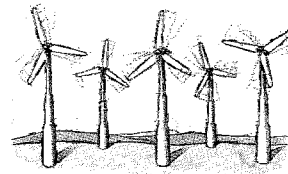
Jacob Collins, who is a respected portrait artist but is not well known in New York gallery circles, retreats for a moment from all the ideological debate to voice a personal lament: "If you don't share these modernist aesthetics," he says in a soft voice, "you're some kind of illustrator hack."

PETER LANDESMAN

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Right and Wrong Reform

As two of Clinton's pet issues finally turn into legislation, he's about to veto an idea he once proposed and sign a plan he once vilified.

THE PEN MAY NOT IN FACT BE mightier than the sword, but it's the only weapon the president has right now. As the Gingrich machine continues to ram through radical legislation at an incredible clip, Bill Clinton can do little more than watch in dismay and threaten to veto. To be effective, though, the veto power must be exercised sparingly. Otherwise, the GOP will find it too easy to demonize the president as a counterrevolutionary. To let everything through, on the other hand, makes Clinton into a passive spectator at the Republican revolution.

Faced with this dilemma, Clinton has so far vetoed only two bills—the “rescission” package of budget cuts and the lifting of the Bosnian arms embargo. And though he is warning that he will block \$270 billion in Medicare cuts proposed by the House Republicans, Clinton has said he will sign a welfare-reform bill if it ultimately resembles the one passed by the Senate in an 87–12 vote last week.

The political logic of these moves is pretty obvious. According to his strategist Dick Morris's theory of “triangulation,” the president needs to steer a center course between status-quo-gripping congressional Democrats and conservative extremists. On welfare reform, that means signing something that allows him to claim credit for fulfilling his promise to “end welfare as we know it.” On Medicare, however, the politics are rather different. Republicans are slashing a program that is profoundly important to large numbers of middle-class people who vote. Last week, Clinton was in Florida telling senior citizens the Republican Medicare plan was “a load of bull.” To paraphrase P. T. Barnum, no politician ever lost an election over-pandering to the American elderly.

The problem is that, politics aside, Clinton has Medicare and welfare reform backward. The Republican Medicare proposal may not be perfect, but it's the right idea. The welfare bill, on the other hand, even in its comparatively humane Senate

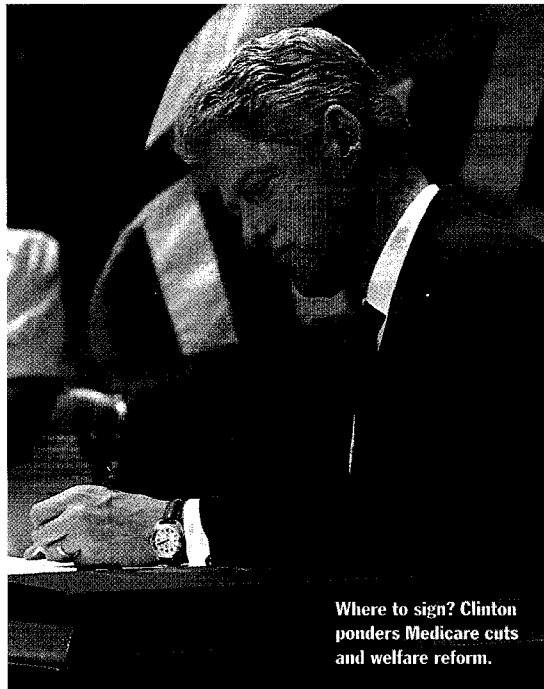
incarnation, is such bad policy that it has the potential to make the present, hugely flawed system look good by comparison.

Despite Speaker Newt's typically boorish performance on September 14, when he accused Democrats of being “totally morally bankrupt” for opposing Medicare cuts, his proposal makes sense. The reason it's needed is not, as the Republicans keep insisting, that the system is headed for insolvency. That's a bookkeeping fiction. Rather, the problem is that Medicare and Medicaid together consume a sixth of the

save accounts—in addition to the fee-for-service plan they have now. In other words, *managed competition*. The insurance companies that wanted to compete for this business would be regulated by the Feds. Bureaucrats in Washington would have to certify that the plans on offer were solvent and met government-set criteria. They would have to adjust the minimum requirements and direct the flow of payments to insurers. As in the Clinton plan, this one would generate savings mainly by pushing people into managed care.

Instead of engaging with these ideas, Clinton and the congressional Democrats have emphasized that the Republicans want Medicare cuts to pay for their proposed tax breaks. That's true, but the two issues are not fundamentally related: You can oppose tax breaks while supporting Medicare cuts. His case that Republicans are simply favoring the rich is further undermined by the fact that the GOP plan would means-test Medicare. Beneficiaries with incomes of more than \$75,000, or \$150,000 for couples, would have to pay their own freight. This is sensible and courageous. If there's a problem with the Republican plan, it's that it cuts too little, as Democratic senator Bob Kerrey pointed out last week. Still, Newt's plan is far preferable to Clinton's disingenuous offer to preserve the seniors' current sweet deal.

Welfare reform is another story. Clinton started off on the right track a few years ago, proposing a plan that would offer jobs in place of welfare. Now he supports a bill that would drastically curtail welfare without any meaningful effort at job placement. The compromise that passed the Senate last week minus the votes of only eleven Democrats and one ultra-con, Lauch Faircloth of North Carolina (who wanted to *really* punish illegitimacy), is certainly better than the House version. It would keep limited benefits for immigrants and teenage mothers. There's no requirement to implement the dubious “family cap,” which freezes benefits when an additional child is born on welfare. Senate Republicans al-



Where to sign? Clinton ponders Medicare cuts and welfare reform.

federal budget and are growing at the astronomical rate of 11 percent a year. Medicare, more than any other program, is what fuels the budget deficit. It absorbs the money that might otherwise go toward, say, a meaningful welfare-to-work effort. Restraining this unchecked growth in costs was part of the impetus for Clinton's own health-care-reform bill of 1993.

Ironically, for all their demagoguing of Clinton's plan back then, the House Republicans' 1995 plan is remarkably similar. It's a kind of seniors-only ClintonCare: Medicare beneficiaries would be offered a range of options—HMOs, PPOs, Medi-

so agreed to a bit more money, and to a so-called maintenance-of-effort provision, which requires that states continue to spend at least 80 percent of their block grants on something resembling welfare.

These are genuine improvements over the callous House bill. But the plan remains an invitation to disaster. Its fundamental problem is ignoring the reality that moving people from welfare to work costs money in the short run—something Clinton's original proposal recognized. The cheapest form of welfare is the system we have now: writing checks. If government wants to offer a job instead, it costs an extra \$6,000 a year for child care, training, placement, and so on. The House and Senate versions both give states less money and tell them to move more welfare recipients into jobs. In other words, they ask them to do the impossible. Five years from now, the bulk of those on welfare will be no better off. There will be more cynicism about government and less inclination on the part of the public to try something else. In this sense, the Republican welfare bills look like backhanded attempts to advance the Charles Murray campaign to end welfare altogether. After this round of "reform" fails, the next step—giving up—will look more appealing than ever.

What is most distressing about the welfare bill the president now supports is that it will mean the end of a 60-year commitment to provide a minimal safety net for children. Even a mother who does everything in her power to get a job will go begging if no jobs are available. With its status as an entitlement gone, as Senator Moynihan notes, welfare will become the ripest of budgetary targets. His own position in the debate has been particularly poignant. Once excoriated by the left for insufficient generosity toward poor families, he is now almost their only defender. After spending a week on the floor begging his colleagues to reconsider, he was defeated by a margin that surprised everyone. When I spotted him dejectedly climbing the stairs back to his office after the Senate vote last week, I offered a word of condolence. "Eleven votes and Senator Faircloth," he grimaced. "Hmmpf."

The eleven were not all Ted Kennedy liberals. Two of them were Kerrey and Bill Bradley, the most independent-minded members of the Senate. Would it be political suicide for Clinton to join them? It doesn't have to be. What Ross Perot, Bradley, and now Colin Powell all show is the potential for a national leader who doesn't pander. The appeal of each of these men is a willingness to transcend the supposed political realities and to tell unpopular truths. It's the one strategy Clinton has yet to try. If all else fails, he might want to consider it. —

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Are You a Completed Jew?

Pat Robertson's anti-Semitic ramblings are just the beginning. The Christian Coalition leader is backing an improbable plan to render Judaism obsolete.

IN A WASHINGTON BALLROOM JAMMED tight with 4,000 Christian Coalition activists, Pat Robertson's Jew du jour, an Orthodox rabbi named Daniel Lapin, takes the stage to proclaim his televangelical patron innocent of anti-Semitism:

"When I recently had the pleasure of speaking at [Robertson's] Regent University . . . I found that Pat Robertson's staff had prepared arrangements for me to observe the Jewish Sabbath on Friday night." Pause. "Some anti-Semite." Laughter. Lapin, founder of a conservative group that espouses "Judeo-Christian" ethics and sometime rabbi to, among others, conservative movie critic Michael Medved, then thanks the Evangelical audience for acting as his *Shabbos goyim*.

"I not only can't use the elevator [on the Sabbath]; I cannot insert my electronic key into the door. And I know what's going to happen. I stand outside my room door after sundown holding my key helplessly, and one of you walks by . . . opens the door for me, and I in advance thank you for your anti-Semitism." The Evangelicals, thus absolved, cheer the rabbi. "What a friend we have in Daniel Lapin," says Ralph Reed, the coalition's executive director, as Lapin leaves the stage.

Some of Pat Robertson's best friends are Jewish, and praise the Lord for that, because his Jewish apologists deflect just enough flak for him to maintain the illusion that his books aren't riddled with old-time anti-Semitism. Some of Robertson's Jewish defenders, like Lapin, avoid discussing the main charge against Robertson—that his 1991 book, *The New World Order*, traffics in Jewish banking conspiracies. Other Jewish apologists, including the neoconservative icons Norman Podhoretz and Irving Kristol, concede that Robertson's theories are anti-Semitic, but insist that Robertson is a great friend of Israel and might not even write his own books anyway.

"One member of his staff was a John Bircher," Kristol told me, "and Robertson was shocked to discover he was involved in a book that had these anti-Semitic echoes."

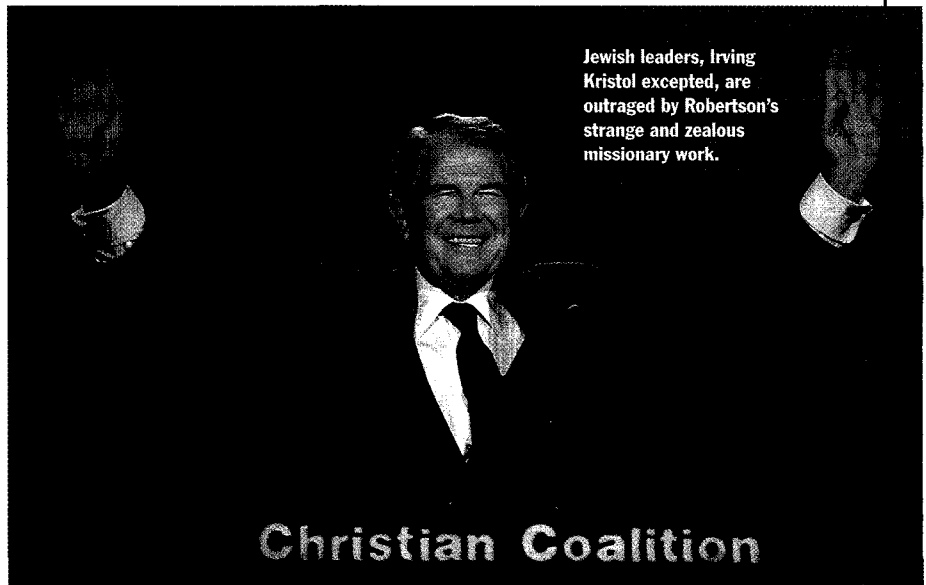
The controversy has surely damaged Robertson's already-fragile reputation

among many Jews, but, in truth, Robertson is fortunate that the debate so far has centered on his anti-Semitic historical and theoretical writings, because he has become a key supporter of a far more pernicious form of anti-Semitism—one that wants to see the world rid of Jews.

It turns out that Robertson and his Christian Broadcasting Network aid and abet a movement that uses deception and distortion to convert Jews to Christianity. This somewhat improbable worldwide Protestant movement has come to be known as Hebrew Christianity or Messianic Judaism. It comprises several hundred "synagogues" and thousands of followers in the United States alone, according to the Jewish anti-missionary group Jews for Judaism. These missionaries, motivated by a belief that the conversion of Jews is necessary to bring about the Second Coming of Christ, concen-

stream Christian denominations, mindful of a historic tendency to persecute and even murder Jews who reject Jesus, have long banned the targeting of Jews for conversion. The Catholic Church no longer singles out Jews, and many Evangelical Protestants have stopped the practice, too. "Just as Judaism frowns on proselytizing that is coercive . . . so do I," Billy Graham said more than twenty years ago. "In my evangelistic efforts, I have never felt called to single out the Jews as Jews."

There is also a distinction between open proselytizing and the deceptive kind practiced by the Hebrew Christians and promoted by Robertson's Christian Broadcasting Network and its flagship TV show, *The 700 Club*. "I have much greater respect for straight-out missionary groups that say, 'We're Christian and here's our message,'" says Rabbi James Rudin of the American Jewish Commit-



Jewish leaders, Irving Kristol excepted, are outraged by Robertson's strange and zealous missionary work.

trate their efforts on the most spiritually and doctrinally vulnerable segments of the Jewish community—Russian immigrants, college freshmen, the elderly. "They clearly target the people they think are the most vulnerable," says Jews for Judaism's director, Mark Powers.

Why should anyone care? Christians are, after all, commanded by their Bible to spread the Good News. But most main-

tee. "It's the deception and the targeting that I'm furious about."

Hebrew Christianity holds that Jews can accept Jesus as Messiah and still remain Jewish. It is an invention of missionaries who had to overcome a serious marketing problem in their proselytizing: Jews, they found, tend to associate Christianity with oppression, not redemption. The genius of Hebrew Christianity is that

on first inspection, it looks, smells, and tastes like traditional Judaism. Churches are called synagogues, crosses are not in evidence, and Jewish holidays are "celebrated," but with one difference—Jesus is the object of worship. To believing Jews, this is an abominable affront.

"Accepting Jesus [as Messiah] moves you out of the house of Israel, out of the Jewish people," says Rabbi Rudin. "This is an argument that was settled almost 2,000 years ago. At a certain point, the Nazarenes, who were the early Jewish followers of Jesus, left Judaism and formed their own religion, which is what we know as Christianity. You can't change 2,000 years of history."

The success of Robertson's campaign is secondary to the principle of it. To Jewish leaders across the ideological spectrum, Hebrew Christianity is little more than modern-day Christian imperialism. "What they are attempting is spiritual genocide," says Philip Abramowitz, an anti-missionary expert with the Jewish Community Relations Council of New York. "They want to see Judaism destroyed as an entity."

These misgivings don't seem to bother Pat Robertson and his CBN colleagues. CBN's Virginia Beach hotel has hosted a convention of Messianic Jews, and the advocacy arm of Robertson's empire, the American Center for Law and Justice, has sued Abramowitz's group on behalf of the most well known of the Christian missionary groups, Jews for Jesus. On *The 700 Club*, Jews who accept Christ are referred to not as Christians, as other converts are, but as "completed Jews" (which is, by the way, what Kathie Lee Gifford, née Epstein, calls herself).

The term *completed Jew* sends Jews into spasms of rage. "It's the most insulting form of anti-Semitism there is," Powers says. "It means that we are less than they are. It's exactly that mind-set that led to the dehumanization of the Jews throughout history."

On an edition of *The 700 Club* last year, the show's co-host Terry Meeuwsen introduced a segment on Messianic Judaism this way: "The woman in our last story became a Messianic Jew and so did the couple that you're about to meet. They are pioneers in the Messianic Jewish movement in Israel, and the Good News they bring us is that in the past year, they've seen more completed Jews in Israel than in all the last 27 years." Meeuwsen's "messianic pioneers," Ari and Shira Sorko-Ram, are Christian missionaries based in Tel Aviv. Ari Sorko-Ram told Meeuwsen that people in Israel are "desirous to find out what does it mean to be Jewish, and people are not satisfied with Orthodox Judaism anymore."

Converting Jews in Israel is an obvious priority for Robertson. Middle East Television, a subsidiary of CBN, beams missionary programming into Israel from its headquarters in South Lebanon. "With the only Christian programming available to Israelis, MET reaches increasing numbers of people who are desperate for the hope, healing, and encouragement they receive from shows like *The 700 Club* with Pat Robertson," a Middle East Television fund-raising letter reads. "MET's desire is to make God's love real among the people who were the first to hear His message."

In Robertson's 1990 book, *The New Millennium*, the televangelist even brags of his own missionary work in Israel, where he visits regularly: "So many of the Israelis I have met with have been quite willing to talk about Jesus, to listen to the Gospel, and to receive Christ as Messiah."

A CBN spokeswoman, Patty Richardson, said that it is not Robertson's policy, or CBN's, to single out Jews for conversion. "Jews are one of many we want to bring our message to," she said. "We don't have a plan to say we're going to get this group first and then that group."

The 700 Club does seem inordinately interested in drawing Jews to Jesus, though. One guest on the show this past March, a Protestant missionary and apostate Jew named Sid Roth, asked viewers to spread the message of Jesus to their "Jewish stockbrokers" and "Jewish attorneys."

Roth, who runs an Evangelical group called Messianic Visions, which targets Russian Jewish immigrants in Brighton Beach, also talked about his own conversion to Messianic Judaism. When he was a Jew, Roth told Robertson's co-host Ben Kinchlow, "my Gospel was, 'Make a million dollars, be happy.'"

"I was raised in a traditional Jewish background," Roth said. "I saw what traditional Judaism had, and from my perspective it was bankrupt." Kinchlow nodded sympathetically through the interview, prayed with Roth, and told the viewers they could buy Roth's book, *There Must Be Something More*, by calling the *700 Club* prayer line.

Denigrating Judaism as "bankrupt," "incomplete," and "hopeless" is common practice among these missionaries. The Protestant Evangelical Elwood McQuaid, whose group, the Friends of Israel Gospel Ministry, sent missionaries to Auschwitz this Passover to proselytize among Jewish teenagers attending Holocaust-memorial

services, wrote in a fund-raising letter to Evangelicals that "you and I look ahead with joy and certain hope because we know the Messiah lives. But for the Jewish people who can only assemble to remember tragedy, a future without Him promises only despair and hopelessness."

McQuaid's group is only one of at least 100 American groups targeting Jews for conversion to Christianity. These groups, Powers says, spend tens of millions of dollars each year to reach Jews, with only limited success. Hard numbers are nearly impossible to come by, but even the missionaries admit that they have a far easier time finding missionaries and the money to support them than finding Jews willing to hear the message. In a

1993 letter to me, Moishe Rosen, an ordained Baptist minister who leads Jews for Jesus, wrote that "raising money has never been the great problem that getting Jews to listen to the Gospel has been."

It is precisely this difficulty that led to the formation of Hebrew Christianity—a popular training book designed to help Christians bring Jews to Jesus says as much. The book, which was prepared by an organization calling itself

the Messianic Jewish Movement International, outlines ways Christians can convert Jews without scaring them off. A section entitled "How Can You Avoid That Which Will Keep Your Jewish Friend Away From the Messiah?" is especially revealing:

"Avoid displaying pictures of Jesus or statues (which Jewish people consider as idolatry)," the guide reads. "Avoid displaying crosses (which Jewish people consider as symbols of persecution—the Crusades, the Spanish Inquisition, the Holocaust, etc.)."

The guide continues: "Avoid jokes about the Jewish people (their money, etc.). Some Jewish people are very sensitive about this. . . . Avoid using the name of Jewish missionary organizations. The word 'missionary' is interpreted by the Jewish people as 'We're out to get you heathen Jews!!'"

Kristol described the Robertson missionary work as no big deal—"this is what they do"—but the AJC's Rudin disagrees. "If Robertson is using his empire to foster something that aims for the spiritual extinction of Judaism," the rabbi says, "then he's no friend of the Jewish people."

"I have much greater respect for straight-out missionary groups," says Rabbi James Rudin. "It's the deception and the targeting that I'm furious about."



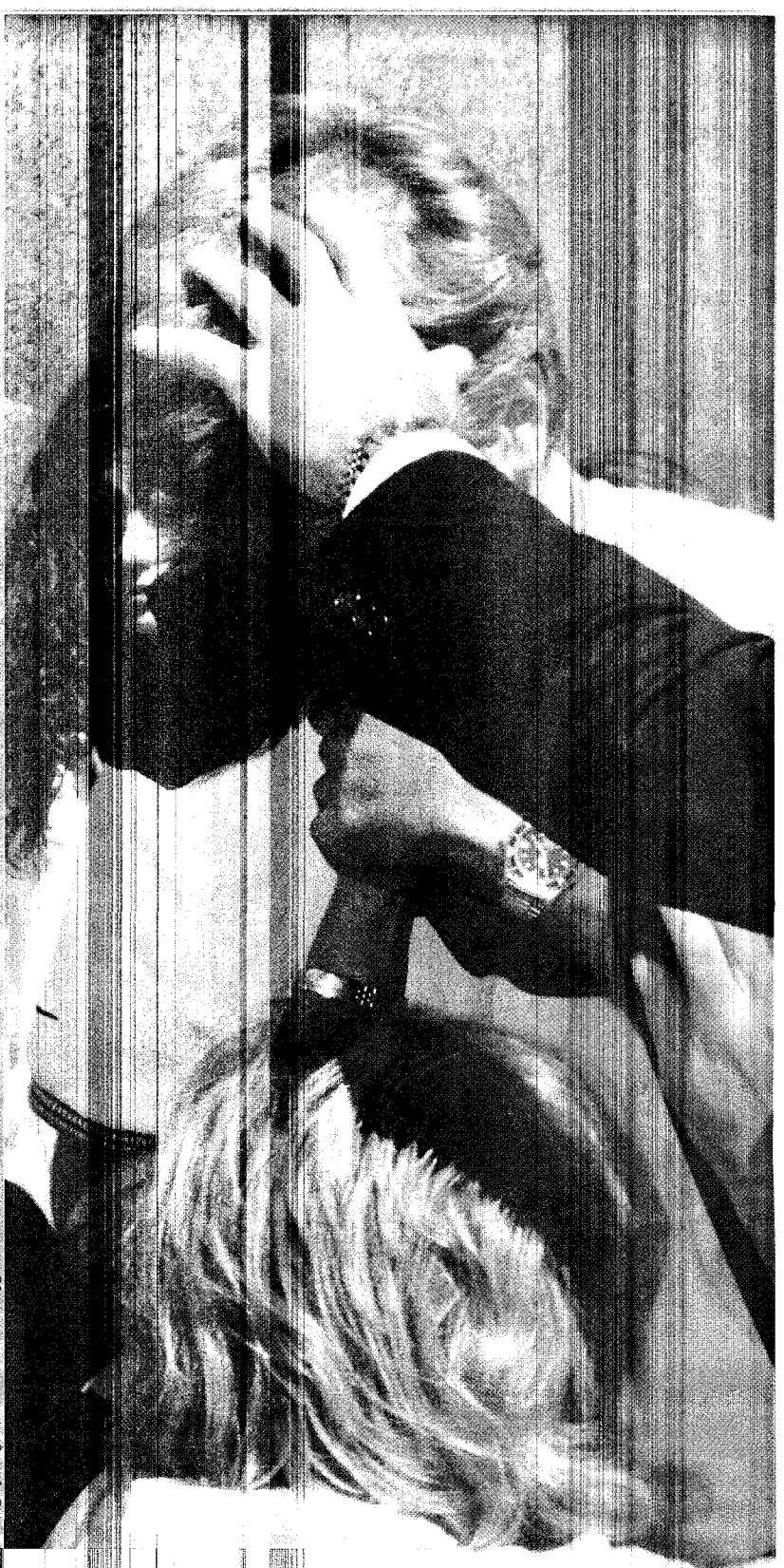
**RICHARD AND PATRICIA MARBACK HAD A GLASS
UPPER WEST SIDE EXISTENCE. HOW DID HEROIN GET IN**

Patricia Marback:
Gutsy, exuberant,
a good mother—
the works.

70

THE WALK FROM WEST 83RD Street between Broadway and Amsterdam Avenue to 106th and Amsterdam takes about twenty minutes. It's long enough to pass from one world to another. You start out noticing the stale-beer smell billowing from the Raccoon Lodge, a frat-boy bar. A few blocks north, you're outside the hulking, red-brick Frederick Douglass Houses, where rap thumps out of barred windows. Expensive toy stores with nursery-rhyme names and strictly adult price tags give way to

Photograph: right, Allan Tannenbaum/Sygma



Richard Marback being led out of court after his arraignment on charges of drug possession and child endangerment.

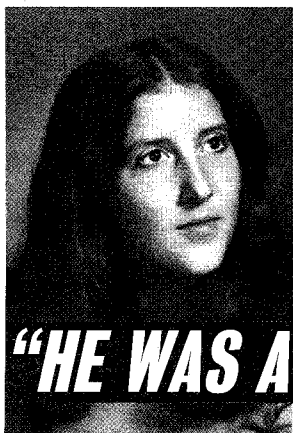
DIE AOR

botanicas crammed with Jesus figurines, Chinese take-out joints where the food is cooked behind bulletproof glass, and billboards reading **BLACK FLAG: EL MATADOR DE CUCARACHAS**.

The route is long enough that there's time to daydream. As Richard Marback made that trip on Saturday, August 5, he might have thought about *Primary Psychiatry*, the monthly medical journal he'd helped launch sixteen months before. Marback was company president, and the gamble was paying off; business was even better than he'd projected. The current cover story, "The Faces of Addiction," showed a college-yearbook page full of smiling young faces; atop the yearbook were a hypodermic needle, a pack of matches, and a spoon bent for cooking heroin.

Perhaps Marback thought about Trish, his wife. She'd finished another profitable week as a stockbroker at Bear Stearns. Marback knew she was working hard—the stress gave Trish excruciating back and neck pain.

Catching his reflection in a store



patricia winston



RICHARD MARBACK

Patricia's senior yearbook: Great Neck North High, Class of '76, Richard's: Levittown's MacArthur High, Class of '74.

scended from the Upper West Side, down to an area known as the Valley, and crossed the wide intersection of 106th and Amsterdam. Maybe he simply concentrated on the five little envelopes of heroin he was about to buy.

R

ICHARD MARBACK SHOULD be looking forward to his tenth wedding anniversary this week. Instead, he'll be appearing in criminal court, charged with drug possession and child endangerment. Those glassine envelopes Marback bought one Saturday in August were filled with an opiate nearly 80 percent pure. While the couple's small son and daughter slept down the hall, husband and wife snorted heroin together. When Richard awoke the next morning, his wife lay next to him. Patricia Marback had been dead for five hours.

What was going through Richard Marback's mind that he would risk the good life he and his wife had earned, chance it all for a \$50 high? Marback isn't talking.

"In my 26 years as a lawyer, this case is one of the most tragic and most difficult to understand," says Dominic Barbara, the Long Island attorney who is famous for having represented Joey Buttafuoco and Jessica Hahn, but is now defending Richard Marback. "It's very frustrating. These are two people who were very much in love, who were outwardly very normal."

Some people assume that a seamy existence lurked under the couple's façade of

family still does. The Winstons lived in Kennilworth, an elegant section of Kings Point, Long Island, just over the Nassau County border from Queens. Large lawns and in-ground pools are common; the Winstons' neighbors included lawyers, doctors, and Alan King. The area hadn't changed that much since F. Scott Fitzgerald lived there and, inspired by a local mansion, imagined Jay Gatsby's estate.

Yet classmates remember Patricia Winston as a friendly, unpretentious kid who worked during the summer—unusual among her peers. "There was pot all over our high school," says Scott Seeman, who went to Great Neck North with her. "We graduated in 1976. But she was very *not* into drugs. The one thing that sticks out about her was that she was very into this guy way back then. She was in love with Marback since 1974."

They met while working at London Optical in Great Neck one summer. She was 15; Richard was 17. He lived in Levittown, the Ur-suburb of the post-World War II boom. By the early seventies the suburban wave had pushed east, leaving Levittown behind to become a synonym for drab, lower-middle-class uniformity.

All three of Marback's older siblings were out of the house by the time Richard

"HE WAS A REAL SILENT SUFFERER. YOU HAD TO FIGHT

window, Marback may have noticed how, though he was just 38, his blond hair was rapidly turning gray. Perhaps he was grateful that the blanket of humidity was finally lifting; now Marback could Rollerblade through Central Park in the evenings without drowning in sweat. Perhaps he thought about his children—Natasha, 8, whom everyone called Tashi, having fun at tennis camp, or John, 2, blond and cherubic.

Maybe none of that went through Richard Marback's mind as he de-

scended from the Upper West Side, down to an area known as the Valley, and crossed the wide intersection of 106th and Amsterdam. Maybe he simply concentrated on the five little envelopes of heroin he was about to buy.

success. And, indeed, the Marbacks were certainly not first-time drug experimenters who made a tragic mistake, as their shocked relatives exclaimed immediately after Patricia Marback's death. They both attended meetings of Alcoholics Anonymous. For years, Richard had battled depression, installing a mood-elevating light box at home to try to lift his spirits. But what emerges from talking to friends, neighbors, and business colleagues is not the melodramatic tale of a secret dark side that clawed its way to the surface. Rather, it's a story far more common. It's about two ordinary people growing up in archetypal suburbs, moving to the big city to scramble for their dreams, largely achieving them, but never completely winning a sense of security. It's about two upper-middle-class strivers drawn, over the years, to the more accessible fringes of cool. So while the raw facts are about lethally pure heroin stopping the heart of a well-to-do 36-year-old mother of two young children, the story of Richard and Patricia Marback is also about the sputtering end of the eighties.

SHE GREW UP AS PATRICIA WINSTON, THE fourth of seven children of a wealthy Long Island entrepreneur. Friends called the tall girl with the long reddish hair Patti; her

was a teenager, making him feel like something of an only child. He was an Episcopalian altar boy and a child diving champ. "Did he smoke pot once in a while as a teenager?" says a friend. "Yeah. But he was alive and young and going to rock concerts in the seventies. And Rich always had a job. We wanted to get out of Levittown, to be happy and successful in some bigger way. That was the goal."

Marback's father was blue-collar, a field engineer for New York Telephone, but he owned several immaculate Mercedes-Benzes. "His father was a great mechanic, and he'd totally rebuild these pieces-of-shit cars," says a neighbor. "It was out of ingenuity, not money, that they were driving these classic Benzes while everyone else had beat-up Chevys."

But his father became despondent after Jane Marback, his wife, had an affair. At the age of 42, in 1973, Marback's father committed suicide.

That left Richard, 16, to look after his mother, who had a serious drinking problem. Then, not long after Jane Marback won her battle with booze, she was diagnosed with cancer.

Richard juggled jobs with courses at Nassau Community College. He studied at Arizona State for one semester, but his mother's illness took precedence. She died in 1982. Richard never got a college degree.

"He was a real silent sufferer," says a friend from those days. "You had to fight him hard and say, 'What is it, Rich? What's bothering you?' But it was too much for him to talk about. That's why Patti was so great for him. She was the only one who gave him a sense of confidence, who could say, 'Hey, do you realize how special you are?' Otherwise, he was oblivious to that. He was always looking for what he didn't have."

Patricia Winston went to Boston University and majored in psychology. But her father, who'd become rich importing and distributing Japanese electronics, suddenly saw his investments plummet. There was little money left for college, so after five semesters, Patricia dropped out. "It was always a sore point with her," says a Long Island friend. "It's one reason why her children's education was paramount."

Fortunately, Patricia excelled that summer in a job with a Long Island financial firm. At 20 she became the youngest licensed stockbroker in New York State.

With Richard and Patricia—he called her Trish, as did her adult friends—back on Long Island, they picked up their romance, and their affections never seemed to dim: Even after nine years of marriage, they regularly mailed one another love letters. They rode a tandem

54 in the late seventies must have been a thrill. Good-bye, Levittown. They were past the velvet ropes, in big-time Manhattan.

AT THE DAWN OF THE EIGHTIES, Richard Marback became part of the yuppie transformation of the Upper West Side. He moved into 222 West 83rd Street. The building, a comfortable prewar high-rise, is just off Broadway toward Amsterdam. Marback was still single, and rented a studio apartment.

His personal decade seemed to mirror the growth going on all around him. In 1985, he and Patricia finally married. Richard held on to his studio, but the couple lived for a while in Great Neck, on a grand former estate whose outbuildings were rented as small houses. The Marbacks had access to a pool and tennis courts, but couldn't afford the place after Patricia lost her job with a Long Island stockbroker;



Patricia and Richard: An ideal young professionals' marriage.

AND SAY, 'WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S BOTHERING YOU?'

bike together through Central Park.

"Trish was exuberant," says a longtime friend of the couple's. "She came from a big, kind of rambling family where to get the salt and pepper shakers you had to be aggressive. As personalities, she and Rich were opposites in many ways."

In the seven weeks since Patricia Marback's death, friends have thought more carefully about Richard's surface tranquility. "Who initiates something like this?" asks a close friend. "Is it the exuberant one? Or is it the quiet, seething one?"

"RICH COULD ALWAYS SELL STUFF," AN OLD friend says. For a while Marback sold and installed phones. Then it was satellite dishes. Eventually, Marback moved indoors, selling advertising space for a publication called *Practical Gastroenterology*. That led to a job with the McMahon Group, which publishes a variety of medical journals. Marback sold ad space there for three years. It wasn't exciting work, but Marback was good at it.

He found ways to let out a more adventurous side. Rangy and boyish at six feet four, Marback loved water-skiing, and flew along at high speeds, balancing on a single ski. And he and Patricia would dance late into the night—not just anywhere but, inevitably, at Studio 54. For a young couple who grew up in the mild suburbs, Studio

she was fired the day she gave birth to her daughter.

The couple and their baby found a one-bedroom apartment on the seventh floor of 222 West 83rd. When a second child came along, the Marbacks moved up, to the fourteenth floor, into a three-bedroom, \$3,000-a-month place with parquet floors and a stunning view of Broadway. They did expensive renovations, even though the apartment was a rental. The family watched an enormous movie six-plex rise across the street, as the gentrification of the neighborhood marched on. Sushi and computer-software outlets now squat at the foot of 222 West 83rd; the building is so stereotypically Upper West Side that a guy named Seinfeld lives there (it isn't Jerry).

Until quite recently, however, West 83rd, especially the Amsterdam Avenue end, could be rough. "Six years ago, you'd come to work in the morning and drug dealers would open the cab door for you," Jimmy Bridgeforth says.

The deli where Bridgeforth is a clerk, at the corner of 83rd and Amsterdam, is the spot where locals buy a quart of milk or a quick loaf of bread; he's worked there fifteen years. Bridgeforth is the kind of neighborhood fixture who memorizes faces, who remembers that a customer wants Marlboro Lights even before they ask. He never knew Richard Marback's

name, but provides a detailed physical description without prompting.

"He seemed like a nice guy," Bridgeforth says, "but I knew what he was into. I'd see him going up and down Amsterdam all the time. I saw him with uptown guys, guys who deal drugs. Eight or nine years ago, this guy looked like he had a problem."

Marback's lawyer says his client denies using drugs at that time. Yet Bridgeforth is adamant, in a matter-of-fact way, about the clarity of his memory. "He seemed like he was over it, but you never know when somebody's gonna go bad."

People who've worked closely with Richard Marback, however, use the same phrase over and over again: He was the last person they'd ever suspect of having a drinking or a drug problem. "He never even ate greasy food," says Van Velle, his boss at the McMahon Group. "I never saw any indication he was anything but extremely health conscious, responsible, and straight."

Marback's only manifest obsession was his kids. Each summer he'd devote one week of vacation to father-and-daughter time, just him and Tashi in the Hamptons. Marback was one of the earliest to arrive at his office and one of the first to leave, so he could relieve the baby-sitter. Employers criticized Marback for not social-

izing enough with his clients.

A woman who asks that she be identified only as Maria was Tashi Marback's daily baby-sitter for two years. Then she helped out on the occasional evening when Richard and Patricia caught a movie. "They were lovely people, very down-to-earth. They were not crazy party people," Maria says. "I am from Croatia. When the war started over there, and Trish heard that I'd started a charity, she gave me money, she gave me

come exceeded \$200,000. The pressure was sufficient to give her an ulcer.

As successful as they were, the Marbacks hadn't arrived; every day they came in contact with full-fledged players, but they themselves were still mostly spectators. They escaped the city each summer weekend by loading up their battered station wagon on Friday mornings and leaving after a full day of work. They could rent a house each summer in Bridgehampton and arrange for horseback-riding lessons for Tashi, but they couldn't quite make the leap to owning a Hamptons house.

And the past two summers reinforced their fragility: They didn't rent their standard beach place. Because Richard's magazine was still in its infancy, and he'd invested some of his own money—and was drawing no salary—finances were tight. They went to the Hamptons now as guests.

NEIGHBORS AND FRIENDS CALL THE Marbacks exemplary parents. Barbara Adler met the couple when her own daughter attend-

tense. They didn't like the homogeneity of private schools, and worried whether they could afford one anyway. When their daughter scored in the top three percentile on an IQ test, they relaxed a bit: She'd qualified for the exclusive Anderson Program for gifted children at P.S. 9, just one block away from their apartment. Now all Tashi had to do was impress the school's interviewers. She did, landing one of the 50 kindergarten slots.

One reason P.S. 9 is such an academically elite school is its hyper-involved parents' group. "I edited the PTA newsletter," Anne Born says. "Richard volunteered right away to help. He said, 'You should charge serious money for ads. It's an incredible market.' We were able to net over \$1,000 a month for our library. And it was Richard Marback who allowed us to raise the money. He would show me how to sell. He always knew what to say—I didn't have the street smarts he did."

IN HIS PROFESSIONAL LIFE, MARBACK seemed increasingly comfortable staying behind the scenes. His steadiness and low-key approach were big reasons Darren Brodeur and James La Rossa Jr. trusted Marback enough to form MBL Com-



The Marbacks' building,
at 222 West 83rd Street.

LATELY, PATRICIA HAD GOTTEN VERY THIN. "I WOULDN'T"



clothes, to send over there. She was very kind, and Richard was too."

One night in April, though, Richard and Patricia went out to a party. Heroin was passed around. They snorted some. They felt pretty good. It didn't kill them.

STANDING FIVE FEET SEVEN, WEARING HER auburn hair long, her suits from Donna Karan, and her shoes from Ferragamo, Patricia Marback didn't need to be outgoing to be noticed. As an associate director in Bear Stearns's client-services division, Marback bought and sold stocks for millionaires; her clients included Ivana Trump. In a good year, Patricia's own in-

ed prekindergarten with Tashi at the Calhoun School. "Trish was an extremely responsible, dedicated mother," Adler says. "When she had her second child two years ago, she wanted to do something that was really for her daughter, Tashi, and she became a Girl Scout troop leader. For two years, this is what she did: On Wednesday afternoons, the troop met from four to 5:15. Trish came back to the Upper West Side to conduct that Brownie troop, from work at Bear Stearns. Often she went back to work."

Her family recalls a woman who gabbed happily in early-morning phone calls. "We'd talk over Cheerios," says one sibling. "She'd be watching *Babar* with the kids." Patricia found time to take the couple's dog on visits to a nursing home. Seeing one of the Barbra Streisand concerts last year at Madison Square Garden was her idea of a special night, they say. She also pushed herself hard, running the CPA Club of Manhattan and earning licenses as an insurance broker and a notary public. Patricia's attendance at AA meetings, says her family, was purely to support Richard.

When it came time to send Natasha to elementary school, the Marbacks were

munications with him. They launched *Primary Psychiatry* in May 1994. The monthly explores technical arguments about the interaction of physicians and mentally ill patients. Its primary advertisers are companies pitching antidepressants and other mood-altering drugs.

"Richard wore the same Hermès tie all the time," says La Rossa, who handles *Primary Psychiatry's* editorial side. "It was a very elegant, nondescript tie—his appointment tie. He was that kind of guy. Very consistent; very, very conservative. He didn't own a double-breasted jacket. He didn't talk about his emotional state. When he came in bleary-eyed because the kids kept him up, he said, 'Yeah, the kids kept me up.' That's about as far as he'd go."

Clearly Marback had some issues. Suzan Marback Sonmez says her youngest brother tried several kinds of therapy. "He went to a two-week program at the Elisabeth Kubler-Ross clinic for grieving, about six years ago," she says. "He felt he didn't ever grieve properly over my mother and father."

When Marback said he'd given up drinking alcohol, the partners took it as another sign of his commitment to their work. "He stopped drinking almost at the same point where we started the corporation," La Rossa says. "His reasoning to us was that this period of his life, that's the way he wanted to be."

So when there was a rare break in Marback's calm demeanor, his partners were jolted. In January 1994, Marback seemed unable to function. "He was visibly disturbed; he was not working," La Rossa says. "And so we were his friends; we asked him what was going on. He said, 'It's the anniversary of my father's death, and I get very upset at this time of year.'"

The moment passed, and the hard work of getting a new magazine off the ground again filled their days. The partners didn't spend much time wondering what other currents might be churning inside Richard Marback.

IN THE FIRST WEEK OF AUGUST 1995, MARBACK was busily crunching numbers, trying to meet a critical deadline. The advertising rate card for the coming year needed to be finished by August 15. It was a time of pressure, but optimism: The first year of *Primary Psychiatry* had been prosperous enough that on Thursday, August 3, the company leased a car for Marback. He could finally get rid of his twelve-year-old station wagon.

Patricia Marback's days were equally frenetic. They often began with a 7 A.M. swim in the pool across the street. She'd asked a friend who lives on the opposite

that Saturday night was at about six o'clock. By the time they sat down to eat with Tashi and John, Dad and Mom had already dipped into the envelopes of white powder.

After the kids were safely in bed, Richard and Patricia retreated to the master bedroom. They placed the envelopes on one of the night tables, mixed together two different brands of the drug, tightly rolled a dollar bill, and, for the fourth or fifth time in their lives, the Marbacks snorted heroin. Sometime around 8 P.M., they nodded out.

When the EMS crew arrived in apartment 14F at about 11:30 A.M. on Sunday, August 6, they pronounced Patricia Marback dead in her bedroom and left her in the care of detectives from the 20th Precinct.

The cops, also responding to Richard Marback's 911 call, found him dazed and crying. John and Tashi Marback were hustled out of the nightmare by relatives. Richard Marback handed over three empty bags of heroin and two that hadn't been touched. He admitted he'd been snorting the narcotic—two different brands, 1-800 and Guess.

As the detectives led him out of his home, Richard Marback could barely

zine depends on the pharmaceutical industry as its primary source of income; Marback has been replaced. All new employees will have to pass a drug test. Marback, who is still a minority shareholder, isn't taking his ouster so easily; his sister Suzan says he's hired a lawyer to fight for his job.

Friends grope to make sense out of disaster. To Robert Sawyer, an advertising creative director who moved into the Marbacks' old one-bedroom on West 83rd, the answer has something to do with the *Zeitgeist*. Sawyer's theory is philosophical, if ultimately unsatisfying. "What was formerly perceived as incompatible—untenable, immoral—can no longer be conceived of that way. The whole ethical system is no longer working. Exemplary parents can still use drugs. Why is that? Well, it goes back to Cole Porter: The world's gone mad today and good is bad today and up is down today . . . anything goes."

To La Rossa, Marback's former business partner, the answer is in a classic of eighties literature. "Perhaps when they looked in the mirror, what they saw was what Tom Wolfe describes as 'Masters of the Universe.' I wish what they had seen instead was two people struggling to live in Manhattan, with two kids, to pay rent, and to pay for tuitions, like the

LIKE TO THINK IT WAS FROM DRUGS," SAYS ONE FRIEND.

side of West 83rd, in the Bromley, if she could be a guest in the building's spiffy gym. Several days a week, Marback would dash over and swim 30 minutes' worth of laps. "I'm a health-and-nutrition freak myself," the woman says, "and Trish was very focused on that. She was very attractive, and keeping in good shape was important to her."

The friend pauses for a very long moment. Marback, it seems, was beyond being well toned. "Lately she'd gotten very thin," she says with a sigh. "I wouldn't like to think that it was from drugs."

Jane Magenheimer, former president of the PTA at Tashi Marback's school, had noticed the same thing. "Of course after the baby she lost weight," Magenheimer says. "But within the last year, Trish was very, very thin. Painfully thin."

For the first time this summer, the Marbacks weren't planning to go out of town for the weekend. On Friday, August 4, Maria, their frequent baby-sitter, returned Patricia's call to say she was going to be busy on Saturday, and was sorry she couldn't take care of Tashi and John.

On Saturday, August 5, Patricia phoned Lisa Albanese, her best friend from high school. They'd been planning to get together, but Patricia had to cancel.

It was the end of an especially sleepless two weeks; the Marbacks' baby had learned to crawl out of his crib. Dinner

walk. His blond-gray hair was frizzed into a crazy tangle. Whether he was still stoned or simply disoriented by grief, he looked like a lost soul.

UP AT 106TH AND AMSTERDAM, no one knows a thing about any heroin sales. But one teenager using an Oldsmobile hood as his couch says anyone who bought two different brands of heroin knew what he was doing. "He was mixing," says the teen. "Don't give me that 'first time' stuff."

The Manhattan D.A.'s office agrees. "Marback bought on one side of the street, then crossed the street and bought more," says a source in the prosecutor's office. "Does that sound like somebody who doesn't know what they're doing?"

Still, says a law-enforcement official, Marback has likely spent all the time in jail he's going to. After his arraignment, Marback was released without bail. His children have been staying with one of his relatives on Long Island. His in-laws say they still love Richard and will stand by him. Chances are the court will require Marback to visit with a social worker, but it won't take away custody of his son and daughter.

Marback's former partners say, with a we-have-no-choice shrug, that their maga-

rest of us. You just don't do something like this, at their age, at their experience level. There was something wrong with what they were seeing in the mirror. I have no idea what it was. And I probably never will."

One of the Marbacks' oldest friends blames their expectations. "They wanted to pursue life to a utopian level—Patti was driving herself to be the best at Bear Stearns; Rich had the magazine taking off; their kids were going to be perfect. And their shared dreams became so important that they made sure they weren't going to happen—subconsciously, they did something to self-destruct. It's so sad. They couldn't see that they were doing so well."

Marback's sister Suzan believes they were just looking for something to help them relax that night. "The only thing I've said to my brother is, 'Why? What could you have been thinking?' All he kept on saying was, 'That much shouldn't have killed her.'"

One thing that is certain is that Marback is in a world of hurt. He's spent most of the past month in a Connecticut rehab center. A friend has spoken to him once by phone. The conversation was brief. Richard was asked how he was doing. "Not too good," came the answer.

Then Richard Marback began to weep. He wept so hard he couldn't speak anymore.



VerMeulen, the
self-anointed
"epicenter of
masculinity."

BRITISH GQ'S EDITOR, CHICAGOAN MICHAEL VERMEULEN

LONDON BLITZ

AT 9:30 IN THE MORNING ON the last Monday in August, Paul Spike telephoned his friend Michael VerMeulen, the 38-year-old American who was editor of British GQ. They had arranged to play golf that day, a holiday in Great Britain. Spike got the answering machine. Knowing VerMeulen to be an early riser—he usually began his day with a pot of coffee, a joint, and seven or eight newspapers—Spike phoned back half an hour later. Busy. He tried three more times and got no answer. Figuring VerMeulen had “found something better to do than to play golf,” as Spike’s wife, Alexandra Shulman, puts it, he set off on his own.

When Spike returned that afternoon, he found his wife in a state of agitation. She

had just learned that VerMeulen’s corpse had been discovered that morning, probably around the time Spike had been trying to reach him. VerMeulen’s body had been discovered in his North London house by a woman known only as Danielle, who some who knew VerMeulen contend was a “hostess,” a high-end prostitute. The two had been close. “I know he was paying prostitutes,” says a friend of VerMeulen’s. “It was a function of his extremely fucked-up inability to deal with women. So knowing his history with prostitutes, I can’t see him not having paid her at some point to have sex with him.” Also in question is just what had killed him. Heroin was the first and most persistent rumor; VerMeulen was known to have been an occasional user of cocaine in the past. The papers in England were calling VerMeulen’s death “a suspected drug overdose,” and the coroner’s report, to be

made public in November, will most likely state “death by misadventure,” a catchall euphemism covering any accident or overdose in which foul play is not suspected.

VERMEULEN WAS TO LONDON MUCH AS TINA Brown was to New York when she arrived. He wasn’t hobbled by preconceptions about the proper way of going about things, he brashly pushed ahead without worrying about whom he pissed off, and he shook things up, catalyzing an ongoing, lively boom in British men’s magazines. On the other hand, he was anything but coolly professional. His working life was fueled by a smorgasbord of side dishes ordered “for the table,” and two-at-a-time entrées, washed down with gargantuan quantities of all sorts of alcohol (margaritas, martinis, red wine, and brandy in the same sitting), with cocaine and girls for dessert—the legendary

sort of excess usually found only in books set in the twenties. He looked the part, a boyish Orson, both angelic and dissolute, his stomach cascading over his belt. And only rarely did his overindulgences seem to throw him off balance. "I never found his brain less than 100 percent sharp," says British Condé Nast managing director Nicholas Coleridge, "whatever detail it was, whatever time of day."

He was also, says his friend Spike, a man "whose physique embodied what he was carrying around," which was more than just a hangover. He was at some level a deeply unhappy person, whose excesses began as self-medication and became his terminal illness. "This was a way of dealing with depression in its early stages," says his friend Christopher Silvester, a *Private Eye*

the telephone saying, 'Hi, I've moved here.'"

He started off writing for the *Tatler*, then moved to *GQ*, climbed quickly up the masthead, and became editor in 1992. His editorial meetings were quippy, scatological, telegraphed, terminally irreverent, garnished with knowing talk about prostitutes from around the world. He dismissed ideas with VerMeulenisms like "Doesn't blow my shit up" or "Doesn't blow wind up my skirt" and impatiently banged the gavel so he could get to the Groucho, where the talk continued, but louder and drunker. "It wasn't a matter of a roomful of people standing around hanging on his every word," Spike relates, "but of him telling a story to a few people and suddenly bellowing out, 'And I said to him, 'Well, you can

boom and had a decorator in, to peculiar effect. Spike says, "He took a perfectly nice flat and had it done over in the manner of a Lower East Side tenement." Another friend describes the bathroom as "something out of Dante's *Inferno*, with gold faucets and dark-green countertops that looked like he'd smeared bird shit everywhere." Downstairs, piles of newspapers covered the floor and furniture. In the middle of the living room was a huge, strange painting of three ghostly, grotesque figures, perhaps twelve by six feet, resting on an easel. VerMeulen insisted that the painter was a rising star, but an acquaintance called it "a picture of pain." The first time she saw it, all she could think was, *This guy is fucked up*.

He was. VerMeulen would sometimes break down in front of close friends, saying

VAS BRIGHT, BOMBASTIC, OVERWEIGHT, OVER-SERVED, DRUG-LOVING, DEAD AT 38.

journalist who worked with him at *GQ*. "He'd eat and drink wildly to feel better. He'd get into this cycle where the effects makes you feel bad, and in order to escape feeling bad, you use more."

VerMeulen had both audacity and talent, and he started young: Applying to a private grade school near his parents' house outside Chicago, he interrogated his interviewer about the length of recess. He briefly went to the University of Chicago, but dropped out, English-style, to work on a newspaper, and later became the Chicago *Reader's* theater critic, an early champion

of the Steppenwolf Theatre Company. Then he floated to the top of the New York magazine scene, writing for *Esquire*, *GQ*, *The Atlantic*, and this magazine (notably about AIDS, in 1982), and after only a few years got bored with that too.

VerMeulen was on his first trip to London, in the mid-eighties, on a magazine assignment from *Institutional Investor*, when

Alexandra Shulman, a *Tatler* editor at the time, took him to the Groucho Club, a sort of combination "44" and Century Association in the West End that was to be the stage on which VerMeulen put on his Falstaff-from-Chicago show. "When I arrived," recalls Shulman, "I didn't see Michael VerMeulen anywhere. I was hanging around waiting for him in the lobby for about twenty minutes or so, and finally I went in to find Michael already ensconced at the bar—having almost immediately become sort of a member himself—saying, 'Wow, what a cool place.' " Michael just said, 'I'm going to move to this country. I think it's so great, I love this club, you're fantastic.' It's just very Michael, you know: 'I'm going to move here.' I took it as a very American overenthusiasm that would be gone by the end of lunch. But—surprise, surprise—about a month later, Michael's voice was on

suck my cock!" ' And 30 people would turn around: 'Excuse me?' "

It wasn't just bombast. He had a chip on his shoulder that occasionally fueled theatrical rages. Silvester tells of having dinner with VerMeulen and his girlfriend Fiona Gee at the Groucho one night last summer. He "just happened to mention" that Rosie Boycott, editor of British *Esquire* and the person Michael regarded as his fiercest competitor, had been made a board member of the prestigious club. "Now, Michael had a longer association with the club than Rosie and had spent a lot of Condé Nast money there—I'm sure very usefully too—and when I told him this he completely flipped, saying, 'Man, do you know how much money I spent in this club last year?! Twenty-seven-fucking-thousand pounds, that's how much!' See," Silvester explains, "he was impatient for recognition. Rosie'd won the awards despite just copying the *GQ* formula, and while he's getting a lot of respect now that he's dead, he wanted it faster than it was coming to him."

Paul Spike tells of a similar incident at the Groucho Club. A friend VerMeulen had recommended for membership was turned down, and VerMeulen "took this as a great personal insult. He confronted the guy in charge, saying, 'I'm the nigger here, aren't I? I'm the nigger here! Well, this nigger is telling you that I spend a fucking lot of money in here, and if she's out, I'm out!'"

"Michael had a habit of reopening self-inflicted wounds," Spike continues. "He had a large degree of self-doubt, and there was a voice inside him telling him he was a bad person, which gave him his self-destructive tendency, and the tendency to see any little thing as a social slight."

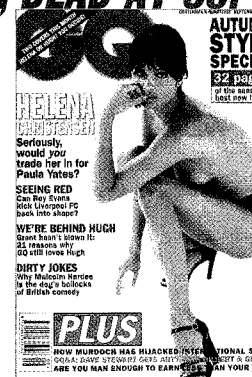
THE HOUSE WHERE VERMEULEN DIED, IN THE sleepy North London borough of Islington, is a modest duplex, green paint chipping from the front door. He paid top dollar for it at the height of the London real-estate

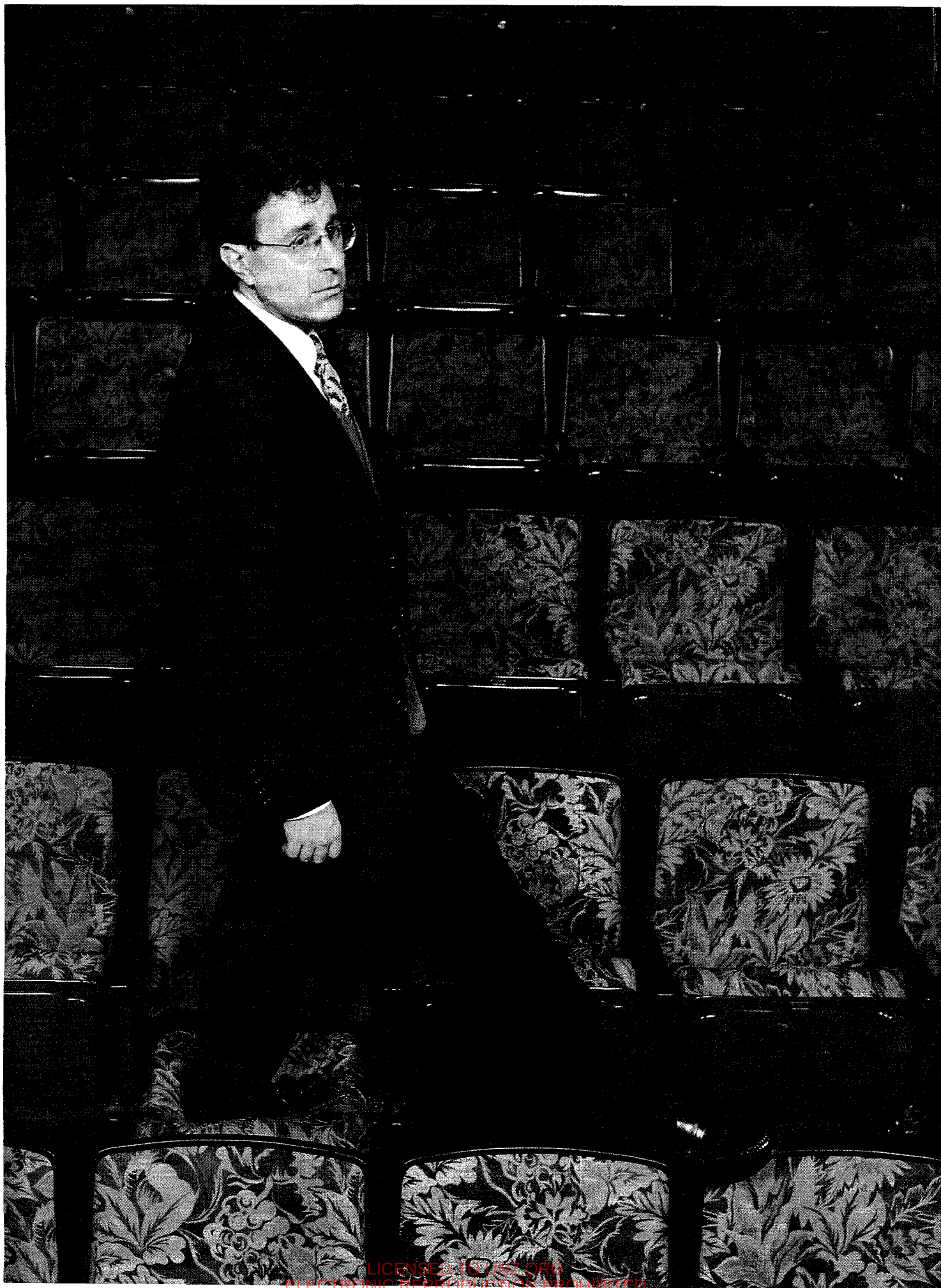
he felt close to the edge. Silvester tells of him bursting into tears in a Soho restaurant about a year ago. "He was very depressed. The problem was twofold: One, there was this sense that he'd reached a plateau in his career and wasn't quite sure where he'd go next. Should he go back to America, as either a writer or an editor, and would he be welcomed back? Perhaps he'd go back and write a novel or something. And another reason he was depressed that night was that he hated his body; he was really overweight, and that made him more depressed." Silvester says he had bought a rowing machine but never used it. And three weeks before he died, he'd purchased a large freezer. His intention was to fill it with prepackaged diet dinners, and stay at home, away from the appetizers at the Groucho Club. But, typecast as the brash, loud, hard-living American, he was trapped by the role, and it killed him.

Spike spoke with him the Friday before he died, and on the phone late that night, VerMeulen was distressed over his relentless womanizing. "He was looking for a place to rest" is how Spike puts it. "Though he was most fond of Fiona, he felt unable to commit to any one person."

"He was dying to go back to America and take over a magazine," Spike continues, "make a big splash, you know. But he would've done it for two years and then thought, *What next?*"

"The consensus among his friends is, Isn't it a shame he couldn't settle down? We would have wanted that, but you can't tell someone how to live his life." Spike sighs, leans back, and shrugs. "On the other hand, I don't think Michael would have wanted to die two weeks ago."





LICENSED TO USF ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NICKY SILVER IS, AS THEY SAY, *HOT*. "HOLLYWOOD JUST *BANGS* on my door, 24 hours a day," sighs Silver, a playwright and screenwriter who rose from utter obscurity two years ago to become one of the most sought-after young writers in New York. "You get calls from film companies

that seem educated, and some that are, well . . . clearly not. They've read in *Variety* that, oh, he's funny, so do I want to do a draft of *Mr. Ed: The Movie*? Whereas anyone who's actually *seen* my work knows the only way I would be inclined to write *Mr. Ed* is if it were a flashback from the glue factory. Ha, ha, ha," he booms, in a manner not unreminiscent, frankly, of Phyllis Diller.

Silver can relax, though: *The Hollywood Squares* doesn't seem to be in his future. Just 34, he has nearly fifteen years' worth of hilarious black farces under his ever-widening belt, most of them written for small Off-Off Broadway houses that play to small off-kilter crowds. Though blithe and funny, his plays until now haven't exactly been commercial fare. *Raised in Captivity* poked fun at guilt, abasement, and betrayal; *Fat Men in Skirts* got laughs out of incest and cannibalism; and *My Marriage to Ernest Borgnine* explored the dark side of Ethel Merman. Needless to say, he wasn't an overnight success. While he accumulated a fanatic following among a small group of hard-core avant-garde types, his career seemed destined to play itself out in church basements and dank 99-seat lofts.

Then, two years ago, Silver broke through with *Pterodactyls*, a devastating laugh-fest about the end of civilization that won unexpected, near-universal accolades and a breathless, career-making rave from the *New York Times*. "Maybe it's time to start taking the playwright Nicky Silver seriously," proclaimed the paper's then-chief critic, David Richards. Since then, almost everybody has.

Nicky Silver, it turns out, is a perfect playwright for these surreal, disjointed times. His plays unsettlingly blend raucous comedy with bleak despair, tragic disillusionment with jokey shtick; *I Love Lucy* as filtered through the combined sensibilities of Euripides and Joe Orton. (Think *Medea*; then think Vitameatavegamin.) Most impressively, he triumphantly succeeds where most of his contemporaries fall short—at making audiences gasp in moral horror and simultaneously shriek with laughter.

The Food Chain, which opened in August at the Westside Theatre, is an auspicious follow-up—a kinder, gentler satyr play that still bares the sharp teeth of his previous comic tragedies.

By Randall Short

The story of five verbose characters (one of them played by Broadway veteran Phyllis Newman) preoccu-

pied variously with food, sex, looks, guilt, and Calvin Klein, it's the former fat kid Silver's revenge on a society obsessed with physical attractiveness, and his ticket to a much larger, wider audience. "The *individuals* are both larger and wider," he giggles. "Not a bigger number of them, but they're huge. They're mammoth."

Sporting his customary conservative three-piece ensemble ("Very, very late at night, I will sometimes take the tie off"), tousled curls, and the placid, affectless air of a mildly blasé cherub, even Silver admits he's an unlikely candidate for mainstream success. Like the dark, pointed epigrams he tosses about like spare change, his getup is mostly camouflage—a flip rebuke to a puritanical, sharp-edged world: *Gaiety transfiguring all that*

dread, as Yeats said. "I was lucky enough to start out having some sense of the world as a place that was very predatory and unpleasant, a rather grim and unpleasant place," Silver says. "I would probably have killed myself long ago if I hadn't been lucky enough to be born with some personal sense of humor. It was pointed out to me—it's not a conscious thing—that over and over again I write about people who are outsiders. It's like there are two happy people in every high school—the head cheerleader and the football quarterback, and the rest of us just sit on the sidelines picking our noses and eating. And it's *very sad*. . . . The fact is," he continues, sighing, "I'm not a writer who writes characters by observing other people. I happen to be a writer who creates people from some fragmented part of my own personality. Luckily, I have a *very* fragmented personality."

Born in suburban Philadelphia, Silver says one of his earliest

memories is of being dragged at the age of 4 to a psychiatrist who spent three years attempting to "cure" the campy toddler of his homosexuality, an experience of which he remembers little other than playing with hand puppets and the fact that one of the therapist's legs dangled longer than the other. (Although nearly all of Silver's scripts deal with homosexual characters in one way or another, he bristles when he is tagged a "gay writer." "That's a dead end," he says.) Silver began writing at 20 just after graduating from NYU's theater

Dread and Circuses

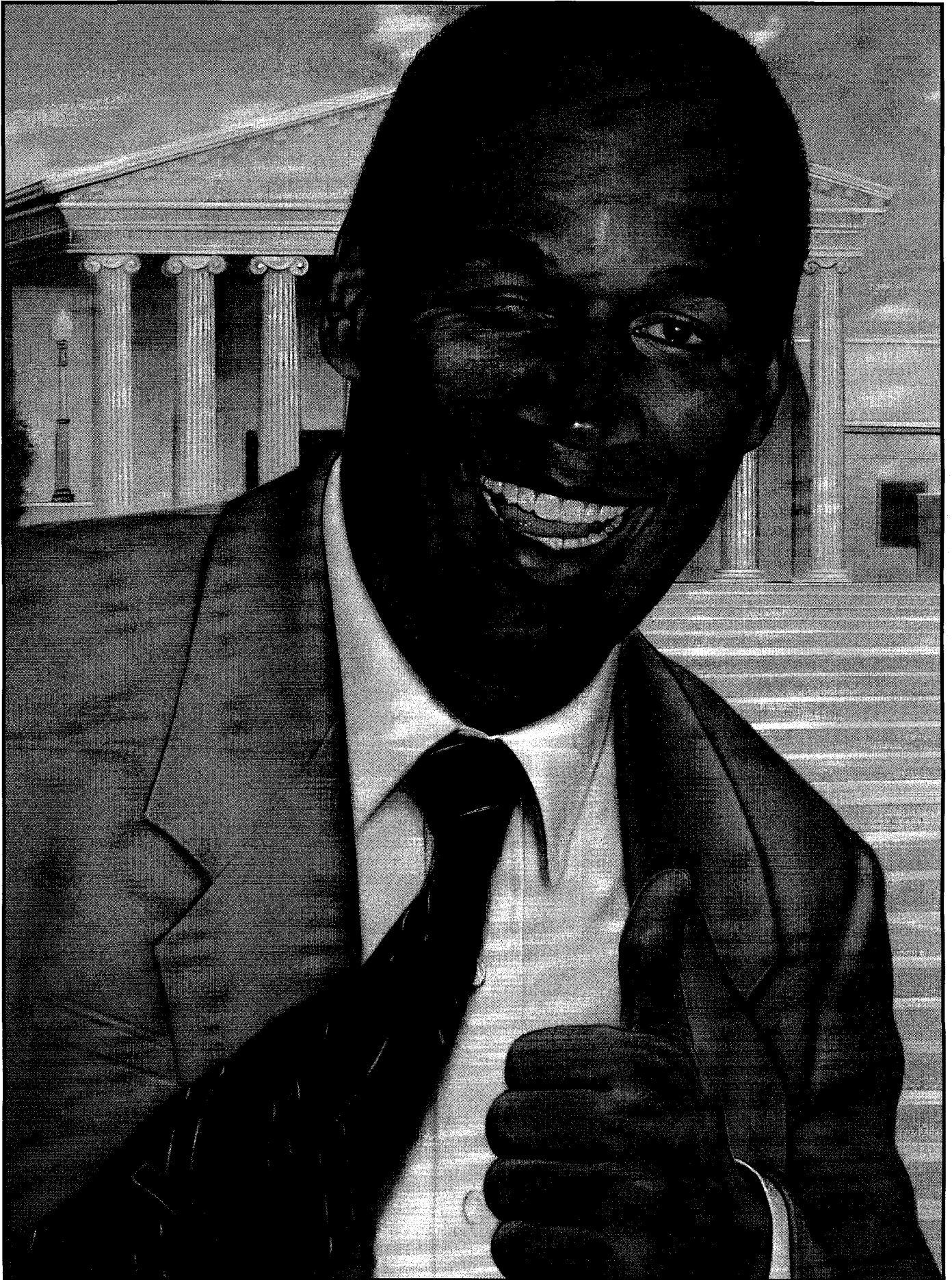
Playwright writes
wittily about cannibalism,
incest, obesity, and the death
of the universe. No wonder
Hollywood's interested.

program. He claims he never even considered becoming a playwright before then. "I didn't think I was *smart* enough; I thought writers had to be really cerebral and serious all the time and know a lot of seven-syllable words. I did know that I wanted to have a life in the theater. I didn't know how you became a director, but I thought, *The playwright has a product to sell. You can sit and do this alone in your room and someone might buy it.*"

It was a while before anyone did. Just six months before *Pterodactyls* opened, Silver was selling dresses at Barneys and frantically juggling credit cards to pay the rent on a tiny Chelsea apartment. Since then, however, he hasn't had to worry. Silver has just finished an adaptation of the Hepburn-Tracy classic *Pat and Mike* for Turner Pictures; coming up are scripts for Propaganda Films and Steven Spielberg's Amblin Entertainment—an interesting twist for the author of *Free Will and Wanton Lust*. And as if that weren't enough, he recently returned from Copenhagen, where—go figure—he found himself the object of the kind of adulation previously reserved there for Eugene O'Neill. "For some reason, the Scandinavian countries have taken me to their *bosom*," he says. "I am like Tony Kushner and Terrence McNally smushed together into a big wad in Norway. Unfortunately, the exchange rate is very bad, so you can have a huge hit in Norway and you're *still gettin' chump change*, baby."

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHRIS BUCK

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HEY!

YOU'VE JUST BEEN
ACQUITTED OF DOUBLE
HOMICIDE! WHAT ARE YOU
GOING TO DO NOW?
A PUBLICIST ROUNDTABLE
BY BRUCE HANDY

It's hard to imagine, but at some point in the not-too-distant future, the O. J. Simpson trial will end. If Simpson is acquitted, and he wants to continue his career drawing on the public's goodwill—as a sportscaster, as a pitchman, as a D-list actor—he will soon face a battle even tougher and far more morbidly fascinating than the one he has waged for the past year

in court. The crux of the matter: Is it possible to rehabilitate the public image of a man who 57 percent of Americans, according to a Louis Harris poll, believe slit his ex-wife's throat? As a challenge for a celebrity handler, this is a far cry from cleaning up after a Hugh Grant-ish scrape or coaxing audiences into liking Woody Allen again—and let's not forget that Simpson may have also killed that waiter guy. The only public figure I can think of who was accused of murder and still retains his place in the public's heart is John Gotti, and his case does not really make for a valid comparison with Simpson's because Gotti only killed other gangsters. Plus, thuggishness is essential to Gotti's allure; no one expects him to suffer little kids seeking autographs and wise-cracking late-night talk-show hosts, or to go golfing with district

managers for car-rental companies. And like it.

Can O.J. ever be "O.J." again? As a feat of sheer public-relations magic, how would this be accomplished? I put these questions before some of the nation's top public-relations professionals. Although they were interviewed separately, their responses have been edited together in order to simulate the sort of sober roundtable discussion that is generally thought to lend heft to magazine pages.

The publicists:

Leslee Dart. Current clients: Tom Hanks, Denzel Washington, Woody Allen, Hugh Grant.

Dan Klores. Current clients: Paul Simon, Lorne Michaels, the *Daily News*.

Michael Levine. Current clients: Nancy Kerrigan, Charlton Heston. Past clients: Michael Jackson, Barbra Streisand.

Howard J. Rubenstein. Current clients: George Steinbrenner, Ronald Perelman, New York Hospital.

John Springer. Current clients: Mia Farrow, Tony Randall. Past clients: Marilyn Monroe, Richard Burton, Judy Garland.

New York Magazine: *Here's a hypothetical situation: O. J. Simpson was acquitted yesterday. Today he's on the phone and he wants you to represent him. Do you take him on?*

Klores: No. You've got to draw the line somewhere between whom you'll represent and whom you won't.

Rubenstein: Too complicated, too many open issues, even if he's acquitted.

Levine: Not only would I not do it, I would call anyone who would do it morally repugnant.

Dart: I think the key to a successful campaign is really believing in the people you represent. And I just so believe the guy is guilty, I don't know if I could get over that hump.

Springer: I would represent him, but I'm prejudiced because I know O.J. and I like him. I knew him through Lee Strasberg, and I found him very warm and charming and bright. He was in a movie with Lee [*The Cassandra Crossing*, a 1977 all-star disaster movie set on a train] and then he studied with Lee. So I can have no opinion one way or another whether he's guilty or innocent. I think everything points against [his innocence]. If he's guilty, I suppose it was some kind of momentary aberration. Maybe he was momentarily deranged, I don't know. I still—if he called, I would jump to represent him.

Whether you would represent him in real life or not, let's play this out. Where do you start?

Dart: There's a part of me that thinks if he gets acquitted, he's not going to need any help with public relations. I think he'll get canonized within 24 hours. And that makes me kind of sick.

Levine: Let's assume he's innocent. At best, he still beat the mother of his children. At best. So he would have to pursue a course of profound humility, which I think he would be incapable of. But you didn't ask me that question.

Rubenstein: He can't be exuberant by any means; he can't be boastful about his acquittal.

Klores: He's got to assume a public position of great grief; he's got to express the pain that he feels about having lost the mother of his children. Whatever the jury says, most people don't believe he's innocent. So he can't be a guy who's seen having a great victory party, popping bottles of champagne.

Would you stage some kind of an event, make some kind of public statement?

Levine: There is no event except to say that he's grateful for acquittal and that he is now going to dedicate the remaining years of his life to a profoundly different direction, including battered women's causes and so forth.

Rubenstein: I would not have him make an appearance on the steps of the courthouse—if possible. It should be in a place where it won't be them jumping all over him with the television crews. He ought to be taken to a large hotel room. I would have ground rules set. We end the press conference at the first sign of disorderliness. I would have him make an opening statement. I might even have him offer a reward for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the murderers. I would not permit questions as if it were a cross-examination: "Where were you that night, why didn't you take the stand?" I'd limit the questions as to how he feels, what his future might be.

Springer: I think he should do the Garbo. I don't think he should talk to anybody except for a select few. You keep him as far away as possible from the sleaze papers and TV shows. I'd pick someone like Barbara Walters, who is so good with people. She gives them a credibility—you'd think, *Well, jeez, he's really okay [if he's talking to Barbara Walters].* And I know he's hip and bright enough that he's not going to make an asshole of

himself like certain other people we know. So I would let him do one interview, or two maybe, to prove he's a really nice guy. And then no more until he gets a picture or something.

Do you have O.J. reach out to the Brown family?

Rubenstein: They're going to say some very ugly things if he's acquitted. The most I would do is a public statement of enormous sympathy to the family. And then, perhaps, a handwritten note—but don't make a big show of it.

What about a candlelight vigil in Nicole's memory?

Rubenstein: That would be overdone. He could go to church or something, but don't organize a vigil. It's too hokey. You've got to stay away from hokey.

He has spoken to the press—now what? What's his public profile as he goes about trying to resume his life?

Klores: I think what he has to do is be very, very low-key. He has to be out of the public limelight for a number of months, maybe a year or so. He has to take his time and be patient. If he wants to later on resume his career as a public figure, he should do that after a period of a year or two.

Rubenstein: I think he just has to lead a strong private life with his kids, and that will get out sooner or later. His spokesperson, whoever he is, can periodically say something about how he's conducting his life. Someone could take his picture with the kids. But he can't look like he's using his kids—I wouldn't bring his kids to that press conference.

What about pitching a story to People or Life along the lines of "O.J.: His Life As a Single Dad"?

Rubenstein: I would not do that. A story like that would just dredge up a lot of old trouble.

What about his social life?

Rubenstein: He can't turn into a public playboy. I wouldn't have him out dating, partying.

Springer: You do your damndest to keep him from getting into any bad situations.

You mean staying out of nightclubs, that kind of thing?

Springer: There are nightclubs and there are nightclubs. Everybody knows the difference between a joint and a decent place. He can go to theaters and sports events and maybe to places like Gallagher's, Elaine's, the Russian Tea Room.

You wouldn't worry that people would say, "The guy's ex-wife was murdered, and look at him, having a good time"?

Springer: That was two years ago. Or it will be by the time this hypothetical thing happens.

Would you recommend charity work?

Springer: Yes. And knowing him, he would do that anyway.

Rubenstein: I'd have him do something that would help the community, maybe help some underprivileged kids.

Levine: Rosey Grier could be very helpful in this regard.

Do you think he can ever return to his career as a celebrity pitchman?

Klores: He's not a guy who's going to be popular on Madison Avenue. Some product will say, "Oh, he's an opportunity. We're going to be able to make news out of O. J. Simpson being our spokesperson." Someone's going to try to do that, but it's a risk.

Levine: He could sell Ginsu knives.

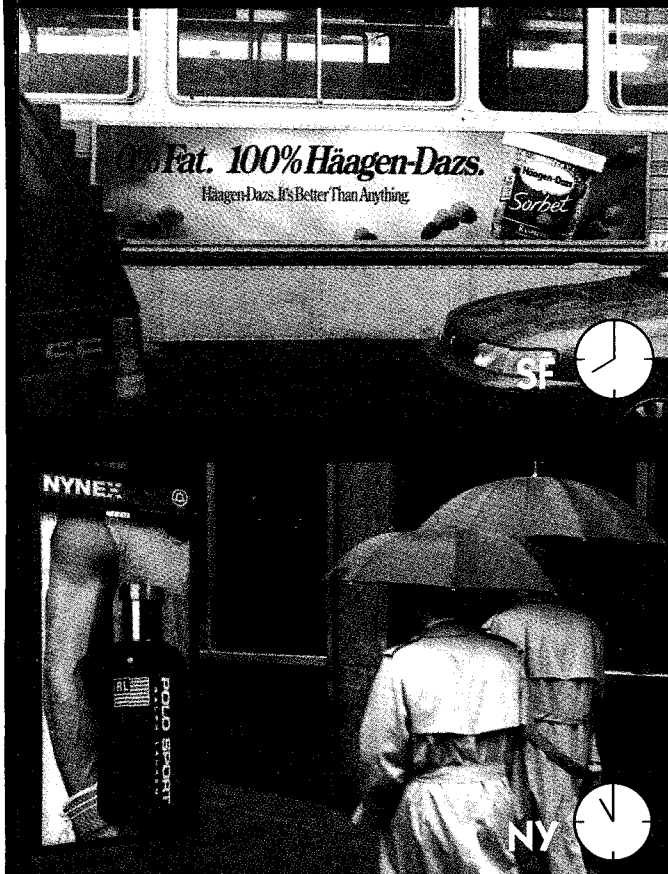
Rubenstein: I think he would probably have to take on some pro bono anti-violence endorsements or public-service spots first, and then perhaps there are some products that would want him. But I would say it would be years, if at all.

Bottom line, can he ever regain his former popularity?

Springer: I think it'll be kind of a long haul, but there have been some people who have done some pretty crummy things—I don't want to name any names—and ridden them out.

Rubenstein: He's still got a lot fans. People in the minority community still think well of him. But he's got to feed himself back into the process slowly.

Klores: I think the characteristic about Americans—it's what Henry Ford said—they forget. So you never know. But I think he'll never be the same.



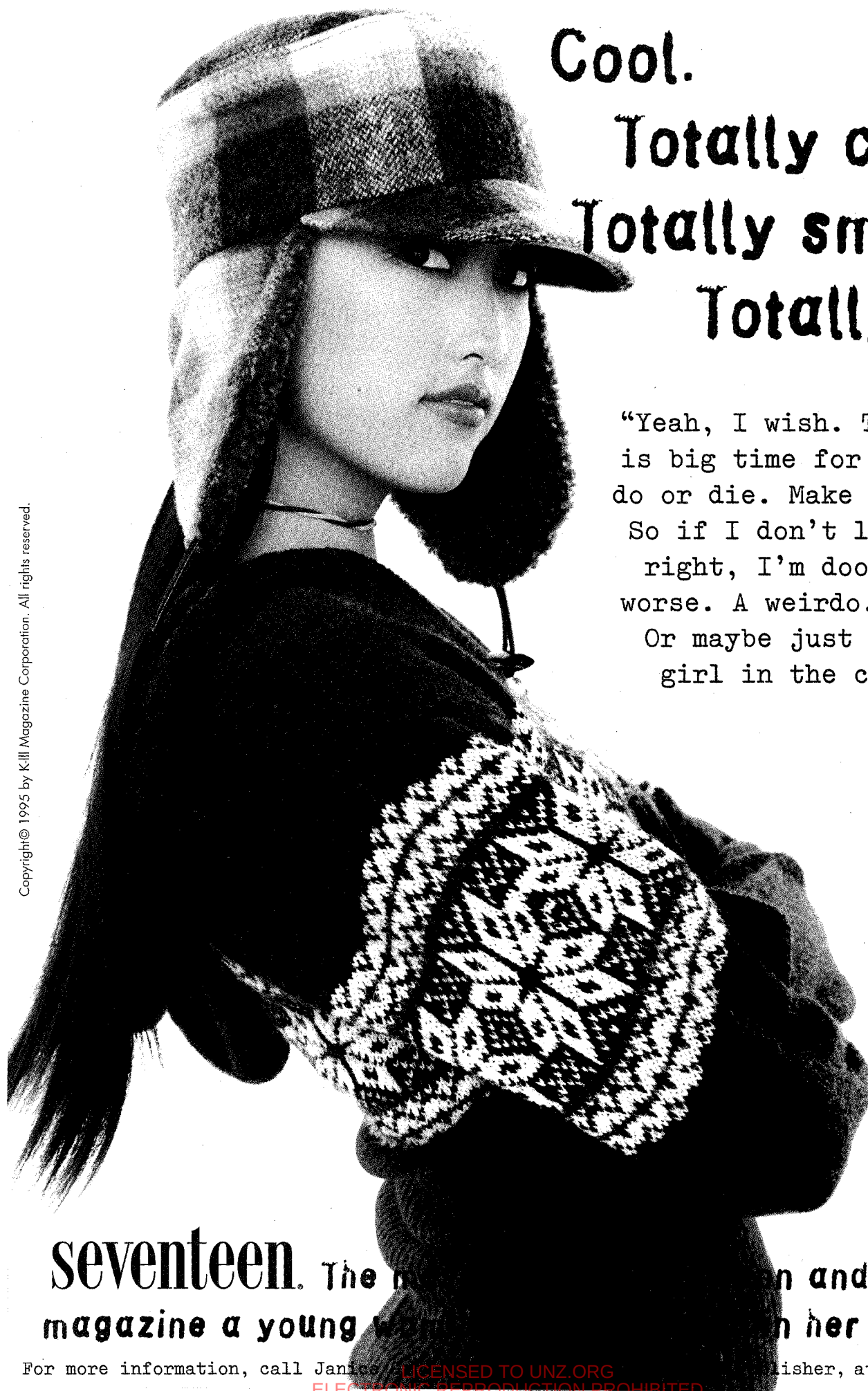
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Totally smart.

Totally not.

"Yeah, I wish. This year is big time for me. It's do or die. Make or break. So if I don't look just right, I'm doomed. Or worse. A weirdo. A nerd. Or maybe just another girl in the crowd."

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New York Motor City

Navigating the terrors and reveling in the pleasures of megalopolitan automobile ownership

Special Report



Pinin Farina's Cisitalia
Museum of Modern Art



admit it, but **Gotham is auto country.**

An argument for embracing **the car nut within.**

Non-Driving New Yorker

By Steve Radlauer

What pops into your mind when you hear the words *Los Angeles*? Let me guess: expensive real estate sliding into the sea . . . the O.J. trial . . . and automobiles, lots of automobiles, freeways filled to the brim with automobiles. Now let's free-associate to New York City. Okay, there's Central Park; there's our new, improved crime rate; there's *The Fantasticks* . . . there's so much that comes to mind, but—despite traffic and taxis and yodeling alarms in the middle of the night—you'd never think *automobiles*. And you would certainly never think *highly developed car culture*.

That's because, unlike other Americans, we New Yorkers don't drive. We don't own cars. We don't think about cars: We have more important things on our minds. At least that's how we see ourselves, and how we present ourselves to the world.

"I don't own a car, I don't have a license, and I don't drive," says Gertrude M. with

ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL COX
FOR NEW YORK

Jerry Altman

1989 Lamborghini Countach
25th-Anniversary Edition

**"Around town I usually
take the subway."**

Entrepreneur, Manhattan



a familiar brand of pride that is both personal and municipal. (I'm concealing her name for reasons that will soon be clear.) She's a 72-year-old Manhattanite who is regarded by friends as a classic non-driving New Yorker. "I get around just fine on foot," she says, "and I'll take a bus or a taxi if I have to." We chat amiably about how much we enjoy living in a city that does not demand automobile ownership of its inhabitants. Then, with all the subtlety of, say, a journalist, I pierce the bonhomie with a bombshell question: "How do you get away on weekends?"

She could tell me she stays in the city. Or takes the train to the Jersey shore. Or helicopters to the Hamptons. Instead, after a moment's hesitation, she says, "My husband drives." I'm astonished by the revelation, and she knows it. "He has a car," she quickly adds, thinking this will help. "It's *his* car."

For the record, she and her husband live together. Which is to say—except perhaps in the narrowly legalistic eyes of the DMV—she does have a car. Painfully, the New Yorker-car syllogism meets reality: Our Gertrude M. was clearly unable to concede the fact that her car—pardon, her husband's car—provides the kind of easy weekend escape that can make it so much easier to be quintessentially New York the rest of the week.

But I don't mean to assault Gertrude M.'s integrity (nor the astuteness of her son—a friend of mine—who introduced us with the assurance that his mom is a perfect example of a car-free New Yorker). There are tens of thousands of Gertrudes in this city who boast of having no car, without admitting, even to themselves, that every so often—a few hundred miles here, a few hundred

there—they sneak a little drive on the side. It's true that in a city with a vast and occasionally functional public-transit system and 11,787 yellow cabs, a city so singularly dense that walking is a viable means of transportation, the proportion of households with at least one car—42 percent—is half that of L.A. Nevertheless, there are still 202,540 cars registered in Manhattan, 1,762,194 citywide. Fully 45 pages of the current Manhattan phone book are headed by the word **AUTOMOBILE**. There is a combined total of 225,000 copies of *Car & Driver*, *Road & Track*, and *Automobile* magazines sold here every month (more, for instance, than *The New Republic*, *The National Review*, and *Soldier of Fortune* combined)—not to mention a remarkable 6,000-plus copies of the *duPont Registry*, a glossy, four-color, perfect-bound "gallery of fine automobiles" consisting exclusively of ads for Ferraris, Rolls Royces, Aston Martins, and other high-ticket rarities.

Am I alleging that New Yorkers are closet car nuts? Well, yes.

"There are a lot of enthusiasts here who are into high-end automobiles, high-end toys," says Craig Malise. His company, C.A.A.R. Electronics on West 49th Street, installs everything from turbochargers to clandestine radar detectors and laser jammers to outrageous sound systems. Recent projects have included custom-shoehorning a \$15,000 McIntosh stereo into a Porsche 993 and outfitting rapper Jay-Z's Lexus with a VCR and three TV screens; at the moment, there's a two-month waiting list for C.A.A.R.'s services. Vincent Ten, of the Performance Store on Washington Street—the southern outpost of the West Side car-buff zone that extends all the way to 57th Street—confirms that you don't have to live in L.A. to make a living doing expensive things to cars: "When we opened, about two and a half years ago, everyone said we would be closed within six months because no one in New York drives a sports car. Well, we're still here. In fact, we're expanding." Ask Steven Kessler, the city's only authorized Ferrari dealer, whether New Yorkers get worked up about cars and, with a chuckle, he'll show you the noseprints on the window that spans the front of his East 34th Street showroom.

Does the fact that a large number of serious car fanciers live here tell us anything about the rest of us? Not necessarily. But it is an irrefutable fact that many of us who do not subscribe to an auto magazine, who do not even own a car, are capable of turning in to blubbing groupies in a close encounter with exotic sheet metal. "People come out of

the woodwork when I pull to the curb in midtown," says Jerry Altman, owner of a velociraptorous black Lamborghini Countach. "They'll ask a stranger to take a picture of them standing next to the car, they'll ask if they can sit on the bumper, they'll tell me I'm driving their dream car. And these are New Yorkers, not tourists."

This scene is far from unique. There are cool cars—cars obviously owned by people who enjoy cars—all over town. And not just in parts of Bensonhurst where errant youths troll about in Cadillacs, or in ritzier virtual suburbs like Riverdale or Forest Hills. They're right in the most un-American parts of Manhattan. But they're hidden; you have to work to decode the picture. There's no pastel backdrop to make it easy: no wide boulevards, big sky, palm trees, and strapping, highly groomed, sweater-tied-around-the-neck pedestrians

against which a black Porsche or green Land Rover Discovery pops brightly. Instead, our looming motley architecture, gum-caked sidewalks, shadowed narrow streets; our infinite stream of taxis, ambulances, police cars,

buses, delivery vans, oil trucks, crumbling K-cars, smoking Chevettes, battered Buicks; our messengers, bicyclists, skaters, joggers, power-wheelchair jockeys, and that skinny kid with the motorized skateboard—all this, let's face it, does not constitute any kind of backdrop. It's the foreground—it's New York!—and it won't be upstaged, not even by the *con-cours d'élégance* constantly unspooling before us.

(continued on page 65)

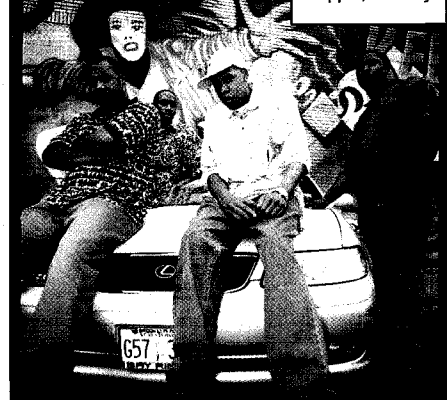


Jay-Z

Lexus GS 300

**"There's a Sony CD player
and a McIntosh amp and
speakers. Also a Sony VCR and
three video monitors,
two in the headrests, one in the
visor on the passenger side."**

Rapper, Brooklyn



Lease, Buy, or Rent?

It doesn't take a genius, but it does take a calculator. Below, we do the math.

By Steve Radlauer

Caution: Not for the faint of heart. All figures are approximate and subject to change without notice. Costs may vary depending on make and model of car, size of dealer's inventory, salesperson's mood, prime-rate fluctuations, and a multitude of handling fees, delivery charges, and other factors too niggling to include herein. Cost of registration and gasoline not included.

PETER LEVY, PRESIDENT of IntelliChoice, which specializes in ownership-cost analysis and publishes *The Complete Car*

Cost Guide, explains the difference in cost between leasing and borrowing money to buy a car: "A lease is always more expensive. In both cases, the bank is

coming up with all the money for the vehicle and needs to earn interest on the money. But they are risking much more with a lease. It's not just that you won't be able to pay them but that at the end of the lease, the car will be worth a lot less than they had planned—and they have to be compensated for that additional risk. For you, the lower up-front cost and lower monthly cost of a lease are a Pyrrhic victory—it will always cost you more in the long run."

KEEPING AN AUTOMOBILE in this most urban of American cities is a significant undertaking. A commitment. Even, some would say, an unconscionable waste of time and money. Once you account for such details as parking and insuring, even a comfortably middle-class best-seller like a Ford Taurus will run you in the vicinity of \$9,500 a year if you're leasing, \$8,500 if you've taken out a loan (you'll find the math in the chart at right). Nevertheless, it's got to be more cost-effective to buy or lease than to rent. No?

Actually... not necessarily.

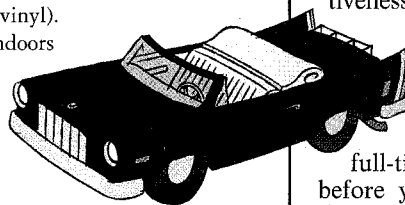
First, let's establish the cost of renting. Currently, if you are a preferred customer (just ask—they'll make you one) a weekend's worth of Ford Taurus from Hertz goes for \$165.62 (Friday evening to Sunday evening), tax included, with unlimited mileage. Look out, though—if the weather's great, or the traffic's awful, you won't get the car back in time to avoid extra charges; if you're three or more hours late, you'll pay for an extra day.

But weekends aren't the only time you'll consider renting. What about that trip to the Cape you were planning for your next vacation? Hertz can accommodate you: Nine days of Taurus rental—Friday evening through the fol-

Leasing vs. Financing Annualized Cost

To keep our calculations simple, we'll make four assumptions:

- You're behind the wheel of an \$18,000 Ford Taurus GL.
- Maintenance will be \$300 a year (knock on vinyl).
- You'll pay \$300 a month to keep your car indoors (a tad under \$275 for the garage, plus the 10.25 percent city-resident parking tax); we'll ignore the cost of taking a taxi back and forth from home to garage.
- Your insurance will cost \$1,300 a year.



Item	Leasing	Financing
Year's worth of monthly payments	\$4,260*	\$5,220**
"Opportunity cost"†	0	234
Insurance	1,300	1,300
Maintenance	300	300
Garage	3,600	3,600
Subtotal	9,460	10,654
Resale value of car, annualized	0	(2,160)††
Total	\$9,460	\$8,494

* At \$355/month including tax; no down payment.

** \$18,000 sticker price + 8.25% NYC sales tax = \$19,485, less a \$2,000 down payment, leaving \$17,485 to be financed. At 9% over four years, you'll pay about \$435 a month or \$5,220 a year.

† Assumes you could get an after-tax return of 5% on the \$2,000 down payment and the \$960 less a year you would be spending in monthly payments if you leased instead of bought.

†† The car's resale value at the end of the 48 months will be about \$8,640. This would be money in your pocket if you decided to sell—\$2,160 a year over the four years you owned the car.



lowing Sunday evening—will run you \$496.85.

At these rates, a single nine-day vacation plus ten additional Taurus weekends would cost you about \$2,567 a year. A nine-day vacation plus 26 additional Taurus weekends would run you \$5,880. (These figures assume that on half of your weekend trips you'll return late enough to get stuck with an extra day's

rental fee.) In fact, to crack our \$9,460 cost of leasing, you'd have to rent for 44 weekends and take that nine-day vacation.

So, in the cost-effectiveness derby, renting a car whenever you want one is the hands-down winner unless you need full-time wheels. But before you bow to the bottom line: Do you like to leave the baby seat strapped into the car, along with a trunkful of diapers and a case of spare pacifiers? Do you insist on twin turbos and six forward speeds? Do you require a trailer hitch or a car phone? Are you phobic about other people's germs? If so, forget renting.

High-Rent District

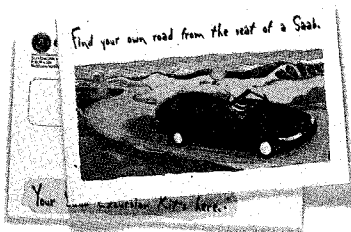
YOU COULDN'T, WOULDN'T, or even shouldn't own one—but you might consider renting one for a weekend or two. Village Rent-A-Car on East 12th Street (633-1191) has BMW convertibles for

\$109 a day and Mustang convertibles for \$99. Vogel's Eurocars in Yonkers (914-968-8200) specializes in Mercedes-Benzes; a C280 goes for \$225 a day, an S500 for \$495, with several steps in between. And if you'd like to sample a Dodge Viper for \$399 a day, a Ferrari 308 GTS for \$349 a day, or a Jag XJS convertible for \$279 a day, call Roaring Roadsters in Tenafly (201-569-4793).

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The Saab 900 is known for its spirited performance, but it outdoes other cars when stuck in traffic, too. You'll appreciate a "genuinely luxurious, designer-sleek interior" with "the best seatback in the business" (*Car and Driver*). A powerful AC that filters out pollution. Thick layers of sound insulation. Plus an audio system that beats many home setups.

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The Saab Excursion Kit.

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Insurance

By Steve Radlauer

Avoiding assigned risk, minimizing premiums, collecting claims. An N.Y.C. primer.

INSURANCE EITHER PROTECTS YOU against your legal obligation or indemnifies you for loss," explains Jolyon Stern, president of the DeWitt Stern Group, one of Manhattan's leading insurance agencies. In the former category is liability coverage. It pays claims and covers the cost of legal defense if your car is involved in an accident. In New York State, you are required to have a minimum of \$20,000 of total liability coverage per accident (shorthand for \$10,000 per person per accident; \$20,000 total per accident; \$5,000 property damage per accident) but no one, says Stern, should carry less than \$300,000 of liability, and anyone with a high net worth should have an umbrella policy with seven-figure coverage.

In the latter category of coverage—indemnification—collision insurance only pays for damage to your car caused by an accident; comprehensive coverage, meanwhile, pays for damage to your car caused by fire, theft, and other risks. Collision and comprehensive are subject to a deductible—the amount you'll pay before your insurance company steps in.

Absolute Minimum Coverage

- \$20,000 liability (the N.Y. State-mandated minimum)

Recommended Coverage

- \$300,000 liability
- Collision
- Comprehensive (fire and theft)

(The latter two are recommended if you have a new car, a car you are in love with, or a car you can't afford to fix or replace out of your own pocket.)

What It Costs

IF YOU LIVE IN MANHATTAN, OWN A CAR OF average value (like a Taurus or an Accord), and have a clean driving record, the recom-

mended coverage should cost somewhere between \$1,200 and \$1,700 a year. If you live in the boroughs you'll do more driving, and your car will be stolen more often (statistically speaking), and you could pay as much as \$500 extra for the same coverage.

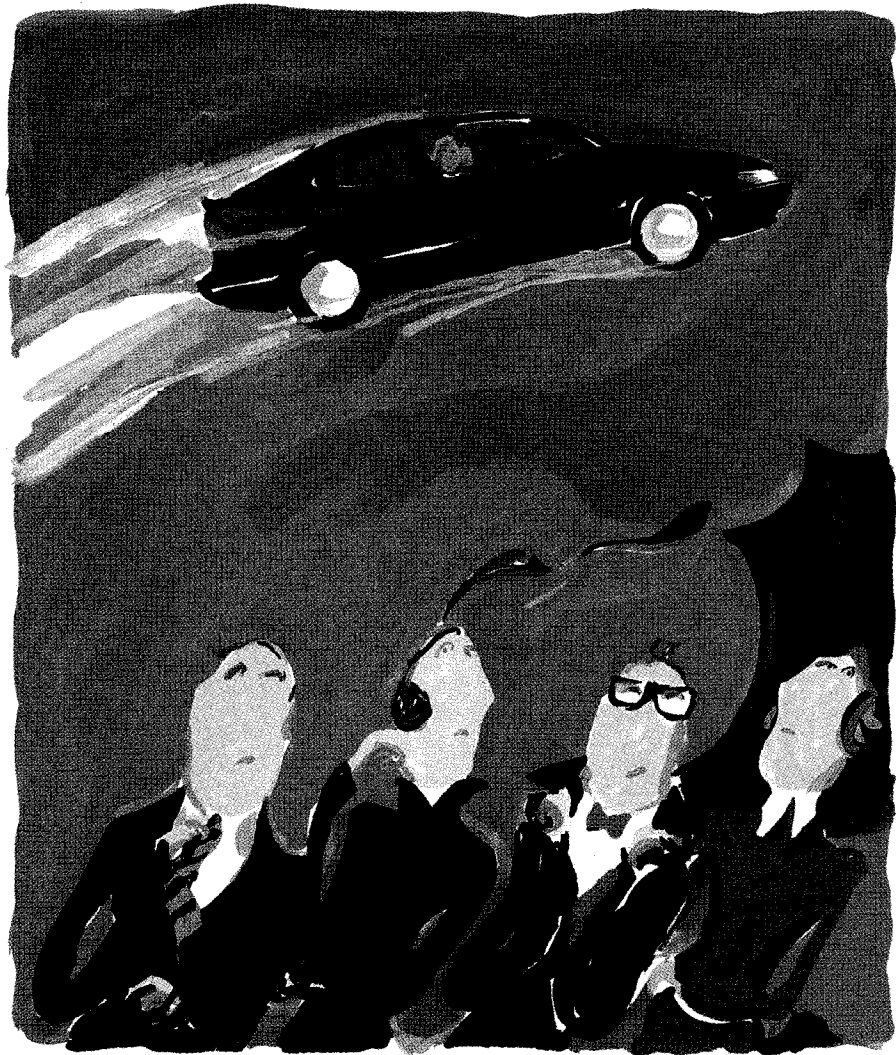
How to Save

- TAKE A HIGH DEDUCTIBLE. COVER SMALL repairs out of your own pocket to keep your premiums down.
- Don't have accidents or get tickets. Many insurance companies will give you a discount—usually about 10 percent—if you've been good for the past three years.
- Get married. You'll be seen as a safer, more responsible driver.
- Don't smoke. Likewise.
- Equip your car with lots of safety features. You'll get significant discounts for anti-lock brakes, air bags, passive restraints (automatic seat belts), and anti-theft devices including (horrors!) car alarms.
- Drive a boring car. Many companies want nothing to do with two-seaters, cars that cost over \$35,000, or anything that will get to 60 mph in seven seconds or less.
- Stick with one insurer. Many companies give a discount to loyal customers. You may also get a discount if you use the same firm for both your car and home.
- Keep your car in a garage. Some insurance companies refuse to insure cars that are parked on the street; those that will cover a street-parked car often charge more.
- Consider a "direct writer"—they're companies you deal with directly, rather than through a broker. Their premiums are often (though not always) lower, and they're generally faster about paying claims.
- Get a copy of this month's *Consumer Reports*. The cover story is entitled "Auto Insurance."

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accept

less car



in the hope of social approval?

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Why drive an empty status symbol when you could own a full-performance alternative: the Saab 900. Consider the goose-bump potential of the 900's 150-hp engine vs. the less powerful BMW 318i or Volvo 940. Consider the 900's arctic-proven front-wheel drive vs. ordinary rear-wheel drive. Or its kayak-swallowing cargo bay, largest in its class. And with a price starting at \$23,755*, no wonder the 900 was named a *Consumers Digest* "Best Buy" in '94 and '95. **For a free Saab Excursion Kit, call 1-800-582-SAAB, Ext. 306.**



SAAB

*MSRP for 900 S 5-door with manual transmission. Excluding taxes, license, freight, dealer charges and options. Dealer prices may vary. Shown with optional wheels. ©1995 SAAB CARS USA, INC.

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How to Buy a Car

And why the city is, surprisingly, not the worst place in the world to do it

By Steve Radtke

IT'S EASY TO GO ALL WEEPY FOR A boat-tailed Auburn Speedster, a block-long Duesenberg, or a swoop-fendered Bugatti. But don't be taken in by pandemic nostalgia and romantic packaging: *This* is the Golden Age of the Automobile.

Okay, *Golden* might be a misnomer. The pleasures of today's cars tend to be more democratic than elitist: Air bags. Seat belts. Disc brakes. Anti-lock disc brakes. Traction control. Incredible tires. High-efficiency twin-cam multi-valve engines. Halogen headlights. Power seats, windows, mirrors, and door locks. CFC-free air conditioners. Miller Cycle superchargers. Cup holders. Even the new, improved luxury elements are bourgeois: Multi-disc CD players. Four-wheel steering, heated mirrors, onboard navigation systems. Rain-sensing windshield wipers.

So how do you get your hands on these goodies? Car buying, like almost

everything else in life, is considered to be more difficult in New York than it is in the rest of the country. Given the high cost of real estate, and the acreage required by an auto dealership, it would be reasonable to assume that out-of-town dealers have more leeway to deal than the fellows on Eleventh Avenue. But heavy competition from other dealers in town and on Long Island, upstate, and in New Jersey and Connecticut means that local dealers can't just affect a kind of Time Warner Cable arrogance. Conversations with dozens of recent car shoppers suggest that while city dealers may occasionally fall short in the etiquette department, their prices are no worse—and are often better—than those you'll find in the suburbs.

While we have no Rolls Royce, Hummer, or Lamborghini dealers in the five boroughs at the moment, a token will get you to within a short jog of just about any other name-brand showroom.

Research

DO YOU BUY A CAR THE WAY YOU BUY A toaster or an air conditioner—as a major appliance? Then you should probably avoid the showrooms until you've studied the appropriate issues of *Consumer Reports* for the opinions of professional testers; you'll also want to call IntelliChoice (800-CAR-BOOK) for the wholesale (or dealers' invoice) price of each vehicle on your list. If, however, you buy a car based on the feel of the shifter and the smell of the rich Corinthian leather, and your idea of a good time is a swift drive up the Taconic in a Fine Road Machine, you might as well head right out to the dealerships for several days of intense touchy-feely.

For the computer-wise, CompuServe and America Online both have automotive crannies packed with reviews, pictures, and statistics. And you'll be able to find IntelliChoice reports—under the name Microsoft CarSource—on the new Microsoft Network later this year.



Road Testosterone

BUYING A CAR HERE IS ONE THING. BUT road-testing a car—completely out of the question, right?

Wrong, says one of the last people on earth you'd expect to favor an in-town road test, Ferrari dealer Steven Kessler: "You should be able to test a car in the environment you're going to be driving in. The people I sell to are from New York and its surrounding areas. For them to really understand how the car's going to function, they should drive it in Manhattan, then take it on the road"—for example, the FDR heading to the George Washington Bridge to the smooth and lovely Palisades Parkway—"so they can experience the different aspects of the car. It doesn't make sense to try to simulate your driving conditions somewhere else." (Before you run over to Kessler's East 34th Street shop for a free spin in a \$207,000 456 GT, be advised that only those who are "qualified" get to play. If you have to ask whether you're qualified, you're not. It's tragic, but as the man says, "Otherwise, we'd have a line of people here every day looking for test drives.")

How are things on the West Side,

where the majority of Manhattan's dealers are located? "You get a nice road test over here," says Jim Kavanaugh, who works for Mercedes-Benz Manhattan on West 41st Street. "You get a little bit of city driving, a little bit of highway driving. We've got all road conditions, including cobblestone. You have to watch your time of day, of course. If the Lincoln Tunnel's backed up, you're not going anywhere."

If you can test Ferraris and Mercedes-Benzes in Manhattan, you'd think it would be a piece of cake to drive a Plymouth Neon or Mercury Sable. Anecdotal reports suggest, however, that some Manhattan dealers discourage road testing to the extent that they will stare you out of the showroom if you so much as ask. There is a remedy for this: Just mutter the words "Northern Boulevard." They'll get the picture—a picture of miles of auto dealerships on Northern Boulevard in Queens, a short hop over the 59th Street Bridge by car, taxi, or subway. (They may also picture Northern Boulevard farther east, along the Great Neck-Manhasset-Roslyn strip, home to another—distinctly upscale—set of dealerships.) Mutter with a smile, and you'll probably get your test drive.

Negotiating Your Deal

A BRANCH OF THE PUBLISHING industry thrives in the chasm that separates the professionals who sell cars from the amateurs who buy them. Its product, data—organized to give you negotiating ammunition—is packaged as books, CD-ROMs, online information, or reports mailed or faxed directly to you.

The most powerful weapon in the quiver is the factory-invoice price—the amount the dealer pays the manufacturer for the car. Unfortunately, the invoice price of most cars tends to creep up two or three times a year. If your arrow is to hit the mark—and if you are to earn the respect of those who work in the showroom—you'll need the *current* figures. Rather than buy a book or CD-ROM, whose numbers might already be stale, try the frequently updated *Consumer Reports* New Car Price Service (800-933-5555) or an IntelliChoice "Just the Facts Report" (800-CAR-BOOK).

But wait: Even if your numbers are fresh, *the invoice price isn't really what the dealer pays*. To get to *that* number, you must subtract from the invoice price the various incentives and rebates the

(continued from page 60) Which doesn't mean the cars aren't there. And doesn't explain why we embrace the myth that real New Yorkers don't drive.

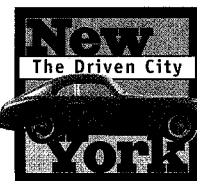
I'M STILL WORKING ON A GRAND UNIFIED THEORY TO explain the origins of said myth. Meantime, my industrious young staff of research interns has developed several working hypotheses:

1. WE'RE JEALOUS. WE'RE DEFENSIVE. Driving is supposed to be fun. Here, it's generally not (except when, for instance, you descend down

the skyway to the Queens-Midtown Tunnel, or Manhattan-ward on the Brooklyn Bridge, and see the skyline in crisp relief against a brilliantly setting sun, a view attainable only on wheels). The streets are infested with kamikaze bike messengers; with taxi drivers whose religion proscribes the use of turn signals; with dazed pedestrians who stare at the WALK signal until it changes to DON'T WALK, then stumble into the intersection.

Keeping a car here is troublesome and expensive. After you pay through the nose for parking, you will pay again, and again, to fix the parking-induced bodywork dings. And you'll pay to fix the pothole-induced suspension failures. If you keep the car long enough, you'll pay to fix the salt-induced rust damage. And you'll pay stiff insurance premiums. Rule of thumb: To have one car in this city, you must be able to afford two in Normal America.

That's the bad news. Here's the good news: Most New Yorkers don't actually need a car. This doesn't mean they don't have one, or don't want one, just (continued on page 74)



Debbie Fearon

1980 Dodge pickup truck

"It's got some rust on it; it's not fancy. I have big dreams about having it painted, but it would almost spoil it. It's a real work truck."



Love Me, Love My Car

Ground transportation of the **stars**

Woody Allen Mercedes-Benz S500

David Letterman Porsche Carrera

Saul Zabar Audi Quattro

Ivana Trump Mercedes-Benz SL500

Jim Jarmusch 1979 Buick
LeSabre

Billy Joel Mercedes-Benz
560SEC

Russell Simmons Rolls-
Royce, Bentley, Cadillac
Fleerwood

Yoko Ono Mercedes-Benz
500SEL

Veronica Webb Jeep
Cherokee

Dr. Ruth Westheimer
1995 Honda Accord

Calvin Klein Mercedes-
Benz 500SEL

George Plimpton Ford Taurus

Sally Jessy Raphaël Aga Khan Daimler
Benz, Citroën Traction Avant, Citroën CX,
Rolls-Royce, Mercedes-Benz 450SL, Chrysler
Town & Country minivan

Ed Koch 1994 Lincoln Town Car

Andre Harrell Mercedes-Benz S420

Ron Galotti 1987 Ferrari Testarossa, 1995
Mercedes-Benz S500C



Ivana with Mercedes.



Russell Simmons
and his Rolls.

**Kurt Vonnegut & Jill
Krementz** 1995 Chrysler
Town & Country

Alexander Julian Fifties AC
Bristol, fifties Morris, 1960
Porsche Speedster

Liz Smith Mercedes-Benz
C280

Robin Quivers Jeep Cherokee

Whitney Houston Range

Rover, Mercedes-Benz 560SEL, 500SL,
560SC

Martina Navratilova Porsche 911

Jerry Seinfeld Porsche collection

Denis Leary Army-issue Sherman tank

Ted Demme Jeep Cherokee

Madonna 1969 Mercedes-Benz



Madonna and her 1969 Mercedes (since auctioned).

dealer gets from the manufacturer. These often appear on the car-window sticker; you just have to know where to look. (Confused? That's exactly the point.)

Once you know how much the dealer paid for the car, you're halfway home. Now all that's left is—yeesh—the negotiation. "For a domestic automobile," says Todd Bailey, auto adviser of the University of Michigan Credit Union, "\$500 to \$800 over invoice is a good price. You're getting a car for about \$1,000 below the retail price, the dealership makes some money, and everybody's happy." Choose a target price and stick to it... at least for a while. "If you want to get a better price, you can do it," he adds, "but how much time do you want to spend doing it?" Better, he believes, to visit a local dealer, make a fair offer, and attempt to consummate a deal quickly rather than waste valuable time in search of marginally greener grass.

Used (That Is, Select Pre-owned) Automobiles

SERIOUS TRENDIOIDS SAY IT'S HIP TO buy used, square to buy new. They have a point. Cars last longer than ever before. Because manufacturers now offer extended warranties—and because federal law mandates that emission controls must be good for at least 50,000 miles or five years—most cars are now engineered and built to cruise past 100,000 miles without blinking. A well-maintained car should run strong for 150,000 miles, which means you don't necessarily have to be afraid of a car with 50,000 or 60,000 miles on the clock. As a way to goose sales, old-fashioned planned obsolescence has been replaced by the two-year lease.

Depreciation takes the biggest single bite out of a new-car owner's bank account. Even low-mileage, well-maintained cars can lose 30 percent of their value after two years, 40 percent after three years. This is bad for the original owner, good for the second one. As the car ages, depreciation slows down; buying in after the first couple of years means missing the worst of it. And if you are considering a luxobarge, going with one that's slightly pre-owned allows you to skip the heaviest depreciation as well as the new-car luxury tax (10 percent of everything over \$32,000).

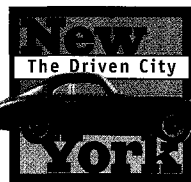
In the bad old days, buying a used car was always a crapshoot. There were no warranties, expressed or implied. Today, authorized Audi, BMW, Cadillac, Infiniti, Jaguar, Lexus, Mercedes, Nissan, Porsche, Saturn, and Volvo deal-

ers, among others, can provide you a near-perfect reconditioned used car—with a manufacturer's warranty—for a lot less than the cost of a new one. Some of these manufacturers have recently introduced used-car-leasing programs as well.

Does it make sense to buy a used car the old-fashioned way, directly from the owner? Definitely—and it will almost always cost you less than buying an equivalent car from a dealer. As always, it helps if you're mechanically inclined and have the time for a serious inspection of anything you're considering driving—or towing—home. (Alternatively, you should be willing to pay a

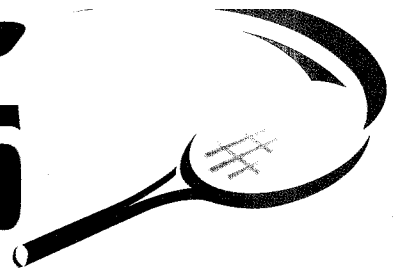
mechanic to conduct a serious inspection.) You must also be at peace with the fact that used cars usually need more attention and maintenance than new ones. While this can be a hassle, a used car is still much less expensive to own, because its "standing costs," notably depreciation and financing, are so minimal.

One example of smart used-car buying: In the Sunday *Times* automobile ads, investment banker David Elliman recently spotted a fifteen-year-old BMW 633—the beautiful and sporty two-door coupe that evolved into today's \$70,000 840s and \$100,000 850s—with a four-speed manual transmission and 88,000 miles. He'd been pining for just such a machine, so he picked up the phone, called the owner (who lived not far from Elliman on the Upper East Side), saw the car, fell in love, and took it to Uptown Motors on East 84th Street for a once-over. Uptown gave the car its blessing. Elliman and the owner—tired of paying to garage the car in Manhattan—agreed on a price of \$7,000, and Elliman drove the car home. He immediately dropped \$3,000 on a new clutch, new Michelins, and new shocks, and another \$1,000 on a new stereo system—bringing the total investment to about \$11,000. Does the car run like new? "I'm not so sure I'd go that far," the new owner says with a smile. "BMW's aren't designed to run like new. They're meant to be broken in and tweaked—they never work right when they're new, but they're usually fine by the time they've got about 5,000 miles on them. So I'd say it runs as it was designed to. Everybody who sees the car says, 'It's got 90,000 miles on it? That's nothing for a BMW.' I think I got an incredible deal—and it's a lot less expensive than an 840." And so it will remain, despite the valve job the car will surely need at some point during the next few thousand miles. "Once that's over," Elliman says, "I think I'm finished spending money for a while."



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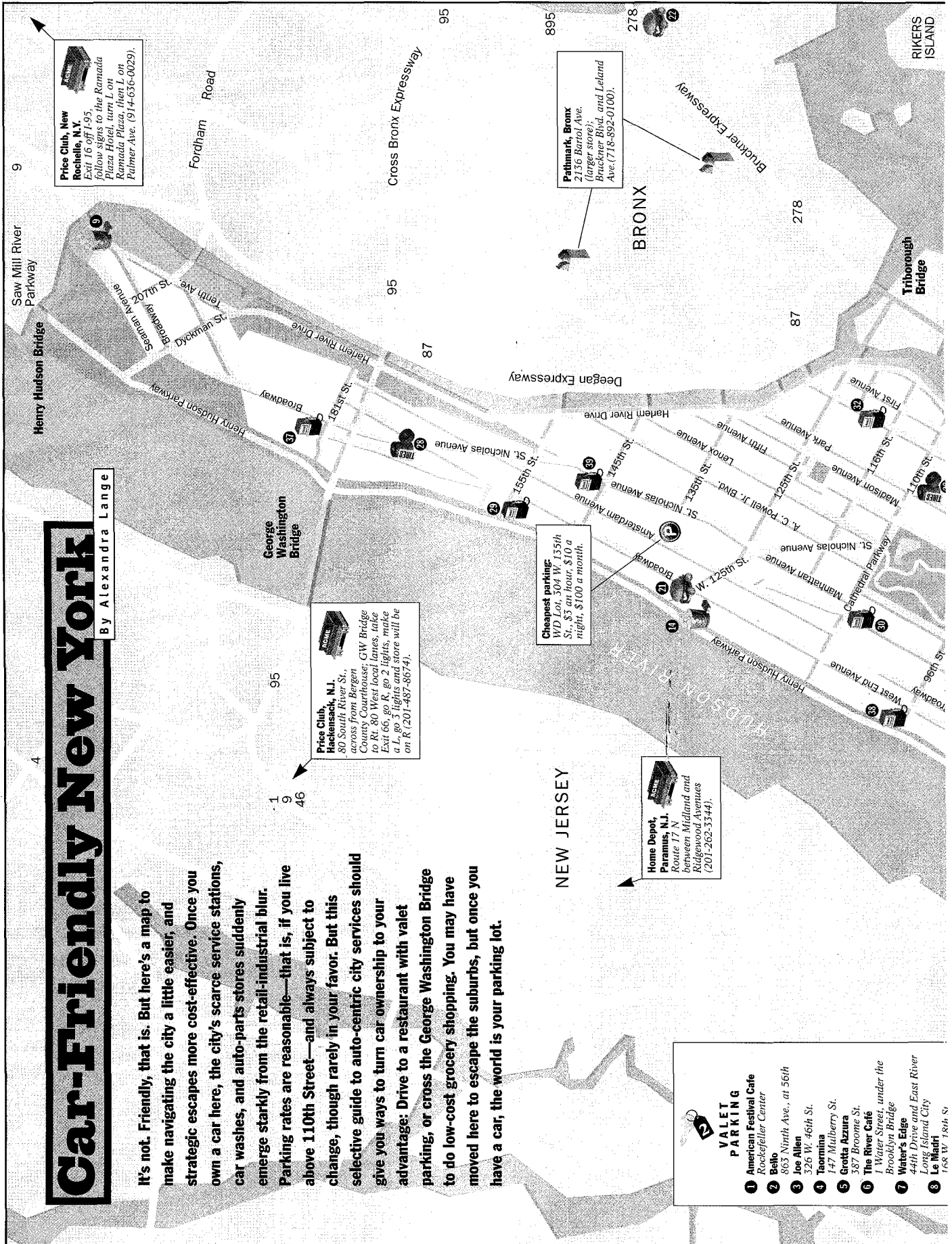
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GARDEN

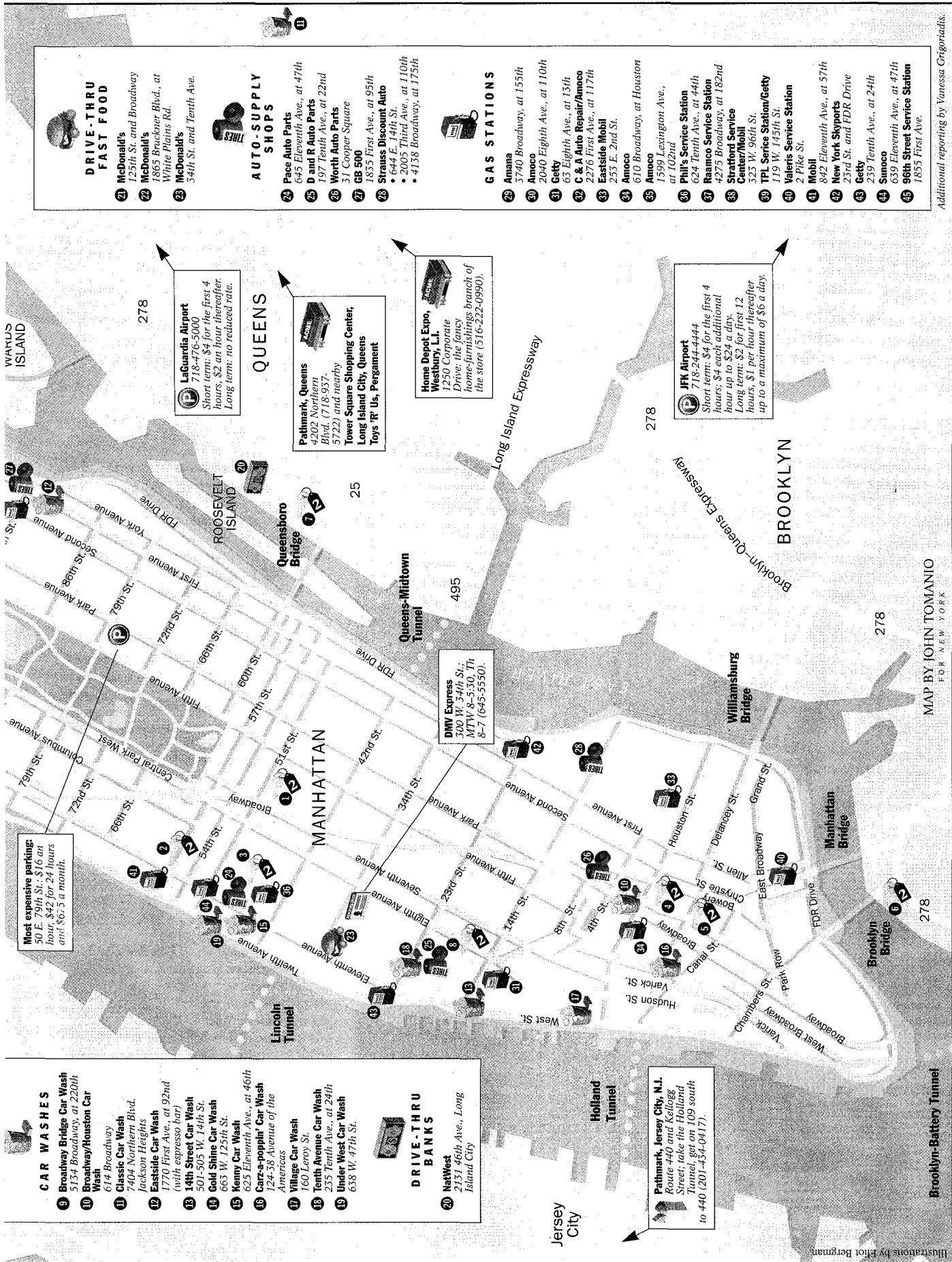
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Car-Friendly New York

By Alexandra Lange

It's not. Friendly, that is. But here's a map to make navigating the city a little easier, and strategic escapes more cost-effective. Once you own a car here, the city's scarce service stations, car washes, and auto-parts stores suddenly emerge starkly from the retail-industrial blur. Parking rates are reasonable—that is, if you live above 110th Street—and always subject to change, though rarely in your favor. But this selective guide to auto-centric city services should give you ways to turn car ownership to your advantage: Drive to a restaurant with valet parking, or cross the George Washington Bridge to do low-cost grocery shopping. You may have moved here to escape the suburbs, but once you have a car, the world is your parking lot.





CAR WASHES

- 9 Broadway Bridge Car Wash
5134 Broadway, at 220th St.
- 10 Broadway/Houston Car Wash
614 Broadway
- 11 Classic Car Wash
7404 Northern Blvd., Jackson Heights
- 12 Eastside Car Wash
1770 First Ave., at 92nd St. (with espresso bar)
- 13 14th Street Car Wash
501-505 W. 14th St.
- 14 Gold Shine Car Wash
663 W. 125th St.
- 15 Kemy Car Wash
625 Eleventh Ave., at 46th St.
- 16 Car-a-poppin' Car Wash
124-38 Avenue of the Americas
- 17 Village Car Wash
160 Leroy St.
- 18 Tenth Avenue Car Wash
235 Tenth Ave., at 24th St.
- 19 Under West Car Wash
638 W. 47th St.

DRIVE-THRU BANKS

- 20 NatWest
2131 46th Ave., Long Island City

DRIVE-THRU FAST FOOD

- 21 McDonald's
125th St. and Broadway
- 22 McDonald's
1865 Bruckner Blvd., at White Plains Rd.
- 23 McDonald's
34th St. and Tenth Ave.

AUTO-SUPPLY SHOPS

- 24 Pace Auto Parts
645 Eleventh Ave., at 47th St.
- 25 D and R Auto Parts
197 Tenth Ave., at 22nd St.
- 26 Worth Auto Parts
31 Cooper Square
- 27 GB 500
1833 First Ave., at 95th St.
- 28 Strauss Discount Auto
• 644 E. 14th St.
• 2005 Third Ave., at 110th St.
• 4138 Broadway, at 175th St.

GAS STATIONS

- 29 Amoco
3740 Broadway, at 155th St.
- 30 Amoco
2040 Eighth Ave., at 110th St.
- 31 Getty
63 Eighth Ave., at 13th St.
- 32 C & A Auto Repair/Amoco
2276 First Ave., at 117th St.
- 33 Eastside Mobil
253 E. 2nd St.
- 34 Amoco
610 Broadway, at Houston St.
- 35 Amoco
1398 Lexington Ave., at 102nd St.
- 36 Phil's Service Station
624 Tenth Ave., at 44th St.
- 37 Raanoo Service Station
4275 Broadway, at 182nd St.
- 38 Stratford Service Center/Mobil
323 W. 96th St.
- 39 TPL Service Station/Getty
119 W. 145th St.
- 40 Valeris Service Station
2 Pike St.
- 41 Mobil
842 Eleventh Ave., at 57th St.
- 42 New York Skyports
23rd St. and FDR Drive
- 43 Getty
239 Tenth Ave., at 24th St.
- 44 Sunoco
639 Eleventh Ave., at 47th St.
- 45 96th Street Service Station
1853 First Ave.

LaGuardia Airport
718-476-5000
Short term: \$4 for the first 4 hours, \$2 an hour thereafter.
Long term: no reduced rate.

Patmark, Queens
4202 Northern Blvd. (718-957-5722) and nearby
Tower Square Shopping Center,
Long Island City, Queens
Toys 'R' Us, Pergament

Home Depot Expo, Westbury, L.I.
1250 Corporate Drive: the fancy home-furnishings branch of the store (516-222-0990).

JFK Airport
718-244-4444
Short term: \$4 for the first 4 hours; \$4 each additional hour up to \$24 a day.
Long term: \$2 for first 12 hours, \$1 per hour thereafter up to a maximum of \$6 a day.

DMV Express
300 W. 34th St.;
MTW 8-5:30, Th 8-7 (645-5550).

Most expensive parking:
50 E. 79th St. \$16 an hour, \$42 for 24 hours and \$63 a month.

Patmark, Jersey City, N.J.
Route 440 and Kelllogg Street, take the Holland Tunnel, get on 109 south to 440 (201-454-0417).

MAP BY JOHN TOMANIO
FOR NEW YORK

What Cars Mean

Decoding the **hidden** (and blatantly obvious) messages in today's auto design

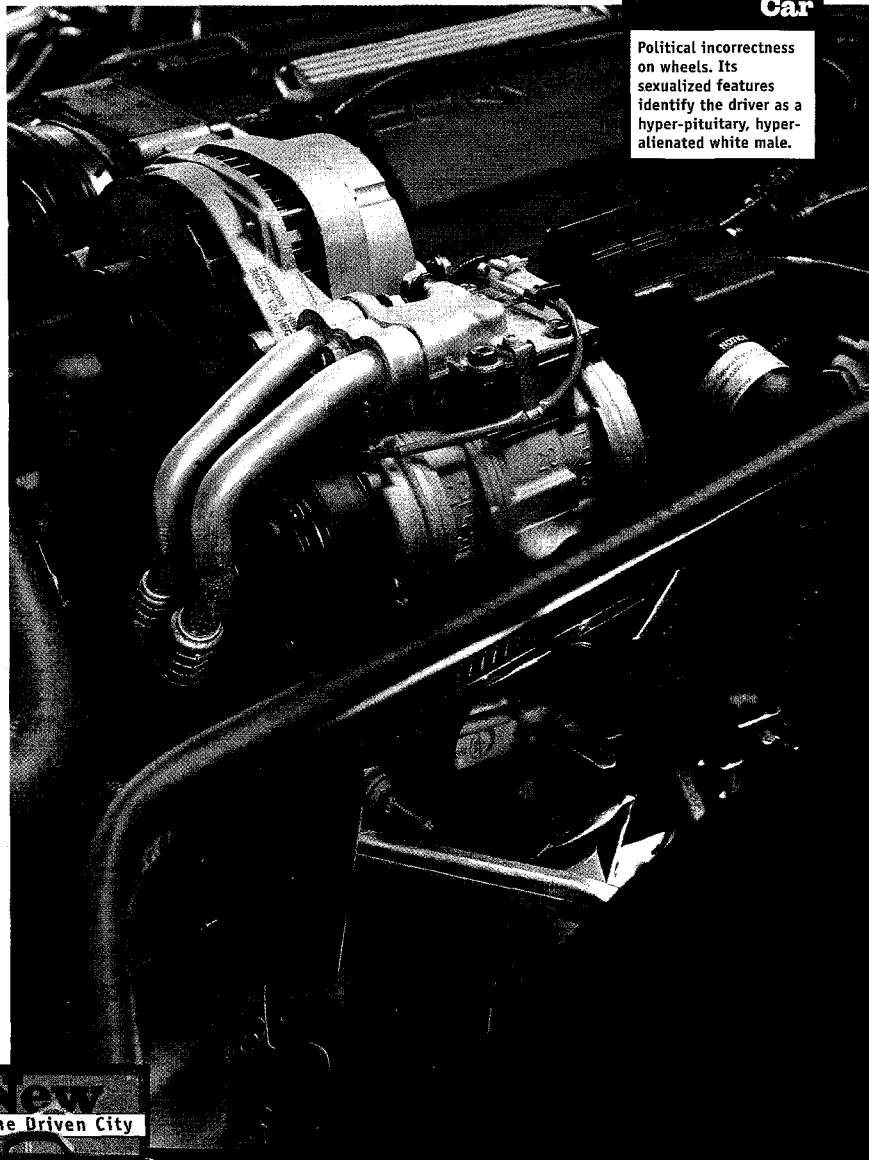
By Alex Williams

THAT CARS HAVE ALWAYS BEEN ABOUT STATUS IS DIFFICULT TO dispute. That any given car's status also packs a political message is less obvious, if only because the visible demarcations of politics and status have blurred considerably since, say, 1969. In those days, things were simple—Establishment squares got backslaps at the club for driving Cadillac Eldorados, and their frizzy offspring reaped moral legitimacy and big-time nooky in the back of a Volkswagen bus.

Things have lately become much more confusing. Anti-war populists go golfing in minivans, and members of the reconstituted pro-interventionist overclass take eco-vacations in sport-utility vehicles. Why? Practically, there's very

little difference: All cars are now at least sufficiently well equipped with everything you'd probably care about, and maybe, like, *five* people in the Bos-Wash corridor would ever need a car with Rommel-in-the-Sahara-quality off-road traction. Air bags, warranties, and legroom may still matter when it comes to consumer choice, but, says brand-identity specialist John Lister, "basically, all manufacture and quality-control processes are getting to parity. All the doors fit, the lights work. So the differentiating factor becomes what you think about the brand." And what the brand says about you.

A survey of five prevailing auto-political factions:



The Muscle Car

Political incorrectness on wheels. Its sexualized features identify the driver as a hyper-pituitary, hyper-alienated white male.

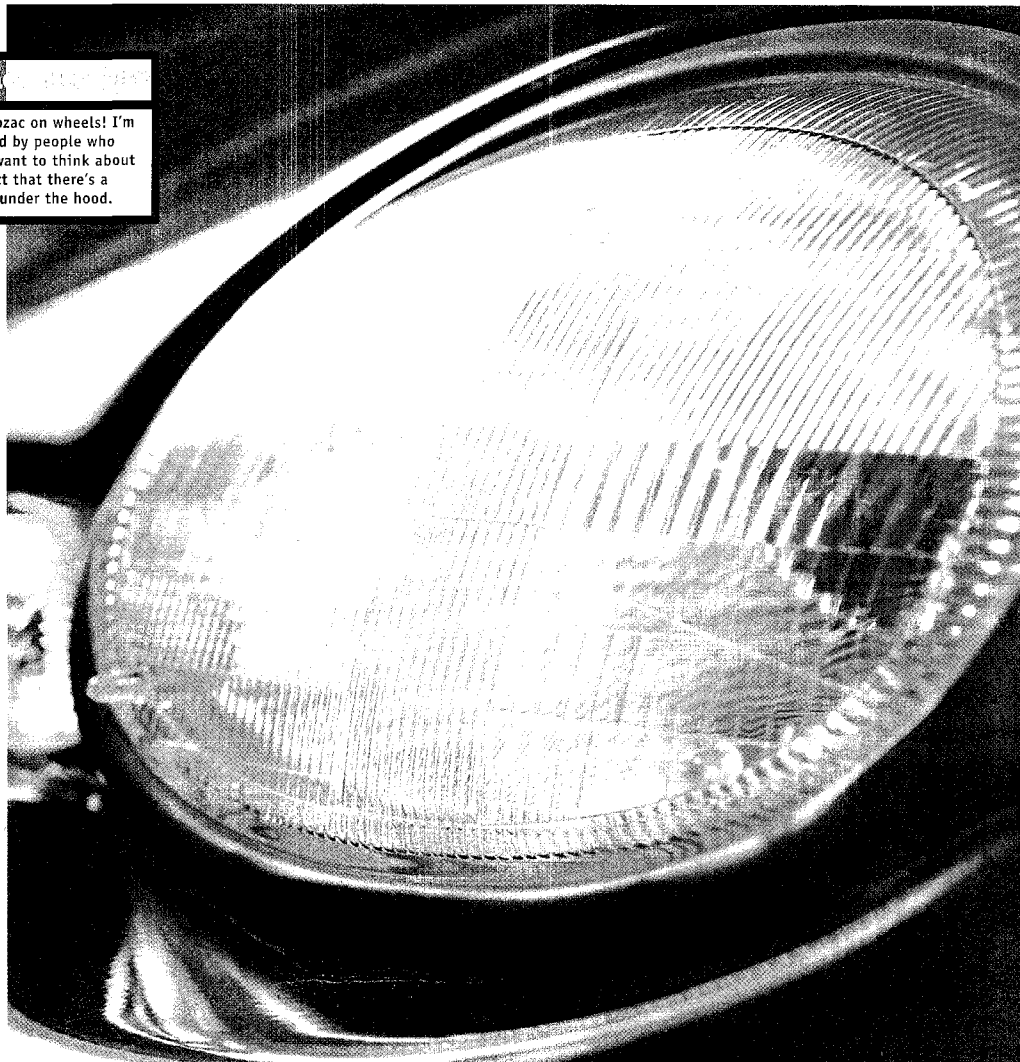
AS COULD BE SEEN WITH THE BUTTAFUOCO Kabuki, America loves to hate Camaro culture, never mind that Camaro-culturists love America, if not all that many Americans. Yes, the muscle car has been taking a beating since the Saudis got greedy back in '73. Brutal insurance premiums for sports cars is only one reason Ford Mustang sales are down 21 percent this year. While some of the muscle faithful have opted for a different form of automotive lap dance, such as a Jeep, the holdouts are noisier than ever. The folks (girls too) who drive Corvettes, Pontiac Firebirds, *perhaps* Nissan Zs (but definitely not Mazda Miatas) are the ones the Gulf War was fought by and for. They're big-block nostalgists stuck in their own private 1964—albeit one where Metaltica rules. These cars seat two, suck gas, and imply, at the very least, an assertive interpretation of first-date behavior. Each car a rolling epithet, it says *design* the same way Prince says *fashion*. "Tires and wheels are very important," says Toyota designer Dave Hackett. "You do anything you can to enhance the importance of the wheel—the dynamic part of the design that actually moves the automobile." Equally cherished are the "aftermarket" vinyl "bras," spoilers, and wide alloy wheels. Ford seems to understand this testosterone-soaked campiness. This year, it's offering a gussied-up Mustang Cobra with "Mystic" paint, which glows a rainbow of colors. Preferred shapes in the genre allude to, duh, muscles (the bulging deltoids of the 'Vette's front wheel wells) and babes (the rear-wheel-well "hips" of the Ferrari Spider), as well as front air intakes flared like bull nostrils and upturned tails that denote speed like a sprinter frozen in the blocks. Just peek up the wagging-tongue hood of the Dodge Viper. For just that moment, Joey is free, Madonna loves only men, and Henry Ford seems like Prometheus himself, granting the power of self-determination to America's suburban yobs.

Photograph by Steven Freeman.



KIDS GET TO BE SILLY. KIDS GET to say things like "I don't vote because the system's so corrupt." This is why they cast their dollar votes for automotive *scherzi* like the \$11,000 Neon. The Neon, bathed in lime green and heliotrope, is Chrysler's cutesy come-on, its dong-free Joe Camel. "The latest round of cuteness seems to go back about ten years to Japan, when they started making these . . . extremely tiny cars for consumers in their twenties," says Thomas Hine, author of *Populuxe* as well as *The Total Package*, an analysis of consumer packaging. "They looked like running shoes or little animals. There's a cuteness kitsch that's very distinct in Japan that's come through in the Neon." Of course, there's always been *small*. But even the British minis weren't Hello Kitty cute. And the Bug gained its cuteness retroactively—it was originally designed as "utilitarian" . . . by Nazis. Today's escapists opt for cuddly drop-top Chevy Cavaliers and the darlingly retro Mazda Miata, which wears a smiley face on the front and side (notice the vague U-shape achieved by the car's pert nose and rear). Honda's targa-top Civic del Sol gets tropical, Crayola-bright colors. The Mother Hubbard shoe-like effect of cuddly minijeps like Toyota's new RAV4 and Suzuki's X-90 makes them seem too mincing for the chilly outdoors. But does the average Tri-Delt care? Cute, indeed, seems a militant retreat from terrorism, viruses, all things bumperish. Say hi!

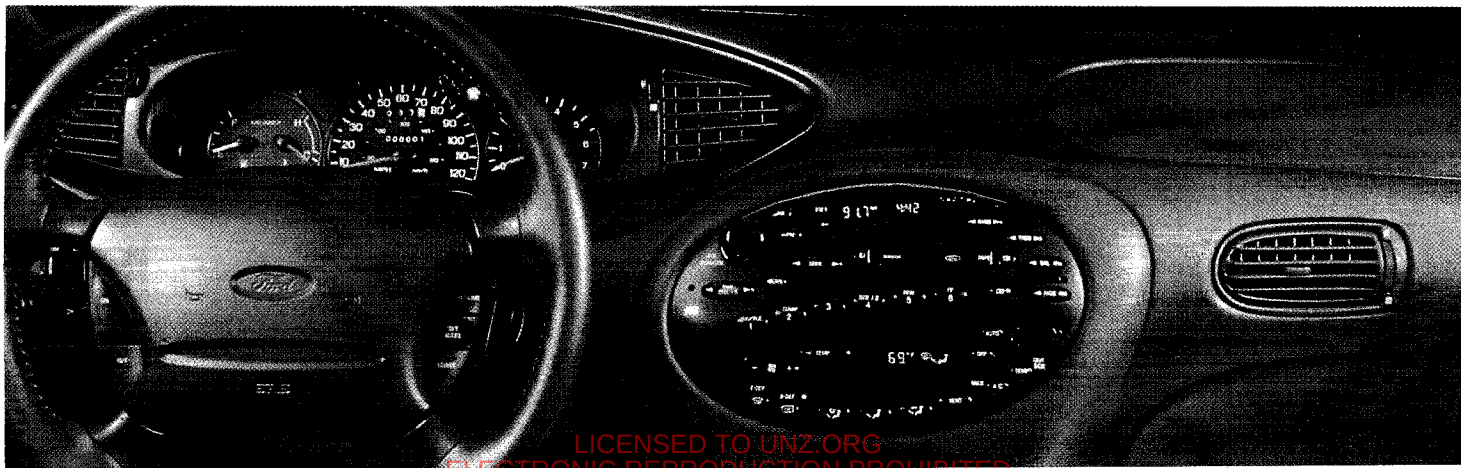
THE
I'm Prozac on wheels! I'm beloved by people who don't want to think about the fact that there's a motor under the hood.

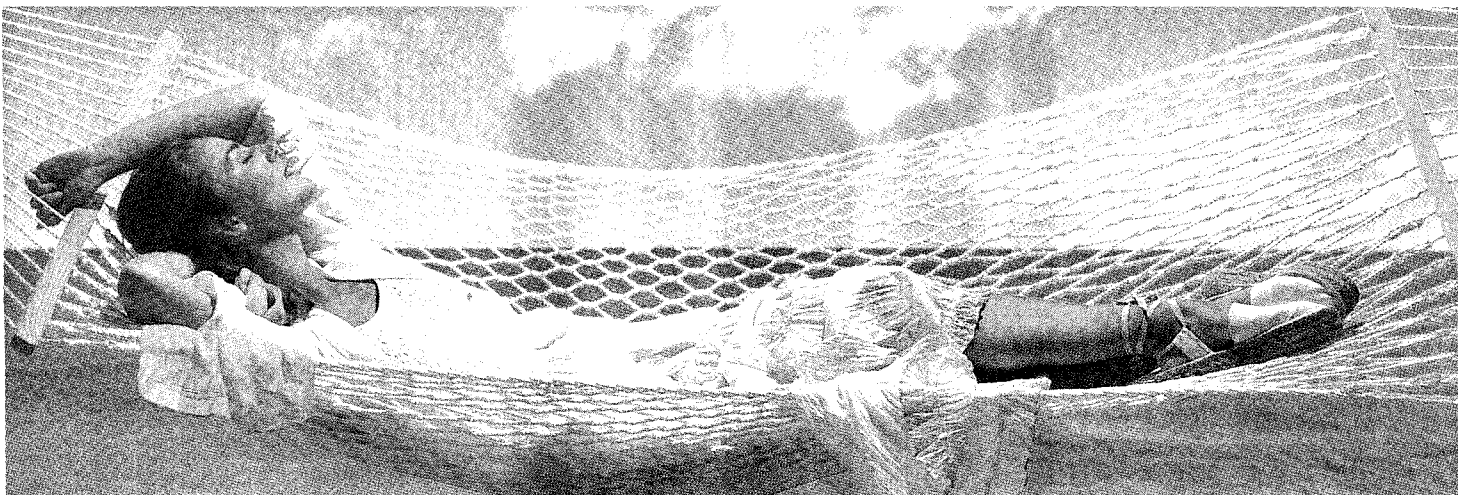


THE EGG NURTURES. THE EGG PROTECTS. THE EGG IS aerodynamic. All of this makes the egg's takeover of the family sedan a wonderful dovetail of form and function. It all started with the iconoclastic 1986 Ford Taurus, the first bubble car green-lighted into mass production since the Hudson (or the AMC Pacer of the seventies, a car beyond semiological analysis). Ford said the Taurus was about "aerodynamics." This may have been more true than the fifties claim that tail fins were needed for high-speed stability. But there was a symbolic value to the zygotelike oval, the fecund bulb. "With rectangles, you get rectitude. The Volvo

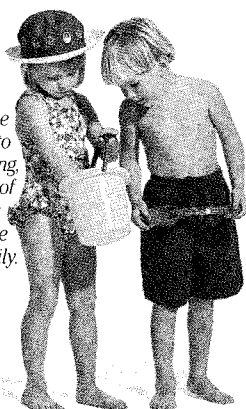
The Family Sedan
Eggs, eggs, amoebas, eggs: Its shape suggests suburbia in motion, all about children and keeping the scary things out.

is uptight," says Hine, the author. "The oval is a friendly shape. Whereas a circle is a pure abstraction, the oval has a kind of softness to it." The 1996 Taurus is as round as ever, and the talismanic oval has crept *inside* the cabin, monopolizing the dash. Minivans, too, have evolved from boxes to ovoids. The Windstar, the Caravan, the ostrich-egg Previa—they all look ready to hatch a Little League squad. Semiologically, the oval is elemental, the shape of the amoeba, of basic life itself. It's the shape of the cocoon. How appropriate for a suburban housing module.



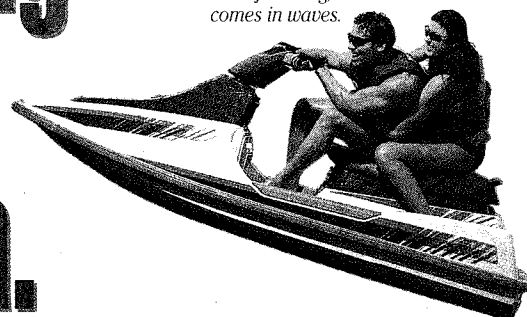


From castle building to shell collecting, an ocean of discoveries awaits the whole family.

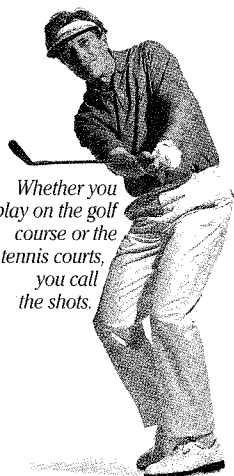


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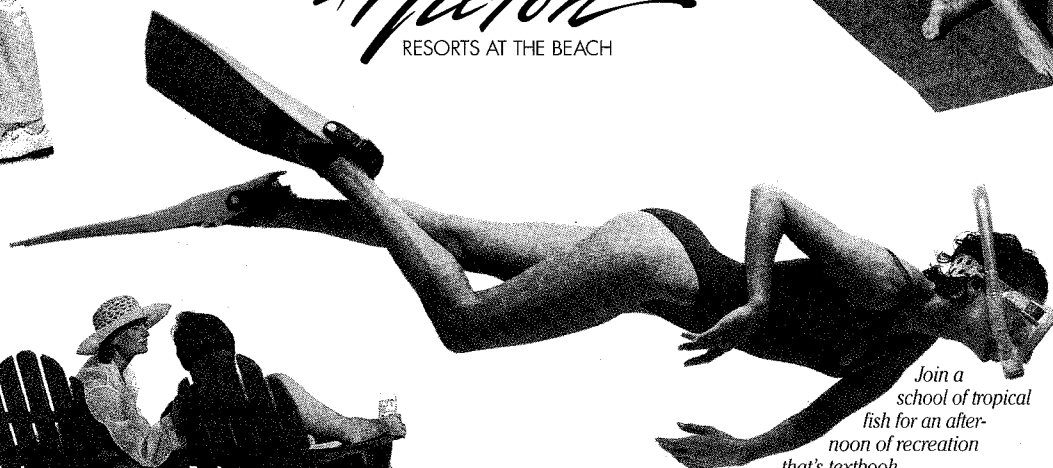
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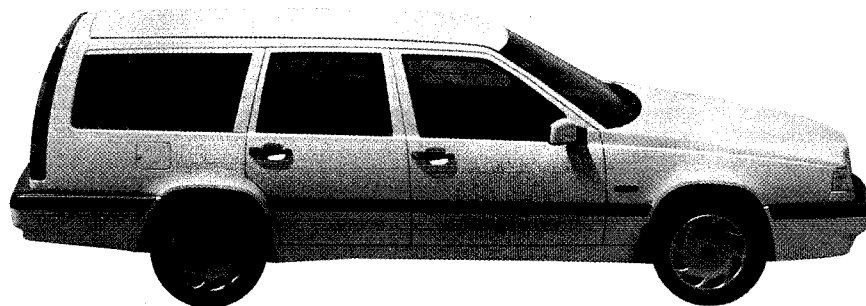
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Brisbane—Conrad Treasury Casino
(opening 1995)
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The Un-Car

Spiritual descendant of the VW Bug, it cries out against the soullessness of our rapacious hyper-motorized culture.

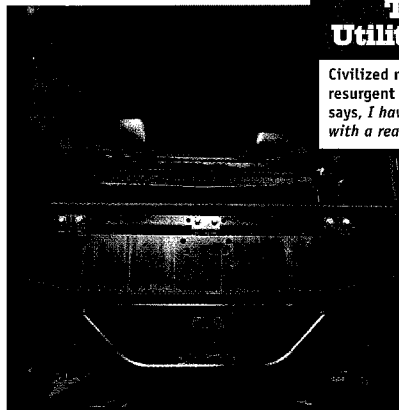
tic, underpowered Swedish imports like the old three-cylinder, two-stroke Saabs and café-Marxist French products like Citroën's two-cylinder 2CV. These earnest, homely machines repudiated the very essence of the flatulent earth rapist known as the automobile. Gold wheels and sensual curves were little more than cakey makeup on a cheap whore. Alas, the Bug is gone, but the un-car lives on. The modern paradigm, ironically, remains the fiercely efficient, nondisposable Volvo, whose primary message is the absence of any incorrect message. "Even in its newer, softened form, the Volvo has the look of a brick moving through traffic," chuckles Lister. Of course, stylistic utilitarianism at

SINCE THE VOLKSWAGEN Beetle began its assault on run-away Detroitism in the fifties, the *haute* liberal has continuously embraced the dour, Naderis-

some point proves inefficient. So lately, everyone's opting for a more slippery, modern shape, an amorphous, vaguely cosmopolitan squibbiness. And nerdy science names. The Geo scores high, being lean and cheap and vague—who builds it, anyway? The Saturn seems suitably shameful about its GM origins. Meanwhile, Ford's global-harmony-mobile, the internationally designed Contour/Mystique "World Car," is a triumph—hyper-responsible down to the dual air bags and the 79.5 percent recyclable parts. The swanker Nissan Altima is likewise sturdy, efficient, and shares the hangdog sloping trunk and hood that bespeaks a righteous humility. This is Subaru country, mega-safe and mega-bland—diminished expectations rendered in steel. Un-car converts are the folks who will line up for batterymobiles in two years, when California is set to require 2 percent of its cars to be electric. But it won't be an instant purchase. Volkswagen, after all, has a Bug sequel in the works.

The Sport-Utility Vehicle

Civilized rusticity for the resurgent Overclass, the SUV says, I have a country house with a really long driveway.



REMEMBER WHEN THE VOLVO WAGON SEEMED sturdy enough to get the cultural elite out to the country house? Now they need the kind of 4x4 once salivated over only by folks with good union jobs or middle managers with frontier longings. Characteristically, America's self-minted aristocracy is going downscale in upscale fashion: They're falling in droves for luxury-car-price sport-utes like the Jeep *Grand Cherokee* and the Range Rover, that World War II-hardened British import now mostly doing duty on the Saw Mill heading toward Litchfield County.

It makes some sense. The Beemer says "aspirant." The deliciously classist Range Rover, conversely, offers an almost old-money discretion as well as smug versatility. Of course, the SUV—the acronym insiders use to describe the sport-ute—never would have

become part of the East Hampton landscape if it hadn't had a touch of Town Car. "Fifteen years ago, these were bone-jarring, macho vehicles that were very tough to drive," says Neil Walling, a chief Chrysler designer. "Now they're just far more sophisticated." His company's *Grand Cherokee*, he says, was built as a luxury car from the beginning. "The Ford Bronco"—favored by O.J. but not yet a cultural-elite staple—"is based on the Ranger [pickup], but the Jeep had a truck *derived from it*." Single-body construction, not the truckish body-on-frame approach, means fewer rattles under the Alpine CD player. Indeed, the *Grand Cherokee* offers cushy leather seats with programmable positions, dual air bags, and Acura-like steering-wheel-mounted stereo knobs—and, weirdly, no stick shift. For the boss, it also offers an insidious tweak of the hiring, a co-optation of his rumbly fun. A \$32,000 Jeep; a \$55,000, thirteen-mile-per-gallon Range Rover (also an auto-transmission-only sport-ute), says the boss *can* have it all: a house in the sylvan exurbs (which, the SUV subtly suggests, has a really long dirt driveway) as well as the rugged, can-do cachet that was traditionally the province of the truck buyer. It's like playing another man's card game and taking home the pot. No surprise, then, that Lexus(!) will debut its LX450 SUV next year, and Mercedes will follow with an Alabama-built variant in 1997.

(continued from page 65) that they don't need one. Now, most New Yorkers don't need a pair of hip waders either, or a satellite dish. Why create a mythology around one thing we don't need rather than all the other things we don't need? Because, despite our (and Newt Gingrich's) protestations to the contrary, we

are Americans—a car-loving people. So when we discover that we can't, in fact, drive with impunity in New York, the way they do it everywhere else—well, then, we go into denial and decide that we don't need cars. Matter of fact, we don't even want them. They're vulgar. They're for the sticks. Harrumph.

2. NO DRIVEWAYS. Pride of ownership is difficult here. Displaying your car in the driveway, washing it, Simonizing it—man, that's half the fun. In this burg, only your best friends know what you drive, or *if* you drive. Since we seldom see anyone we know in close proximity to a car, it's easy to believe that no one drives.

3. NO VALET PARKING. In many cities across the nation, you may gain social advantage over your fellow citizens by the simple ploy of displaying yourself in a costly automobile. Owning a Bentley Continental R or Mercedes Galändewagen, however, won't assure you a better table at one of our finer restaurants, or a fatter share of the back-end points, since no one will ever see you in it: You're going to arrive on foot—hiking from wherever you managed to ditch the heap. (If you're really desperate for a restaurant that will park your car, see page 68.)

4. ROBERT MOSES. In his crazed automotive utopianism, Robert Moses attempted to strangle

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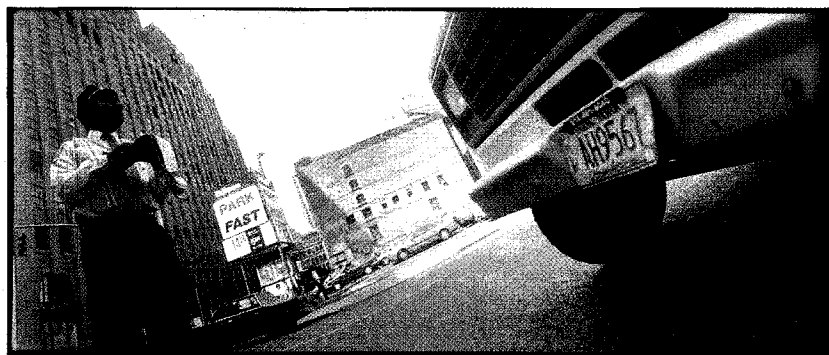


By Dany Levy

DMV Unzipped

In which members of the city's most loathed bureaucracy

WHEN IT COMES TO THE MOST DESPISED CITY EMPLOYEES IN TOWN, none are more detested than the people who ticket your cars, make you wait three hours to get a new license, and sullenly accept \$150 for the privilege of letting you have your jimmied and sloppily towed car back. But it turns out that Department of Motor Vehicles and Department of Transportation employees—at least those pictured here—have hopes, feelings, and hurts . . . just like actual human beings.



Robert Minus

Traffic Enforcement Agent

Vices: "Sometimes I eat too much." **Favorite TV show:** "The news—Channel 4 . . . I've been checking out {Channel 2's} John Johnson, though." **Favorite breakfast:** "Home fries, bacon, eggs, and a nice glass of juice." **Favorite color:** "Black goes with everything." **If you could take one thing with you to a desert island . . .** "Sure 'nuff be a woman." **Past life:** "A bird, because a bird can fly where he wants to." **Most ticklish spot:** "Under my arms." **Favorite radio station:** "It's 98.7 or 'BLS.

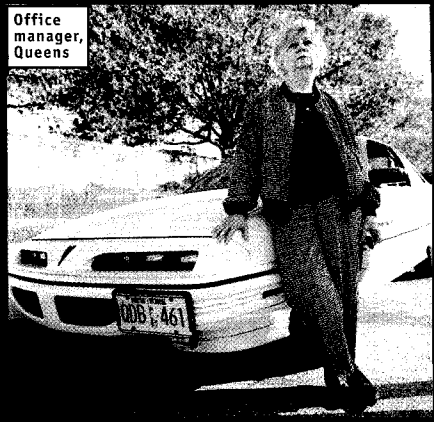
. . . When I get cool, I listen to CD-101.9." **Astrological sign:** "Libra . . . that's me; I'm balanced and I can go with the flow." **Cologne:** "I only wear it if I'm driving the commissioner—but Aramis or Polo." **Biggest phobia:** "I get a little scared of elevator situations." **Signature dish:** "Spaghetti and meatballs . . . I can really cook, and I sew too." **Most romantic thing someone could do for you:** "Kiss me." **Favorite newscaster:** "Chuck Scarborough."

Genevieve Pillis

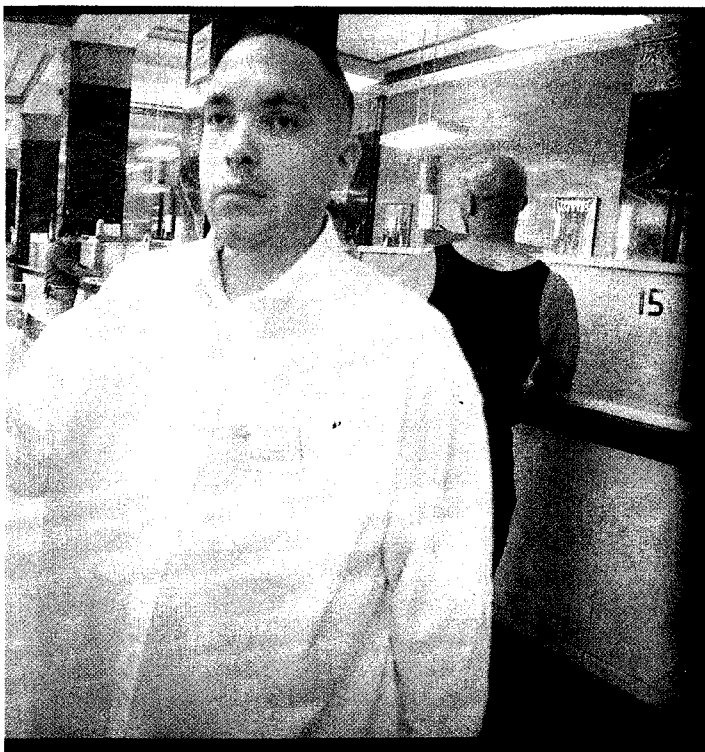
1991 Pontiac Grand Prix

"I drive around Queens, I drive to Long Island. The car is **very comfortable**, very nice to drive, very smooth. I haven't taken the subway for **eight years**."

Office manager, Queens



Photographs by Steffen Thelenmann.



Michael Cortes

DMV Representative

beir inner pathos

Idol: "I try not to follow anybody but myself . . . though spiritually it'd be Jesus Christ, I guess." **Favorite flower:** "I don't like flowers at all." **Pet peeve:** "People with thick skulls." **Motto:** "Get the job done." **Perfume:** "Joop!, but it changes every day." **Sexiest woman alive:** "My wife. I got to say that or she'll kill me." **Past life:** "Dust." **If you could take one thing to a desert island . . .** "A Fuddrucker's restaurant, because they got a TV, cable, and a bar." **Pets:** "We got one goldfish named Spunky." **Most romantic thing someone could do for you:** "My wife always complains about romance. . . . I guess she could surprise me at work with an evening planned . . . a restaurant and a show. . . . All I know is I wouldn't have to make any decisions." **Hair products used daily:** "Whatever."

Kimberly Singleton

DMV Representative

Worst habit: "Eating and lying down." **Most often seen reading:** "Schoolbooks." **Nickname:** "Kimmy, and I hate that." **Most often heard saying:** "For real?"—like 'Are you for real?'" **Words to live by:** "Never be sorry; be careful" or "One day at a time." **Sexiest man alive:** "Denzel." **Most ticklish spot:** "Ooooh, my feet." **Perfume:** "Vanilla Fields . . . I don't know who makes it; it's new." **Biggest fear:** "Abandonment." **Astrological sign:** "Pisces . . . yeah, I'm sensitive, and Pisces are supposed to be sensitive, and male Pisces lie a lot and I'm not a male, so I guess that makes me a typical Pisces." **Past life:** "I know I was something smart and beautiful." **Hair products used daily:** "Optimum Shampoo and Conditioner."



Sukfua Cho

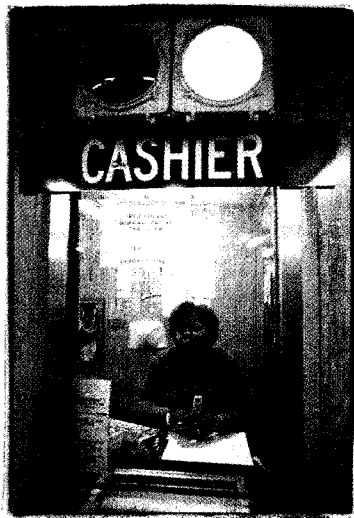
DMV Representative

If your mother could describe you in one word: "A good girl." **Pet peeve:** "People who talk too much make me feel uncomfortable." **Worst habit:** "I don't have any." **If you could take one thing with you to a desert island . . .** "Food." **Ideal Saturday night:** "I like to stay home and watch TV." **Lipstick of preference:** Shiseido grape-raisin. **Favorite radio station:** 1010-WINS. **What do you think of Madonna?** "She's sexy . . . I guess. Her songs are nice, sweet." **Sexiest man alive:** "Tom Cruise, because that's who my daughter would say." **Most ticklish spot:** "Here. Under my arms."

Linda Hall

Tow-Pound Assistant

Vices: "Speaking my mind." **Favorite color:** "In the summer, I love white—it's cool, it's crisp." **Astrological sign:** "I am a full-blooded Leo." **Signature scent:** Beautiful by Estée Lauder ("because my name means 'beautiful' in Spanish"). **Most ticklish spot:** "The bottom of my feet." **Past lives:** "I think I was queen of one of those tribes in Africa, you know? Or maybe a princess. Something like that." **Lipstick of preference:** Magenta Mist by Fashion Fair. **Nail polish of preference:** L'Oréal No. 39 ("I forget what they call it").



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Anthony Funaro

1985 Lincoln Mark VII

"It's a weekend thing for me. I go out to a club, go to my girlfriend's house. I take the car out on Friday. Sunday I bring it back to the garage."



Messenger,
Brooklyn

gle the city—make that the entire state—with a dizzyingly complex web of highways. He damn near succeeded too. One of his most notable fantasies was the projected slicing and dicing of Manhattan with three mammoth elevated expressways, one at 125th Street, one at Broome Street, and one—the Mid-Manhattan Expressway, meant to link the Queens-Midtown with the Lincoln Tunnel—right through the sixth or seventh floor of the Empire State Building. Honest. He is fortunately now remembered mainly as the eponym of the Robert Moses Causeway, the Robert Moses Parkway, the Robert Moses Power Dam, and a pair of Robert Moses State Parks. Also, to be fair, as the man behind several of the most profoundly wonderful drives in this or any other metropolitan area: the arcadian, human-scale parkways—the Taconic, the Saw Mill—north through Westchester and on upstate, as well as Long Island's semi-bucolic Northern and Southern States.

The reaction against Mosesistic grandiosity began with Lewis Mumford's mid-fifties diatribes and continues unabated. Is it possible that this backlash against utopianism has worked its way so deeply into our collective sensibility that we superstitiously avoid stating our true feelings—we *like cars!*—lest we, um, pave the way for another superhighway golem with designs on the urban fabric? Bonus fact: Robert Moses never learned to drive.

THE CONVENTIONAL WISDOM OF THE AMERICAN mainland holds that it is everyone's inalienable right to own a car or two. From the heartlanders' perspective, we New Yorkers are denied that right by the cost of parking, scary

traffic, horrible streets, etc., etc. To a surprising extent, we have accepted the idea that we're automotively disadvantaged.

Ironically, we've overlooked a far more belligerent, far more New Yorkish way to deal with heartlander wisdom: to argue that it is they—not we—who are automotively disadvantaged. *They're* the ones who are dead without a car, stranded in the middle of nowhere. *They're* the ones who *need* wheels to get to work, visit a friend, buy a toothbrush. For *them*, automobile ownership is not just a right—it's an obligation.

Having a car here is not a necessity; it's a luxury. This is a good thing. Those who have the wherewithal to partake of this luxury have many interesting options. For instance, when you're weary, feelin' small, and friends just can't be found . . . you can hop on a subway and lose your blues in the fabulous multicultural, multiethnic crowd; or you can hop in your car, lock the doors, roll up the windows, and blast the blues through those eight Infinity speakers. You might even consider starting the engine and driving someplace.

I say it's time to bury the myth of the nondriving New Yorker. It's time to open our hearts to our car-using friends, to let them know we don't consider them closet suburbanites but real New Yorkers, with hopes and dreams and a tart tongue just like our own. To those with valid driver's licenses, I say it's time to come out of that closet—or garage—and drive with pride.

Just don't overdo it . . . be sure all your emission controls are functioning properly . . . don't use your horn except in life-threatening situations . . . make sure your car alarm turns itself off after fifteen seconds . . . and try not to flatten Gertrude M. on your way up Third Avenue. ■

Elliot Cooper

1957 Buick Special

"You want a '65 Mustang? Name a car. A '39 Chevy? The world's most expensive Rolls-Royce convertible? I've got it."

Owner, Cooper
Classics, Manhattan



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BEST BETS

BY CORKY POLLAN

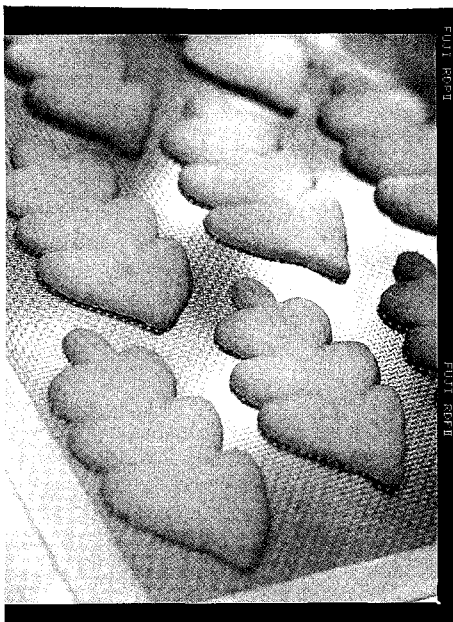
*The best of all
possible things to
buy, see, and do
in the best of all
possible cities*



Cable Vision

Peter Abrams has had a checkered career as a glassblower (in Wisconsin), a sculptor (in France), and a metallurgist (in California). He's now in New York, focusing his talents on the city's detritus. In his crafty hands, old elevator cables and discarded rubber inner tubes are reworked into surprisingly swank picture frames (\$95).

BARNEYS NEW YORK/Both locations



Puff Piece

Quilted-nylon jackets like these mysteriously appear on the streets of Milan at the first hint of rain. Though an Italian rage, the jackets are actually manufactured in England. They've recently crossed the Atlantic; and now Peter Elliot (a shop for things British) carries the bantamweight polyester-filled rainwear in kids' sizes (\$95 for 2- to 10-year-olds, \$115 for adult sizes).

PETER ELLIOT/1070
Madison Avenue,
at 81st Street/570-2300



No Tough Cookies

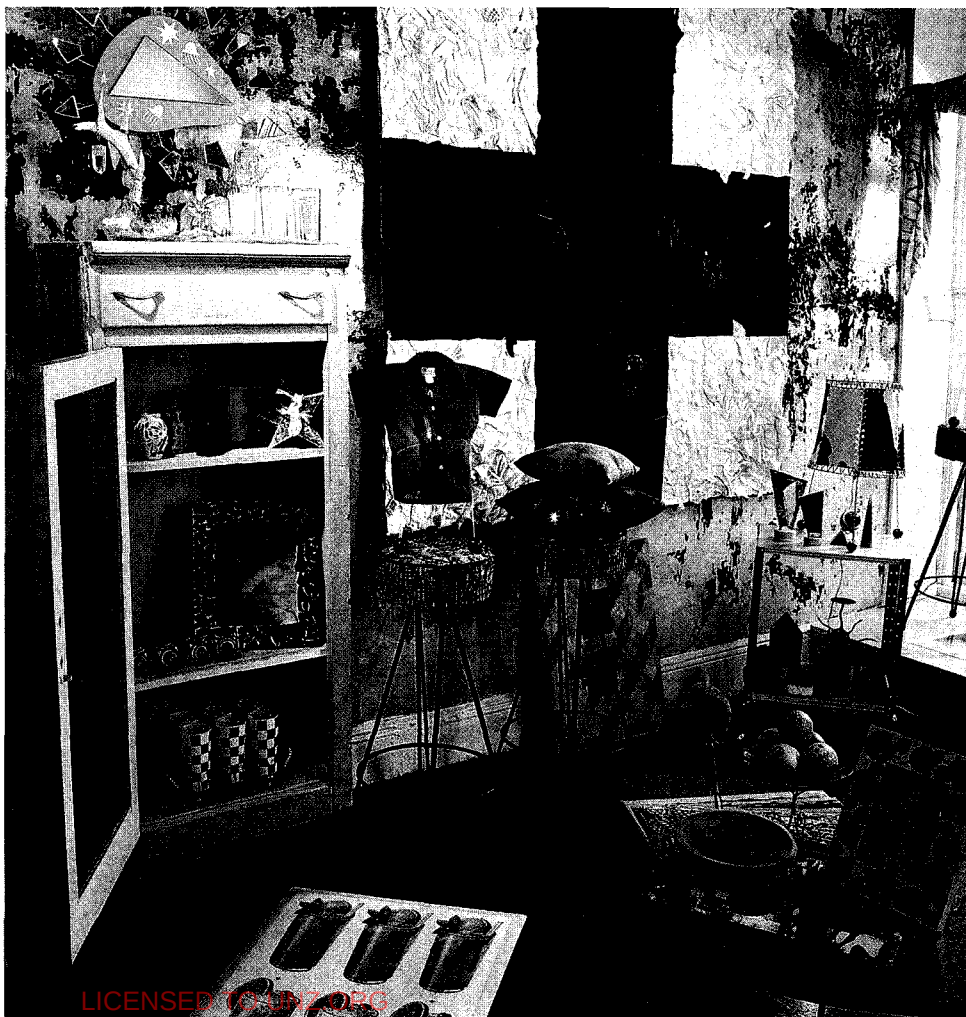
Don't blame it on the oven—or the cook—if your home-baked goods always end up scorched on the bottom, doughy on top. Try the French pastry chefs' solution to the problem: Exopat, a laminated sheet made of rubberized, food-safe silicone that lines a cookie sheet or cake pan. Not only does the mat, manufactured by the French company Matfer, ensure even heat distribution; it transmutes any cookie sheet or pan into a nonstick one. The lackadaisical will be relieved to know Exopat is easy to clean, environmentalists will be happy to learn it's recyclable, and obsessives will be overjoyed to discover that one sheet can be used an impossible 3,000 times (\$19.95 for a half-sheet; \$28.95 for a full).

LAMALLE KITCHENWARE/36 West
25th Street/Sixth floor/242-0750

What About Bob?

Ask ten Brits about the expression "Bob's your uncle," and you'll get ten different explanations—from "Anything's possible" to "There you are" to "Done! Perfect." And Bob's Your Uncle the store is just as hard to pin down. Owners Michael Landon (not the late TV star) and Steven Wine put unlikely stuff together in unusual ways—shirts on lamps, steel mesh on pillows, pot scrubbers on picture frames—and refurbish flea-market finds with new paint and fifties-looking fabrics (from \$15 for a bud vase to \$500 for a découpage table).

... AND BOB'S YOUR UNCLE/137 West 22nd Street/627-7702



A catalogued archive of the past year of "Best Bets" is now available on New York Magazine Online on CompuServe, and readers may e-mail suggestions to 102404.2562@compuserve.com. To get online, call 800-535-1168 and ask for the New York Magazine representative. Current CompuServe users, Go: NYMAG.

BOOKS JOHN HOMANS Fall of Grace

Former 'Vogue' editor Grace Mirabella is a fashion
Horatio Alger. But at 'Vogue' there are no happy endings.

In and Out of Vogue

BY GRACE MIRABELLA
Doubleday; 257 pages; \$25

THE KNIVES ARE ALWAYS OUT FOR THE EDITOR OF *Vogue*. In her new memoir out this month, Grace Mirabella reports that Jessica Daves, Diana Vreeland's dowdy predecessor, was so nervous about her appearance that she would change her clothes several times before showing up at the couture collections. And to no avail: In her *New York Times* obituary, a friend said, "She was a portly woman with a face that resembled a baked apple, and if she wore custom dresses, they looked like ready to wear."

Mirabella herself was no sitting duck. Slim and blonde, she looked like she'd been born in her clothes, and she had also received from her immigrant parents one spectacular inheritance: her name. With its muted echoes of Florence and Monaco, as well as its literal meaning, it was as good as a pearl necklace, and it can't have helped but speed her unlikely progress up *Vogue's* masthead, past rivals with more illustrious pedigrees. When Mirabella arrived there in 1951, *Vogue* was still a kind of trade magazine for titled Europeans and the Social Register set, with a regular column on royalty, a circulation of only 250,000, and an editorial staff

drawn largely from the highest reaches of its readership. The magazine was near the pinnacle of a trickle-down fashion regime, filtering the style ideas of the likes of Balenciaga and Wallis Simpson down to a slightly broader plateau, and descending from there still further, to parts unknown.

Mirabella was from Newark, which was about as unknown as one could get. Her background pegged her as a working girl, highly efficient but not especially imaginative, someone who wasn't born to *Vogue*; and she was never able to forget it. Her father had a gambling problem, and her mother drilled into her the embryonic feminist credo that a woman should be financially independent. She chose fashion not so much be-

cause of any great visual gift or deep sense of the importance of clothes but because she saw it as a business where a woman could rise. She was practical, wide-eyed, open to new experiences but not willing to be seduced by them. And arriving in *Vogue's* lobby, she invokes another practical, wide-eyed girl in a very well known movie speaking a very well known phrase to her little dog, Toto, upon being dropped into a strange new place.

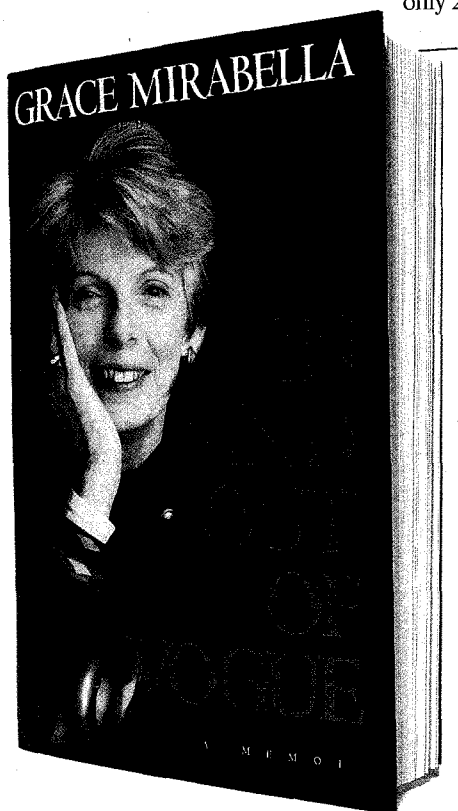
The cliché is surprisingly apt. Her memoir is the story of a somewhat grim forced march past the amazing orchids and hostile aborigines of the fashion world. At all times, the upper lip is stiff, though it quivers a little when she's confronted with a particularly barbaric spectacle (*but Helmut, these girls look like . . . prostitutes!*) or a savage like John Fairchild hurls a spear in her direction. Her own spears are rubber-tipped, for the most part; she is prim (best friend after college: Letitia Baldrige), too dignified to dish, and writes about her struggles, seven years after her purge, in an exile's tones of perplexed hauteur.

Mirabella was one of the most unusual of Diana Vreeland's many inventions. A creature of the sixties with a fully psychedelic imagination, Vreeland came to *Vogue* in 1962 and let her freak flag fly. She defined *Vogue's* mission as "the Myth of the Next Reality," which, if one looks past its preposterous grandiosity, is not a bad working principle. Mirabella's sensibility couldn't have been more distant. Vreeland even removed her from her job covering the dress market, accusing her of being "a sportswear person at heart," which in Vreeland's lexicon was a harsh put-down. But shortly thereafter, when Mirabella threatened to take a job at a swimsuit manufacturer, Vreeland tapped her as her right hand. Vreeland was post-rational, but she was shrewd enough to realize she needed an emissary to the outside world, and in that job the omniscient Mirabella made perfect sense. As Vreeland's assistant, Mirabella had gone upriver as far as she could go. Mirabella could discern the outlines of a rational mind in Vreeland, but it was near-subsumed in a tangle of lavish flora. Vreeland spoke like an oracle, and Mirabella treated her like a rich, crazy aunt, humoring her without ever quite believing her.

Mirabella quotes in astonishment a 7:30 A.M. phone call after Vreeland had attended a Donovan concert: "It was one of the most moving, extraordinary things I have ever seen," Vreeland said: "an entire audience of young girls with the most marvelous hair."

Mirabella chides Vreeland for her utter lack of interest in what was actually *in* the heads—Mirabella's sixties were political, not psychedelic. While acknowledging Vreeland's genius as a fashion editor, Mirabella could not quite get her mind around Vreeland's obsessive explorations. Mirabella's own fashion instincts tended to the utilitarian: Women need something to wear, and it has to look good and cause minimal (continued on page 105)

Where Diana Vreeland's sixties were psychedelic, Mirabella's were political.



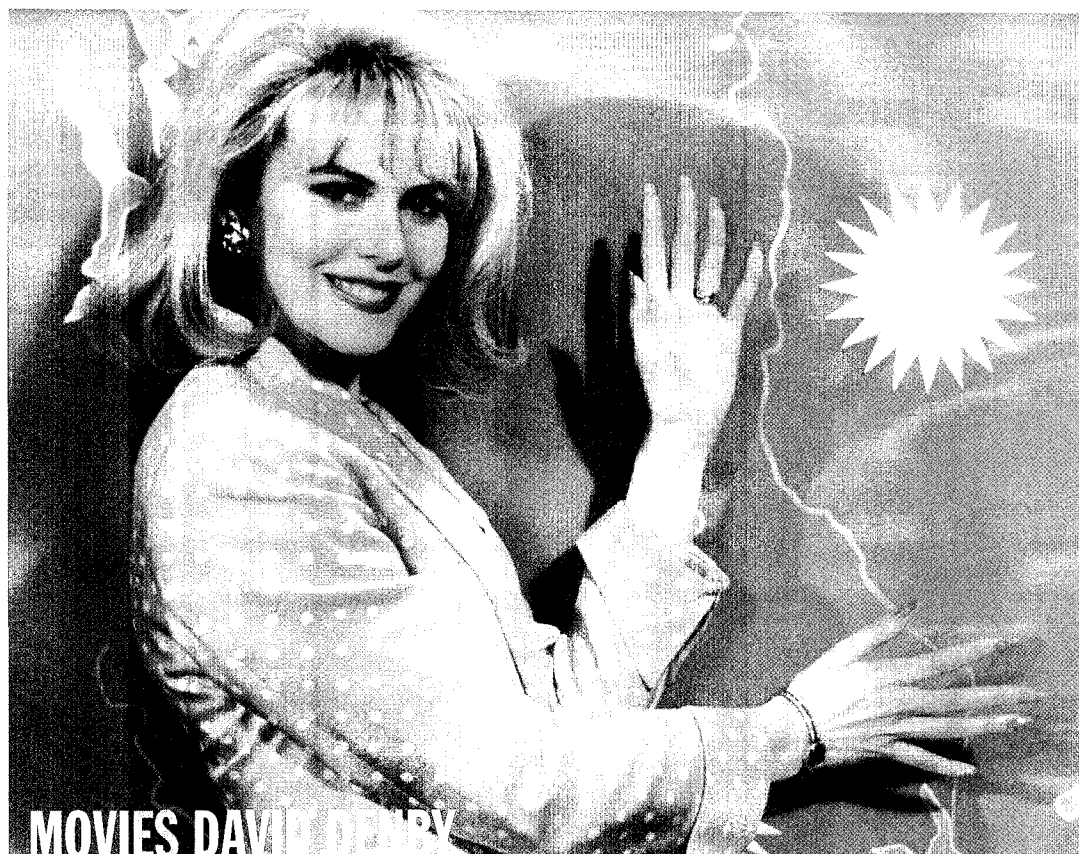
Photograph by Wayne Simpson.

Kidman's media professional: Ambition in her brain and greed in her heart.

SUZANNE STONE (Nicole Kidman), the New England beauty and weather girl who idolizes Jane Pauley, has reddish-blond hair in a gossamer bob and a long, slender body sheathed in floral-print suits. Suzanne talks in a perky yet soft-breathing voice, crisp but never too insistent, the best voice for "maximizing" her abundant "career opportunities." Suzanne longs to be a "media professional." That's her only desire, though she is also a daughter, a wife (to Matt Dillon), and several other, more sinister things. Working at a local cable station in Little Hope, New Hampshire, Suzanne flirts her way through the weather report and then parades across the bedraggled town in an aura of spectacular grooming. She's clean and everything nice, the American girl and housewife with ambition in her brain and murder and greed in her heart.

At least that's the way we're meant to take her in Gus Van Sant's new movie *To Die For*, which turns out to be disappointingly cold and only distantly satirical. No one would argue that Van Sant and veteran screenwriter Buck Henry, adapting Joyce Maynard's journalistic novel, are not onto something real. At times, in recent years, it has seemed as if the media had eaten America whole. For millions of people, what happens on television, the "personalities" on TV, and, most of all, the opportunity to be on television are existence transfigured. "You aren't really anybody in America if you're not on TV," says Suzanne. "Because what's the point of doing anything worthwhile if nobody's watching?" Which is an extremely stupid remark but impossible to answer. *To Die For* is set in a dim, demoralized world—our world—in which exhibitionism has burned away shame, and Tonya and Nancy, Lyle and Erik, Amy and Joey reign supreme, not only to be enjoyed but to be emulated. No one around Suzanne has any culture, drives, or hopes. According to the filmmakers, the box has sucked the vitality out of ordinary Americans. There is TV, and there is everything else—that is, nothing else.

But when filmmakers make their characters flat and affectless, then claim that television is doing it to them, you have the right to be suspicious. *To Die For* is clever



MOVIES DAVID DENBY

Season of the Witch

Nicole Kidman's perky, murderous weatherperson in 'To Die For' is too flat to convince; 'Devil in a Blue Dress' is fully rounded.

but thin and redundant; the satire works intermittently and opportunistically, and some of the picture is just plain sour. Van Sant hits his peak right at the beginning of the movie. An apparent suspect in the murder of her husband, Suzanne passes through a brief and exuberant life as a tabloid superstar. She poses, she preens, she's "surprised" by the photographer. All through this scintillating episode, which is urged along by Danny Elfman's impish music and brilliantly edited by Curtiss Clayton, our heroine talks straight into the camera, narrating her life. Immediately, we see that this pastel-pink creature isn't going to make it as a star—she's too avid, too ignorant, a *Cosmo*-cover pea brain. But that's all we ever see in Suzanne. Tossing her hair and winking at us with her voice, Nicole Kidman appears to be spoofing Ann-Margret in her *Kitten With a Whip* period. She gives a knowing but monotonous performance. Van Sant just doesn't love Suzanne enough to make us care about her. She's an object, a symbol. She could be the stepdaughter of Faye Dunaway's Diana Christianson in *Network*, a powerful TV executive about whom it was said, "The only reality she knows comes to her over the TV set."

Buck Henry started out in satirical-slapstick TV in the early sixties and then wrote *The Graduate* and the screen adaptation of *Catch-22*. Van Sant has made sympathetic, fine-grained movies about addicts (*Drugstore Cowboy*) and sex hustlers (*My Own Private Idaho*). In other words, an old hipster has joined hands with a

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young hipster, and together they have vented their disgust at square America. Satire, which often depends on dropping a dimension or two, doesn't have to be fair, and this movie has some grotesquely funny moments. But Henry and Van Sant have hollowed Suzanne out, as if an ambitious, driven woman needed to be exposed as a jerk. Vaguely feminist emotions stir in my breast: Would they have done this to Matt Dillon if he were the ambitious one?

The hollowing-out leaves a huge dramatic hole. This bright-smiling zombie lives in a realistic world, and nothing she does makes any sense. Looking at Suzanne, we can't tell, for instance, why she marries Matt Dillon's ordinary-Joe restaurateur, a young man who, apart from his good looks, is patently too slow for her. Does she have any sexual feelings for him, or is she faking her way through that too? Recoiling from her husband, who wants children, Suzanne falls in with a trio of sad-sack, alienated, small-town white-trash teens. She seduces them and uses them. Lydia (Alison Folland), a heavy, depressed girl, develops a crush on Suzanne; so does Jimmy (Joaquin Phoenix, River's brother), who speaks out of a thick mental fog and has a harelip. Darkly, suddenly unhappy,

these kids are deglamorized versions of the drifting, dreamy youths of Van Sant's earlier movies. He doesn't satirize them; they're too desperately vulnerable and needy. Instead, he treats them tenderly, and for a while, these characters become touching, especially Jimmy, whom no one has ever considered anything but stupid. When we first see him, he lives in an erotic daze: Masturbation may be the only thing holding him to life. Suzanne talks nice to him, and suddenly she's no longer a babe in his dreams but a woman right there in his bed. Poor Jimmy! He's not just a classic sap who falls for a bad girl; he's blissfully, almost disturbingly happy. His joy is the only sincere emotion in the movie, the only time the hollow derision stops.

But what are Suzanne's feelings for him? Does he represent some sort of sexual liberation for her? (If she only wants to use Jimmy, she sleeps with him more than she needs to.) Van Sant never shows us. And since we never feel any complicity with her overwhelming desire for success, we don't suffer when she steps over the line into criminality. Rather than challenge the audience, Van Sant has given us a condescending look at a self-deluded loser. For all its jokes, *To Die For*, a case of hipster malice, remains stonily superior to its subject.

IN CARL FRANKLIN'S WONDERFUL **Devil in a Blue Dress**, bodies grappling with one another fall to the floor with the thud and heft of palpable flesh. Working with the great cinematographer Tak Fujimoto, Franklin (*One False Move*) has achieved a ripely tactile visual style for this retro-noir drama, set in black Los Angeles in 1948. Walter Mosley adapted his own novel, the first in the popular "Easy Rawlins" series, and Denzel Washington stars as the up-from-Texas machinist who gets laid off after the war and is then drawn into a frighteningly complicated maze of desire and corruption. As Easy moves around the city, everything has superb density and weight—the beautiful, rounded old cars, the seductive California daylight, the smoke of a crowded nightclub and lilt of a woman's aroused laughter.

As in the Dashiell Hammett and Raymond Chandler classics on which this book and movie are based, dirty doings in high places lead to many acts of violence and betrayal below. But Mosley and Franklin have invested an old genre with fresh feeling. The familiar mood of voluptuous paranoia is enhanced and made more explicit by the shift to a black man's point of view. Easy lives in a racially segregated America, and without hysteria or exaggeration, Franklin puts us in his place. Tom Sizemore's vicious white gangster, friendly one minute, antagonistic the next, epitomizes the treacherousness of the terrain for Easy: The tolerance of whites can be withdrawn at any minute and for any reason. For once, in *noir*, paranoia is a matter not of style but of survival. People try to use Easy—cops, white gangsters, other blacks—and he struggles to hold on not just to the truth (like all *noir* heroes) but also to his dignity. Franklin, as *One False Move* amply illustrated, is a wonderful director of actors. Denzel Washington conveys just the right measure of necessary deference and

implacable male pride. Tom Sizemore is terrifying, and Don Cheadle does a frighteningly funny turn as a completely amoral little man who finds it easier to kill someone than to talk to him. The only disappointment is Jennifer Beals, who,



as the femme fatale, lacks the glittering insolence of Jane Greer or any of the luscious good bad girls of the forties. Without a strong performance from Beals, *Devil* becomes a labyrinth without a center, an obsession without an object. But see this beautifully made movie, an important step in what looks like a major directorial career.

ART MARK STEVENS

Stieglitz Revealed

The photographer's retreat to the country deepened his art, making a virtue of simplicity.

'STIEGLITZ IS FAMOUS," writes John Szarkowski in his introduction to **Alfred Stieglitz at Lake George**, "but his work is little known." A seductive life is partly responsible for this vulgar oversight. One of the great impresarios of modernism, Stieglitz (1864–1946) led the fight to grant photography the status of high art, and he played the part of art dealer, curator, charmer, exhorter, visionary, and—not least—husband to Georgia O'Keeffe. Then, after his death, O'Keeffe attached stringent conditions to her gifts of his work to museums, making it difficult to mount shows. And so the words chase the man, not the art.

The current exhibition of Stieglitz's late work at the Museum of Modern Art, which Szarkowski organized, will transform our view of what matters about the photographer. Of the 93 pictures on display, about half have never before been exhibited. The images are in superb condition and are thoughtfully, subtly presented. Most differ substantially from the photographs taken by the "famous" Stieglitz, who is typically represented either by a handful of anthology favorites, such as *The Steerage*, or by his many portraits of O'Keeffe. What we have here is nothing less than the work of a master whom we thought we knew—but knew only superficially.

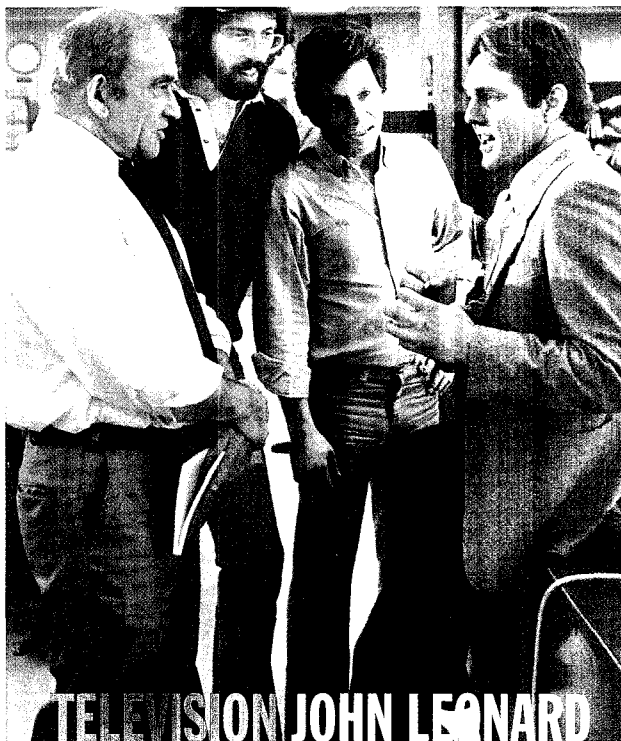
The pictures on display date from about the time that Stieglitz closed his famous gallery, "291"—in 1917, when he was 53 years old—until he stopped taking photographs about twenty years later. During this period, Stieglitz increasingly withdrew from the struggles that had once engaged him in New York, spending more and more time at the Stieglitz-family farm at Lake George, New York. Having grown up around the place, he knew its houses, barns, and landscape intimately. In the late work, there is something of the old soldier who retires from the wars to cultivate his own garden—and then, to his surprise, finds that the garden was always more important than the wars.

The earlier photographs had a bravura manner. For example, Szarkowski, who maintains a crusty disdain for the pleasures of sloppy feeling, calls Stieglitz's celebrated image *The City of Ambition* (1910) "lavishly romantic" and writes: "New York [can be] seen beyond a ribbon of sparkling water, the backlighting converting every puff of steam and smoke into a feather plume, and every counting house into a castle." Stieglitz gives up this grandiloquence in Lake George; he reduces the pressure of argument upon art. "There was too much thought of 'art,'" Stieglitz once said of his years in New York, "too little of photography."

Instead, he begins recording the simple facts around him—always a complex transaction and never more so than when the eye, like Stieglitz's, inclines toward the imperial. There is no pretense or heightened self-regard in his late work, no swashbuckling imposition of the artist's self when he photographs old barns and young women, apples on the (continued on page 135)

Casual as a July afternoon: A summer snap of Stieglitz's niece, Georgia Engelhard (1921).





TELEVISION JOHN LEONARD

Tabloid TV

The demise of quality newspapering has us hankering for newsroom grit in prime time. But can TV's original working gal make it after all?

Left: Lou Grant got it right. But it's too soon to tell about Mary Tyler Moore's New York News (right).

IMPOSSIBLE TO SAY EXACTLY WHICH MARY TYLER MOORE will show up this week as the publisher of a daily tabloid in **New York News** (Thursdays, starting September 28; 9 to 10 P.M.; CBS)—though certainly not the personification of pluck and perk who spent most of the seventies as a news producer at WJM-TV in Minneapolis. And probably not the slightly older, slightly wiser, downwardly mobile Mary of 1985, reduced to writing features for a sleazy Chicago *Eagle* after the folding of her fashion magazine. More likely, we'll see a combination of the Mary who played Abe's crazy wife in Gore Vidal's *Lincoln* and the Mary who played Georgia Tann in the 1993 Lifetime cable movie *Stolen Babies*, auctioning off blue-eyed white-trash newborns to the highest bidder among the barren well-to-do—sounds like a publisher to me. But it's impossible to say for sure because at press time, they still hadn't finished reshooting the *New York News* pilot. All we have to go on are vague memories of the original pilot that circulated among ad agencies last spring, plus those snippets CBS has used to promote a series that doesn't yet exist. If it sounds promising—with Joe Morton, Madeline Kahn, and Gregory Harrison in supporting roles—so did *George*, before we could actually read it.

And we need a good newspaper show on television, to make up for the disappearance of good newspapers wherever we really live. Not to be stuffy about it, but the take on print journalism in several other new series has been, ah... implausible. See David Alan Grier, in **The Preston Episodes** (Saturdays; 8:30 to 9 P.M.; Fox), sign on as house grammarian at a *People*-like gossip magazine called *Stuff*, as if *People* were in the habit of hiring African-American college professors. Likewise, a newly divorced and hyper-

kinetic Téa Leoni in **The Naked Truth** (Wednesdays; 9:30 to 10 P.M.; ABC) sells out her Pulitzer Prize-winning photojournalism to a supermarket tabloid called *The Comet*. And Debra Messing in **Ned and Stacey** (Mondays; 9:30 to 10 P.M.; Fox) moves in with ad-agency junior executive Thomas Haden Church even though she's supposed to be writing for *The Village Voice*. Nor would a left-wing obit writer for a paper like the *Times*, e.g., Lori Loughlin in **Hudson Street** (Tuesdays; 8:30 to 9 P.M.; ABC), ever consider cohabiting with a right-wing Hoboken homicide detective, even Tony Danza. While Lea Thompson in **Caroline in the City** (Thursdays; 9:30 to 10 P.M.; NBC) may be a syndicated cartoonist, she seems never to talk to an editor at all. Whereas D. B. Sweeney, who's supposed to photojournalize in **Strange Luck** (Fridays; 8 to 9 P.M.; Fox), spends almost as much time playing kinky sex games with his editor, Pamela Gidley, as he does mysteriously falling down and burning up on the freight job.

In the 30 years I've been meeting deadlines for newspapers and magazines, none of this has ever happened to me. I stamp my foot. Although television has been making newspaper series from the very beginning (*Police Reporter* in 1948, *The Front Page* in 1949, *Big Town* and *I Cover Times Square* in 1950, *Byline* and *Foreign Intrigue* and *Front Page Detective* in 1951, and, of course, *The Adventures of Superman* in 1952), the networks almost never get it right, and when they do, they cancel it (*Lou Grant*). In sitcoms and in melodramas, Betty Furness, Harry Guardino, Suzanne Pleshette, Lloyd Bridges, Debbie Reynolds, Dabney Coleman, Celeste Holm, Edmund Lowe, Jamie Lee Curtis, Gig Young, Shirley MacLaine, Raymond Burr, Darren McGavin, Nancy Olson, Jack Klugman, Bernadette Peters, Tim Matheson, Shelley

Hack, Gary Merrill, Susan Anton, and Richard Crenna have all played reporters, editors, or columnists. Chris Elliott in *Get a Life* was a paperboy. The superhero whom Bruce Lee's Kato assisted in his super-heroics, in case you've forgotten, was a Green Hornet only at night; during daylight hours, he either edited a *Daily Sentinel* or owned a TV station. *Hard Copy*, with Michael Murphy and Wendy Crewson as crime reporters for the Los Angeles *Morning Post*, lasted three months on CBS in 1987. *Capital News*, a David Milch production with Helen Slater, William Russ, Chelsea Field, and Kurt Fuller (as Miles Plato), lasted only four episodes on ABC in 1990. Fictitious New York newspapers have been called *Bulletin*, *Examiner*, *Express*, *Globe*, *Herald*, *Record*, and *Illustrated Press*. In *The Name of the Game*, Gene Barry, the media mogul, and Tony Franciosa, an investigator reporter for Barry's *Crime*, and Robert Stack, an editor of Barry's *People* (a few years before the real *People* was hatched), all spent quality time with Susan Saint James. Check out *Lou Grant*, in reruns, every weekday afternoon at five o'clock on A&E. Ed Asner was doing stories back then at the L.A. *Trib*, with the approval of publisher Nancy Marchand, that might even have cost him some ads.

What do I want from a newspaper show, besides Susan Saint James? I want a brand-new bean-counting chief executive from the parent company, who pulls the plug on a tabloid with a social conscience only minutes after coming over to the world of journalism from the world of microwave popcorn and breakfast sugarbombs. A corporate heavy who consults the shareholders instead of the readers and decides that a New York *Newsday* wasn't ever likely to achieve an "appropriate rate of return" (15 percent) and so leaves us to the mercies of tycoon union-busters less interested in this city than in their own real-estate and media-empire ambitions (a 50 percent return on ego). Thus suddenly snuffing out not only a fine paper in its infancy but an older idea of journalism as a craft instead of a shrewd career move—an idea harking all the way back to dirty fingernails in the high-school print shop, when we could read type upside down and the big machines seemed somehow to connect brain and word, muscle and idea, hot lead and cool thought. That was back before we got into the information-commodities racket, and our biggest stories became ourselves, at the Century Club or Elaine's; and we conveniently decided we weren't really crossing a picket line when we phoned our copy in to a computer, in plenty of time to get to Yankee Stadium for the national anthem, where crybaby avatars like Steinbrenner lift us up by our epaulets, and our stock portfolios, to a skybox to consort with the Glad Hand and the Big Fix, and you can't tell the pearls from the swine.

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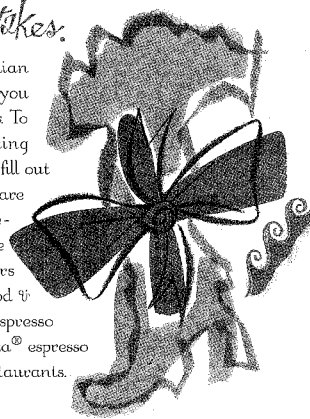
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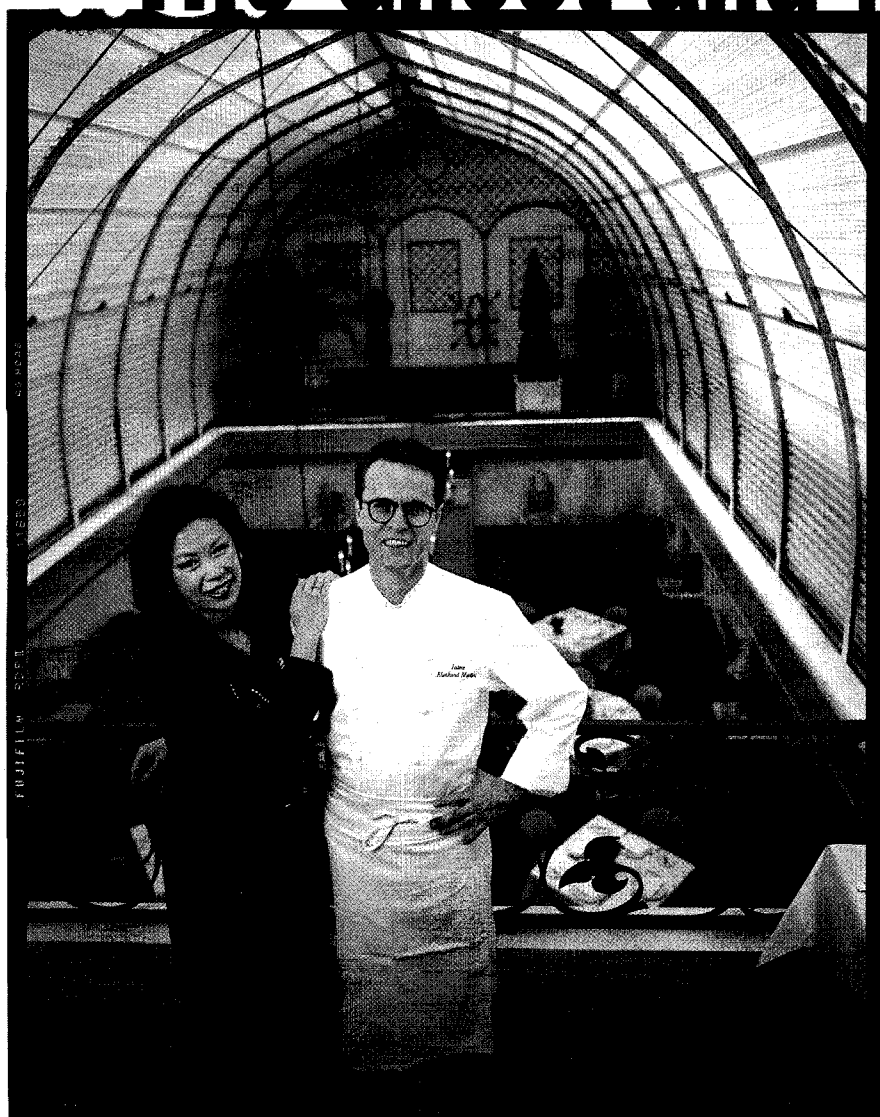


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THE INSATIABLE CRITIC GAELE GREENE

The Ghost and Mr. Müller



A new guard at Lutèce: Janet Cam and Eberhard Müller on the balcony. Opposite: In the newly refurbished "garden."

IN THE INCESTUOUS LITTLE WORLD WHERE THE MOUTH rules—kissing and telling, tasting and clucking, savoring and rehashing—chef Eberhard Müller walks the high wire. Discreetly hidden away in corporate headquarters, Ark Restaurants boss Michael Weinstein stands outside that blazing spotlight plotting the moves. Visigoth! Philistine! No brickbat was spared when the perpetrator of America, Ernie's, and Gonzalez y Gonzalez found the brashness and presumption to buy André Soltner's mythic institution. What have they done to our beloved **Lutèce**?

The snipping and, inevitably, the sniping, have begun. "Every change has to be orchestrated and very subtle," Müller confides, "or the old-time customers will start a revolution." With endless debate and psychogastroanalysis, the Ark team seeks to honor the relic and the memories, hoping Soltner's loyalists will see the changes as a happy "freshening." Even after a short summer vacation, the makeover is still a work in progress. The new traffic flow at the door is confusing

Lutèce's new chef struggles with the legacy of André Soltner and his Alsatian-grand-mère cooking.

at first, the cashier's cage relocated, the construction unfinished. Janet Cam, effervescence personified, is stylish and pretty, quick to guide you through the new wine list if you wish (more German labels, more American bottlings still en route), a definite plus.

Instantly you're wrapped in a rosy glow, terra-cotta and Naples yellow in the small VIP room, deliberately mottled. Looks like a tight budget. The wicker café chairs remain. "We don't know if we dare change them," says Cam. New in the enclosed "garden": burnt-sienna trellises, distressed stone walls, exposed brick, and acorn-stone finials on what once were whitewashed columns. And a great burst of flowers. "Wonderful," cries one of the Lutèce faithful. A less reverent newcomer sniffs: "Am I in a trattoria?" Upstairs, the respectful face-lift pleases. Both rooms seem grander, more elegant. The dining room opens to a small balcony with tables overlooking the garden. "I want to sit upstairs for the first time," says a stalwart client whose love affair with Lutèce dates from that first week in February 1961. Like most of André's pets, she never asked for a menu. "Cook for us," they said. And that's what many say now as they reserve. So they

may never notice or care that the glorious rose watercolors have been banished in favor of small, plain menus, instantly revisable on the in-house laser printer.

Pity poor Müller, confident if not arrogant from his days as chef de cuisine at Le Bernardin. He must honor tradition, keep a taste of Soltner's Alsatian home cooking, preserve the landmark while longing to make it his own. He seems small, slight, boyish beside Soltner's ghost image. Perhaps it's the absence of the tall white toque that makes him seem naked, more vulnerable. (I remember the first time I saw André without his toque. It took a moment to place his face.)

Indeed, so far the homage is more successful than the revolution: The small sliver of Alsatian onion tart, André's inevitable gift, perhaps a bit too chilled but wonderful. The hoary truffle-and-foie-gras croissant Luculus (with its \$45 surcharge), magnificent as always. That house icon, the crusty whole roasted chicken—a poussin for one at lunch, a big bird to share at dinner. All are reassuringly familiar. Only the most discerning palate will notice a difference in the soupe de poissons:

"I follow what I learned from Gabriel Le Coze, when he came to visit [owners] Gilbert and Maguy at Le Bernardin," says Müller. Tangy green apples now add balance to the seared foie gras. Mesclun tossed in truffle vinaigrette gives an acid kick to the foie gras terrine (though the fossilized gelée accent is a disgrace). There was always roasted lobster when Soltner reigned. Müller flames it in cognac and leaves it a shade too long on the fire. As for the old-fashioned tournedos Rossini—"People love it," says Müller. "At Bouley it would look silly. But I keep it as a homage to all the classic chefs who created the following in America for French cuisine." Alerted in advance, he'll even turn out André's signature beef Wellington.

So we've settled in the garden. It wasn't Versailles before. And after all the fuss, it's as tacky as it's ever been. The rosebuds in silver flutes have disappeared. But we love the tiger-striped orchids and green berries in the small crystal vase on the table. The Christoffe silver is new, too. The porcelain shell filled with butter is no more. Now the butter is French and sliced. Imagine, one old-timer even mourns the death of the dowdy petit pain that used to be. But the new warmed roll is sensational, dangerously so. Still, Müller, the baker's son, is not satisfied. At dinner, he serves sourdough in slices, jarringly informal for Lutèce.

It's impossible to feel like an orphan with so many familiar faces circling the room—captains and waiters. In the first shock when Soltner walked out abruptly last April (after promising he'd be on hand for a year), the dining room was funereal, the crew grim. Saving their jobs was always Soltner's goal. Now the house is full and they are grinning. "Tonight is my twentieth anniversary here," says our waiter. And another, delivering the onion tart: "This is the gift of the chef, but you know that." His cheeks flush. No one can replace André in the dining room, his quirky humor. But the pets still feel pampered and favored.

Three nights into the new season, the kitchen is tentative and shaky. What a disappointment: Insipid truffled crab-and-potato salad. Sea bass and red snapper, both overcooked. (I didn't think I had to specify "rare" to a Bernardin alum.) Very ordinary rack of lamb in too sweet jus. Even the breast of the legendary chicken is dry. And desserts fail to lift the spirit—except for the splendidly pungent lime gratin with pink-grapefruit sorbet.

Even so, expectations are still high at lunch a few days later. My friend is wild about the new

look and eager to be impressed. We make sure the captain instructs the kitchen that we want our fish rare. And out come shrimp so delicately poached that we are astonished. Crisp-skinned salmon in an old-fashioned puddle of chive-flecked cream and butter is exactly as we hoped—blush-rose at the core, with a delicious last-minute dusting of sea salt. Black bass, a pedestrian fish by nature, is gently poached but too dependent on its coriander broth for seasoning.

For a few minutes we play the witches of *Macbeth*, imagining how we would stir the chef's pot. We'd jazz up that wimpy bass with cracked coriander and pepper. Enrich the sauce of the seared salmon with a reduction of mushroom jus. Or modernize the dish with an intensified red wine, a dash of crème fraîche, and a hit of vinegar. We would not overcook the vegetables in the pistou, nor let the marinated salmon roulade be overwhelmed by its stuffing. Still, we're charitable witches. Though Müller can be too timid with seasoning and acid now, it's early. We'll give him time and hope he finds his way. For André's sake.

Is it possible the table is bugged? By dinnertime that same night, Müller seems to have grown remarkably more assertive. We are knocked out by the intensity of his *amuse bouche*, salmon rilette—the fish, both smoked and fresh, bound with fragrant mayonnaise. Snapper tartare, so dull on first tasting before the summer, positively zings, doused with verjus and Riesling. Whole roasted duck with figs and spaetzle is neither as crisp nor as tender as the Lutèce ducks of memory, but our

guests have no complaint. The côte de boeuf in red-wine sauce, neither too tough nor too tender, is good enough. And the greaseless rösti potato cake calls for a cheer. Müller has pointedly left the prices as they were—\$38 at lunch, \$60 for the dinner. But with so many supplements, and that old Lutèce booby trap—prices listed on the host's menu only—the bill can soar, from \$100 to \$150 per person for dinner. And more if you choose a costly wine from the venerable cellar.

The new pastry chef, a first for the house, rarely produces a dessert as striking as Soltner at his best: The simple, perfect tart Bretonne. His buttery apple charlotte. The tangy "sunshine" tart that he invented one day for a friend. But that wondrous new lime gratin is in the same league. Coffee parfait with mascarpone is also beguiling, as is the mousse of three chocolates wrapped in chocolate lace, and a tasting of coconut and pineapple. And I was ecstatic when a new tribe of cookies replaced Soltner's immutable petits fours. But now that the shock has passed, it's clear these are not really special.

André Soltner didn't believe in pyrotechnics. He sneered at the fashion for the minimal cooking of fish and birds. He and his wife, Simone, left the restaurant on only two or three working nights in their 34 years, and what he tasted on his short trips to France scarcely made a ruffle in his repertory. He stood alone, grinning, charming you into seeing it his way. For smitten habitués, that pride and stubbornness made Lutèce feel like home. If he knew you well, André might give you the

same humble Alsatian dish he'd cooked that night for his wife. "We felt we had a French grandmother making this homey food for us," my friend observes. "It was delightful. We craved it."

There need be no sadness in returning to Lutèce now. It's not as if Soltner lost the lease or lost his stars, not as if he died. He and Simone still live upstairs, and he drops in mornings to say hello. ("He gives me advice," says Müller, "and sometimes I take it.") Friends know he got what he wanted: a chance for Lutèce to survive, a haven for his staff. Already his tortured knees are healing and he can play tennis again without pain. So his fans will give Müller time to master the tightrope. Does he have the skill? We don't really know yet. We'll have to wait and see.

Lutèce, 249 East 50th Street. (752-2225). Lunch, Tuesday through Friday, noon to 2 p.m. Dinner, Monday through Saturday, 6 to 10 p.m. A.E., D.C., M.C., V.



SALES & BARGAINS

Take it lying down: from antique brass and iron beds and headboards to decorative tiles at less than half-price to a 'zine for Anglophiles.

Mr. Rogers' (Old) Neighborhood

CHARLES P. ROGERS IS HAVING A FALL moving sale, including original and restored antique beds and new antique-reproduction and contemporary brass and iron beds, headboards, canopy beds, and daybeds. Reproduction of pewter-finish twin bed, was \$499, now \$199; genuine antique 36-in. cast-iron twin bed, was \$1,999, now \$1,199; wrought-iron queen bed with verdigris patina, was \$999, now \$599; antique brass full-size headboard, was \$1,199, now \$799; antique cast-iron high round headboard on full bed, was \$1,099, now \$799; reproduction of antique queen-size canopy bed in pewter finish with bronze castings, was \$3,075, now \$1,999; 39-in. daybed in campaign or scroll style, was \$1,099 each, now \$799; pair of 36-in. antique brass beds (can be set up as one king-size), was \$3,799 for the pair, now \$2,599; queen bed in genuine silver leaf over brass, was \$2,699, now \$1,499. *Charles P. Rogers, 899 First Ave., near 50th St. (955-6900); A.E., Disc., M.C., V., checks accepted; all sales final; delivery (within 50-mile radius) at additional cost; Mon.-Fri. 10 a.m.-7 p.m., Sat. till 6 p.m., Sun. noon-5 p.m.; while stock lasts.*

Three Out of Two Ain't Bad

THIS MEN'S CLOTHING PURVEYOR IS OFFERING a buy-two, get-one-free deal on fall and winter wool suits, sport coats, and overcoats in sizes 36-50R, 36-46S, and 40-50L. If you buy two suits, or one suit and one tuxedo, or one suit and one raincoat or overcoat, you'll receive a sport jacket of your choice free (value \$209-\$325). Baumler from Austria suits are \$269-\$499; tuxedos are \$339-\$429; overcoats are \$299-\$329; Drizzle raincoats are \$189-\$359. *Fenwick Clothes, Inc., 85 Fifth Ave., near 16th St., second floor (243-1100); A.E., M.C., V., accepted; exchanges possible*

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Leonore Fleischer, New York Magazine, 755 Second Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017-5998, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.

on unaltered merchandise; alterations additional; Mon.-Fri. 9 a.m.-6 p.m., Sat. till 4 p.m., Sun. 10 a.m.-4 p.m.; through 10/31.

Tile Counsel

YOU'VE SEEN THESE ATTRACTIVE TILE TRIVETS in home magazines and glossy catalogues; the central motifs are in white high relief and depict teapots, cups and saucers, fruit, vegetables, and farm animals. The tiles are available in 22 designs and in twelve colors. Now the discontinued models and colors and slight seconds in the ceramics workshop are less than half-price, \$8 each. *Pull Cart, 31 W. 21st St., seventh floor (727-7089); M.C., V., checks accepted; all sales final; while stock lasts.*

Dead Sea Change

SAY GOOD-BYE TO THE RAVAGES OF THE summer sun: This salon offers some of its most popular services at one low price to prepare you for the autumn: European facial with deep pore cleansing and moisturizing, usually \$60; one-hour aromatherapy massage with essential oils, usually \$65; sea-mineral body scrub, exfoliation with grainy Dead Sea salt and essential oils, usually \$40. These are usually a total of \$165; now you can get them all for \$99. An appointment is necessary. *Dorit Baxter, 47 W. 57th St., third floor (371-4542); A.E., M.C., V., checks accepted; Mon.-Sat. 9 a.m.-8 p.m.; through 10/31.*

Semiprecious Memories

HUNDREDS OF SAMPLES AND SOME OVERSTOCK of original, attractive costume jewelry, much of it made with real semiprecious stones, are wholesale at this design studio (about half the pieces are one of a kind; the other half are prototypes, overproduction, and duplicate samples) including one-of-a-kind items such as a five-strand twist of river stone and crystal, retail \$185, here \$92.50; three-strand turquoise-and-rock-crystal choker, retail \$235, here \$117.50; a five-strand twist of citrine, amber, and rose quartz, retail \$275, here \$137.50; few-of-a-kind three-strand rose-quartz necklace with faux-gold heishi beads, retail

\$210, here \$105. The many pairs of earrings include two-stone combinations like faux-coral-and-rock-crystal, retail \$125, here \$62.50; and peridot-and-moon-agate, retail \$95, here \$47.50. Braided intaglio bracelet, retail \$95, here \$35; intaglio pin with classical Roman procession in relief, retail \$95, here \$35. Also, a selection of last season's overruns, such as shell-shaped earrings in faux silver or faux gold, retail \$48, here \$15. *Jaded Studio, 39 W. 37th St., twelfth floor (764-2525); A.E., V. accepted; all sales final; Wed.-Fri. 9/27-29, 10 a.m.-5 p.m.*

In the Now

London Now IS A FOUR-PAGE QUARTERLY newsletter with the latest, most up-to-date information on what's happening in London. It reviews off-the-beaten-track hotels, flats, clubs, and other accommodations with a special charm, giving prices and describing amenities; good restaurants and specialty-food shops; pubs; parks and city programs; art exhibits; antiques markets; activities for children; shopping; concerts and theater; day trips; museums and galleries; and sites of historical interest. A subscription is usually \$25 a year; through the end of October, it's \$18. *Send a check to London Now, P.O. Box 3028, Stony Creek, Conn. 06405-1628; through 10/31.*

Head and Shoulders Above the Rest

THE PORTRAIT ARTIST ROBERT MANISCALCO, an experienced, gallery-shown, national-award-winning artist whose traditional oil-on-canvas portraits are to be found in more than 150 private and public collections, is now offering 20 percent off any portrait commissioned from October 1 until the end of the year. His fees usually range from \$3,500 for a 14-in.-by-18-in. head-and-shoulders vignette to \$7,500 for a 30-in.-by-40-in. full portrait (add 50 percent to the price for a second person, and 30 percent for each additional figure); now the paintings are \$2,800-\$6,000. A down payment of one third of the fee is due upon commissioning of the painting. *The Portraits of Robert Maniscalco, 175 Third Ave., near 17th St., New York, N.Y. 10003 (677-0935); checks accepted; through 12/31.*

A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York

Cinema Paradiso

*The thirty-third annual
Film Festival, with its usual vast
array of surprises (both pleasant
and not so) kicks off this week (page 92)*

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movies

Mira Sorvino...More Urban Vampires



Revival Sister From Another Planet

Dubious royal and cranky Hungarian Zsa Zsa Gabor was perhaps most perfectly cast in 1958's *Queen of Outer Space* (opening at Film Forum September 29) as a frustrated—and oddly evening-gown clad—Venusian scientist who incites rebellion against her planet's man-hating queen when some Earthlings of the opposite sex arrive.

New Films

Angus—A coming-of-age tale about an adolescent misfit with a crush on the prettiest girl in school—and seemingly no hope of getting close to her. Directed by Patrick Read Johnson. (1 hr. 31 mins.; PG) *Village East; Orpheum*.

★**Apollo 13**—As three astronauts lie in a cramped command module, ready to take off for the moon, technicians tread on their shoulders, jamming the men into place. Later, somewhere between Florida and the lunar seas, the module's power and filtering systems break down, and the men, freezing, gaze at their steamy breath with disgust: They are poisoning themselves with the carbon dioxide they exhale from their own lungs. You have to love

the weird details in *Apollo 13*. Tom Hanks makes space veteran Jim Lovell a man so sure of himself that he can afford to be relaxed. Directed by Ron Howard. (Denby; 7/10/95) (2 hrs. 15 mins.; PG) *23rd Street West Triplex; Ziegfeld; Regency*.

Babe—A wonderful, well-done fable about a pig (Babe) who doesn't fit in with all the other animals on his farm. So he defies convention and dares to become a sheepdog. Directed by Chris Noonan. (1 hr. 31 mins.; G) *23rd Street West Triplex; 59th Street East; Lincoln Square*.

★**Belle de Jour**—Director Luis Buñuel never wastes a shot; he refuses to overstate or even underline an emotion. With absolute precision, and also much insolent mockery, Buñuel and his co-senarist Jean-Claude Carrière tell the story of a Parisian haute bourgeoisie who loves her handsome and thoughtful husband but remains unresponsive to his rather tentative caresses. Séverine lies in bed dreaming of violation at the hands of coachmen, and finally takes a job at a high-class bordello. The content of Séverine's daydreams may verge on the pornographic, but Buñuel shoots them in a style that is anything but voluptuous. Indeed, the limpid beauty of the images is extraordinarily chaste, and that is the source of the movie's wit. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Village East; Eastside Playhouse; Paris Theater; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas*.

Beyond Rangoon—The year is 1988, and when we first see the young American widow Laura Bowman (Patricia Arquette), she's riding a tour boat up a river, staring at nothing, her body slack. The only thing alive in her is her nightmares: She dreams repeatedly of her husband and her little boy, whom she discovered at home, both mysteriously murdered. In Rangoon, Laura wanders into a political demonstration; when the military cracks down, she flees with a former professor named U Aung Ko, and director John Boorman stages a series of terrifying and entirely convincing escapes. Yet he fails to match the raging physicality of the production with a dramatic intelligence of equal strength. Arquette is very trying, and the material has been shaped, too obviously, as a story of redemption. (Denby; 9/4/95) (1 hr. 39 mins.; R) *MovieLand 8th Street; 23rd Street West Triplex; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square*.

The Big Green—The title is slang for the matted, neglected playing field that symbolizes the boredom and despair of the kids in Elma, Texas. But wait! Here comes a spunky British teacher who figures the way to rouse her students is to water the field and play a little soccer. Be warned that the cast in-

cludes Steve Guttenberg (you remember him from all those *Police Academy* movies, right?). Written and directed by Holly Goldberg Sloan. (1 hr. 40 mins.; PG) *Guild 50th Street*.

The Brothers McMullen—Three Irish-Catholic brothers from the suburbs of New York struggle with their mangled Irish-Catholic legacy and their tortured love lives: One married brother contemplates an affair; one cradles a theoretical, idealized version of love; and one is so frightened of it that he constantly runs. Writer-director Edward Burns's feature-film debut. (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Chelsea; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; Plaza Twin*.

★**Burnt by the Sun**—If some directors have a talent for the obvious, Nikita Mikhalkov has a genius for it. This is an extremely powerful work set in 1936 at the beginning of the Great Terror. Somewhere outside Moscow, Colonel Kotov (Mikhalkov), a true believer and bristling revolutionary patriot, lives with his young wife in her dacha, where a Chekhovian house party with elderly relatives, friends, and hangers-on appears to be in full swing. Mitia (Oleg Menchikov), Maroussia's old lover, mysteriously away for ten years, enters with a flourish of laughter and music. Exactly what he is doing there is the first mystery; the greater mystery is why he is doing it. In Russian. (Denby; 5/1/95) (2 hrs. 14 min.; R) *Carnegie Hall Cinema*.

Canadian Bacon—Writer/director Michael Moore—best known for the acclaimed documentary *Roger and Me* and Fox's *TV Nation*—tries a bit of fiction this time, but his political sensibilities seem to be smeared all over this like jam on bread. Moore's America is in the throes of an economic recession. The president's approval ratings have hit a dangerous low point, so he decides to bolster the economy, national pride, and his popularity by declaring war on a country that poses absolutely no threat—Canada. Starring Alan Alda, Rhea Perlman, Rip Torn, and the late John Candy. (1 hr. 34 mins.; PG) *Village East; 84th Street Six*.

★**Clockers**—Strike, perhaps 20 years old, commands the top slat of a bench in front of the projects in Brooklyn, running his crew of clockers (bottom-rung street dealers, who work around the clock). Strike works for the neighborhood crime boss, Rodney Little (the great Delroy Lindo), who is an exceptionally complex and frightening man. Rodney runs his operation out of a pleasantly ramshackle store where half the fatherless kids hang out—the most paternal man around is a murderer and drug dealer. He tries to seduce Strike into murdering someone by saying, "You're my son," and when Rodney's enemy winds up dead, we don't know who did it—Strike or his exceptionally virtuous brother Victor, who may be going crazy. Director Spike Lee's adaptation of Richard Price's 1992 novel is concerned less with Strike's spiritual condition than with the survival of the community: The black kids and the black and white cops are all over each other, sharing the peculiar coarse intimacy of people living in crime.

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.

DENZEL WASHINGTON

Private detective Easy Rawlins
has been caught on the wrong side
of the most dangerous secret in town.

DEVIL IN A BLUE DRESS

TRISTAR PICTURES PRESENTS

A CLINICA ESTETICO AND MUNDY LANE ENTERTAINMENT PRODUCTION

A CARL FRANKLIN FILM DENZEL WASHINGTON "DEVIL IN A BLUE DRESS"

TOM SizEMORE JENNIFER BEALS DON CHEADLE MAURY CHAYKIN MUSIC BY ELMER BERNSTEIN

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The scenes of harassment and interrogation, the streams of vituperation and tirade, are all played out with a poetic vitality seen before only in Martin Scorsese's movies. With Harvey Keitel and John Turturro. (Denby; 8/18/95) (2 hrs. 9 mins.; R) *Waverly*; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Manhattan Twin; Movieplex 42; National Twin; 86th Street; 62nd and Broadway; Metro Cinema; New Coliseum; Nova; Plaza Twin; Plaza.

★**Clueless**—Amy Heckerling's terrific comedy is a worthy successor to her *Fast Times at Ridgemont High* (1982). Here, she affectionately joshes the fab life of a Rodeo Drive princess, creating a look, a code of manners, and a hilarious jargon that enclose Cher (Alicia Silverstone) and her friends in their own boutique of pastel-pink self-consciousness. (Denby; 8/7/95) (1 hr. 37 mins.; PG-13) *Movieplex 42*; 59th Street East.

★**Crumb**—In Terry Zwigoff's extraordinary documentary, there is shockingly little separation between life and art. R. Crumb, the underground-cartoon artist who devised such "comix" as *Weirdo* and *Zap* complains that he was ignored by girls in high school, and he still exudes the resentment and fears of a cranky, put-upon kid. So does his art, and that's its glory, but it's disconcerting to discover that the successful artist is as devoted to surly, other-annihilating rancor as a teen nerd burrowing in a basement. Crumb shares the same awful childhood with his wrecked older brother, Charles, who lives at home with their mother, and his kid brother, Max, who sits in a San Francisco SRO on a bed of nails, yet Crumb turned the semi-psychotic material of bent adolescence into art, while they were destroyed. Robert Crumb is a remorseless man, and the movie, in a coolly ambiguous way, revels in the grotesque appropriateness of his triumph. (Denby; 5/1/95) (1 hr. 59 min.; R) *Film Forum*.

Dangerous Minds—Based on the true story of a high school teacher named LouAnne Johnson who challenges, and is challenged by, inner city youth. The film unnecessarily pounds away at the senses and becomes unashamedly manipulative halfway through. Starring Michelle Pfeiffer. (1 hr. 34 mins.; R) *Guild 50th Street*; *Orpheum*.

Desperado—Antonio Banderas stars in director Robert Rodriguez's follow-up to his much-acclaimed indie debut *El Mariachi*. (1 hr. 46 mins.; R) *Movieplex 42*; 19th Street East; Embassy 2-4; *Movieplex 42*; *Orpheum*; 84th Street Six.

★**Devil in a Blue Dress**—See David Denby, p. 86. (1 hr. 42 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII*; *Movieplex 42*; *National Twin*; *Gemini Twin*; *Orpheum*; 84th Street Six; *Plaza Twin*.

Hackers—Computer kid Zero Cool—who has been exiled from cyberspace for seven years—becomes the target of a conspiratorial hacker. Sounds like *The Net* with a hipper soundtrack. Directed by Iain Softley. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) *Waverly*; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; *Criterion Center*; *Movieplex 42*; *Orpheum*; 84th Street Six; *New Coliseum*; *Plaza Twin*.

Halloween 6—It's the return of Michael Myers, the homicidal maniac who loves to slash and thrash on Halloween. Directed by Joe Chappelle. (1 hr. 28 mins.; R) *Embassy 1*.

I Can't Sleep—Claire Denis's film is based on the true story of "The Monster of Montmartre," a trans-

vestite who brutally killed more than twenty elderly Parisian women. In French. (1 hr. 50 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas*.

The Innocent—A politically, socially and sexually inexperienced telephone operator is enlisted in a top secret project in Berlin and, while there, falls in love with a cipher named Maria who knows more than she's telling. Directed by John Schlesinger. (1 hr. 58 mins.; R) *Village East*; *Sutton*.

The Jar—Iranian writer-director Ebrahim Foruzesh sets this tale in a village so poor that the children

manity altogether. But this is not a tragic vision. By taking us low, Clark gives the appearance of presenting New York adolescence without hypocrisy or cant—yet it seems like he is offering not a faithful portrait of teenagers but an exposure of his own erotomania. (Denby; 6/31/95) (1 hr. 35 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center*; *Gemini Twin*; *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas*.

★**Living in Oblivion**—Watching this film about the making of an independent film, we become so impressed by the disillusioning of the film medi-

um that we forget that director Tom DiCillo is creating a new illusion right before our eyes. Among the movie's satirical pleasures is the appearance of James LeGros doing a sensational send-up of Brad Pitt, and the performance of Peter Dinklage as a huffy dwarf ("Do you dream of dwarves? Even I don't dream of dwarves!"). With Dermot Mulroney and Catherine Keener. (Denby; 7/31/91) (1 hr. 31 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center*; *Eastside Playhouse*; *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas*.

Lord of Illusions—Master of horror Clive Barker's film noir thriller about a detective who gets tangled up in a supernatural mystery involving a famous dead magician and his beautiful widow. Horror is Barker's genre, and his films are usually a cut above the generic schlock that imitators turn out. (1 hr. 49 mins.; R) *Criterion Center*.

A Month by the Lake—Vanessa Redgrave is a middle-aged woman who finds herself alone on her annual vacation on Lake Como, Italy. Far from being a lonely, isolated creature, she's nonetheless surprised when she becomes enmeshed in a love triangle. Directed by John Irvin. (1 hr. 30 mins.; PG) *Village East*; *Lincoln Square*.

Moonlight and Valentino—Neil Simon's daughter, Ellen, lost her husband when he was struck by a car while jogging in New York City seven years ago. For two weeks, her younger sister, her best friend, and her stepmother (actress Marsha Mason) barely left her side. Then she got it all out on the page—just like her dad would've done. Starring Elizabeth Perkins, Kathleen Turner as the stepmom, and—most notably!—Jersey lite-metal rocker Jon Bon Jovi as a hunky house-painter. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Village East*; 19th Street East; *New York Twin*; *Lincoln Square*.

Mortal Kombat—Christopher Lambert is Rayden, the Thunder God, who must lead three human warriors into battle against an evil sorcerer. Based on the video game. Really. Directed by Paul Anderson. (1 hr. 40 mins.; PG) *Criterion Center*.

Mute Witness—A mute special effects/makeup artist is convinced she has witnessed the making of a snuff film. Part thriller, part comedy. Written and directed by Anthony Waller. (1 hr. 38 mins.; R) *Village East*; 19th Street East; *Embassy 1*; *Embassy 2-4*; *First & 62nd St. Cinema*; *UA East*; 84th Street Six.

Nadja—The title character (Elina Lowensohn) roams the Lower East Side in search of nightly blood, her long-lost twin brother, and sexual companionship—but in spite of all this action, there's no real plot. The film shows glimpses of what it could have been, as when a beleaguered husband details the moment he realized his wife (Galaxy Craze, the weak link here) might be turning into a bloodsucker: "She started to get that Sunday afternoon depression—every day." The black-and-white imagery alternates between stunningly lit and photographed 35-mm., and handheld "Pix-elvision" (which was created with a discontinued

Happenings Serious Film

Judging from the showy slots they occupy, Zhang Yimou's gangster epic *Shanghai Triad* (pictured),

Kathryn Bigelow's apocalyptic thriller *Strange Days*, and Christopher Hampton's very British and literary *Carrington* are the big deals at the 33rd New York Film Festival (which runs from September 29 to October 15 at Lincoln Center). But the real fun lies in discovering those smaller films you haven't heard so much hype about, unearthing a winner, and getting to say you saw it first. Here are our most likely sleeper contenders:



Lamerica (Oct. 4-5) A study of the new Europe told through the fictional story of two Italian con artists. Directed by Gianni Amelio.

Flirt (Oct. 6-7) Hal Hartley's deadpan comedy about three flirts who just cannot settle down. Though Hartley's erratic—his stuff is either very good or a muddled mess—this is supposed to be his most mature work yet.

The Flower of My Secret (Oct. 13-14) Apparently, director Pedro Almodóvar (most famous for 'Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down!') goes for a more subdued tone in this story of a romance novelist's faltering marriage.

Sixteen Oh Sixty (Oct. 2-3) A black comedy, in the tradition of Buñuel, about a businessman who adopts a family left fatherless by a murder. Brazilian director Vinícius Mainardi's feature-film debut.

Georgia (Sept. 30-Oct. 1) Jennifer Jason Leigh plays a bar-band singer with more drive than talent. Directed by Belgium's Ulu Grosbard.

The Celluloid Closet (Oct. 13-14) The long-awaited documentary inspired by Vito Russo's book about the history of gay actors—and themes—in film. Narrated by Lily Tomlin and directed by Academy Award winners Rob Epstein and Jeffrey Friedman.

The Rossellini War Trilogy (Oct. 15) 'Open City' (1945), 'Paisan' (1946), and 'Germany, Year Zero' (1947), which are considered the most artful reflections on World War II ever made.

attend a one-room schoolhouse and drink, communally, from a terra-cotta jar. When the jar cracks, everything from familial relations to the town's power structure is questioned and reexamined. In Persian. (1 hr. 25 mins.; NR) *Film Forum*.

Kids—Telly, the skanky 17-year-old "hero" of *Kids*, sleeps with a frightened but willing young girl and then runs down the steps of the girl's brownstone to share the news with his best friend, Casper. Telly is coarse and mean, and he lives only to get laid. Yet he's at the center of *Kids*, the first film to be directed by Larry Clark, the self-mythologized "outlaw" whose book of photographs, *Teenage Lust*, feasts on teenagers thickheaded and dreamy with sex. As Telly discourses nonstop on the pleasures of deflowering 14-year-olds, he and Casper skateboard around the East Side, steal, smoke dope, and finish the day at an all-night party, at which Telly bags another virgin and Casper gives up his hu-

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toy camera)—and that's the kind of forced quirkiness that ultimately does the film in. Director Michael Almereyda is too concerned with the visual; the isolation of the characters becomes an afterthought. With Peter Fonda, Suzy Amis, Karl Geary, and Martin Donovan. (1 hr. 32 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center*.

Old Lady Who Walked in the Sea—Jeanne Moreau is the enigmatic Lady M., a lifelong con artist who, having worked in tandem with her lover for years, discovers a young (male) thief she'd like to initiate. (1 hr. 58 mins.; PG-13) *Quad Cinema; Angelika 57*.

Persuasion—A young Englishwoman breaks off her engagement to a naval officer at the urging of her family. Seven years later, he returns a wealthy man. But is he still in love with her? Adapted from the Jane Austen novel. Directed by Roger Michell. (1

government surveillance; when the Wall eventually falls, they must adjust to the reunification of the nation and to the sudden accessibility of each other. In German. Directed by Margarethe von Trotta. (1 hr. 59 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas*.

The Prophecy—A perfect Christopher Walken vehicle, though everything he appears in seems tailor-made to his droll eccentricity and cotton-mouth delivery. A heavenly war is waged on earth by a band of renegade angels. Also starring Eric Stoltz. Written and directed by Gregory Widen. (1 hr. 31 mins.; R) *Movieland 8th Street; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Astor Plaza; Sutton; 86th Street East; 84th Street Six; Plaza Twin*.

Run of the Country—Danny lives in a village on the border dividing the north from the rest of Ireland,

Showgirls—No doubt everything you'd expect from director Paul Verhoeven and writer Joe Eszterhas, the pair who brought us *Basic Instinct*: A young (lap) dancer with a dream heads to Vegas. Also known as *Fleshdance*. With Elizabeth Berkeley and Kyle MacLachlan. (2 hrs. 11 mins.; NC-17) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Olympia Cinemas; Plaza*.

Smoke—Directed by Wayne Wang and largely set in the Park Slope section of Brooklyn (writer Paul Auster's home turf), this film is a celebration of gratuitous acts of kindness. Auggie (Harvey Keitel), who runs a cigar store, has a peculiar hobby: He takes pictures from the same street corner at precisely 8 A.M. every day. He shows the thousands

of pictures to his friend Paul (William Hurt), a sad-sack novelist who hasn't written much since his wife died. Lost in thought, Paul wanders into the street and almost gets run over, but he's saved by a black teenager who calls himself Rashid. Paul takes the boy in, and the two begin an unstable friendship. (Denby; 6/19/95) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Crown Gotham; 86th Street East; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas*.

The Stars Fell on Henrietta—A group of Depression-era Texas Dust Bowlers are changed by the dreams of a tenacious old oilman (Robert Duvall). Directed by James Keach. (2 hrs. 35 mins.; PG) *Lincoln Square*.

Theremin—A rather dry documentary about the Russian professor who invented the theremin (an instrument played without direct body contact) and who, after moving to New York, was kidnapped by Soviet agents and smuggled back to his native Russia. Assumed dead, he spent years in a Siberian labor camp, was put to work by Stalin on top-secret projects, and eventually died in near-obscure. Directed by Steven M. Martin. (1 hr. 25 mins.; PG) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

The Tie That Binds—Strictly USA-network fare that somehow made it into your local theater. Vincent Spano and Moira Kelly

are a young couple with a newly adopted daughter whose natural parents (Keith Carradine and Daryl Hannah) return to claim her. Of course, the kid's biological parents are homicidal criminals. Directed by Wesley Strick. (1 hr. 38 mins.; R) *Embassy 2-4*.

To Die For—See David Denby, p. 85. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Baronet/Coronet; Lincoln Square*.

To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything—Noxeema Jackson (Wesley Snipes), Vida Boheme (Patrick Swayze), and Chi Chi Rodriguez (John Leguizamo) are three cross-dressing semi-celebrities on the New York club scene who head for Hollywood, each hoping to capture the Miss Drag Queen USA title. Directed by Beeban Kidron. (1 hr. 48 mins.; PG-13) *Art Greenwich Twin; 34th Street East; Chelsea; Baronet/Coronet; Movieplex 42; National Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square*.

Unstrung Heroes—His mother is dying of cancer and his father is emotionally remote, so 12-year-old



Sorvino in 'Mighty Aphrodite.'

Talent

Not Always the Good Girl

Even as a child, actress Mira Sorvino (who is the daughter of actor Paul and who has a tiny cameo in Wayne Wang's *Blue in the Face*, which opens October 13, and the co-starring role in Woody Allen's *Mighty Aphrodite*, which opens October 27) was an intense, quiet sort who read incessantly and stayed up after bedtime when her parents threw parties, just to catch snippets of adult conversation. When she studied ballet, she fell so in love with it that she'd regularly pirouette her way to class. "I couldn't help myself," she says. "My nickname was Mira Queera." But she didn't squelch her overzealous, ardent nature, nor did she surrender it along with adolescence: For her role in the upcoming *Beautiful Girls* (opening in late January), in which she plays Matt Dillon's anorectic girlfriend, the five-foot-nine-inch Sorvino ingested just 600 calories a day and shrank to 114 pounds. "I just saw this one scene where I'm in my underwear," she says excitedly, "and you could see my ribs and all the knobs in my back. I was psyched!" Playing much huskier two-bit porn star and part-time call girl Judy Cum in "the Woody," as Sorvino calls it, was just as taxing, though psychologically. "When I was little, my mom was really Fundamentalist," she says. "I was always saddled with a guilty conscience—there were nights that I would cry in bed because I couldn't be as good as Jesus." Suddenly, the girl whose high-school boyfriend used to tease her about her intact virginity found herself defending Ms. Cum to a male friend who called the character a slut. "I said, 'She is a whore, but she's not a slut!' She's enormously sexual, and she's good, and those two things are separate." Her father, however, will probably watch that performance through finger slats. "Mira's never done a salacious scene," says her dad. "But there are things that are not appropriate for a father to see. Whenever there's a hint of that stuff—I look away."

MAUREEN CALLAHAN

hr. 43 mins.; PG) *Paris Theater*.

The Postman—As the film opens, Mario Ruoppolo has no one to speak to. And then the island where Mario lives is visited by a kind of god—the exiled Chilean poet Pablo Neruda. Mario, who becomes his postman, suddenly cannot stop speaking, and the poet gradually gets drawn into the miracle of Mario's awakening. It's easy to be lulled by such enchanting episodes as Mario's poetry-rich courtship of a girl who becomes aroused by his words. The girl's overprotective aunt, in a series of hilarious pot-banging tirades, denounces metaphors as the traducer of her niece's virginity. She's right. Once you've lost your innocence with words, you never want to regain it. Directed by Michael Radford. In Italian. (Denby; 6/14/95) (1 hr. 49 mins.; PG) *Village East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Sutton; 86th Street East; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas*.

The Promise—Two young lovers are separated by the raising of the Berlin Wall. They see each other sporadically over the years, but always under

where his father (Albert Finney), the local police officer, can be found in church praying for a nice murder to break up the boredom. Danny loves, and even admires, his father, but all the old man offers is a churlish attitude. The boy's mother has just died, and he finds solace not only in the familiarity of his homeland but in a headstrong girl who at once binds him and sets him free. Written by Shane Connaughton (*My Left Foot*). Directed by Peter Yates. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Baronet/Coronet; Lincoln Square*.

Seven—Brad Pitt and Morgan Freeman are two city cops—one young, gung-ho, and naïve, the other fatigued and grizzled—who team up to track down a serial killer with a theme: the seven deadly sins. Directed by David Fincher. (2 hrs. 7 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Nova; Olympia Cinemas*.

Steven Lidz (Nathan Watt) runs away—to his (very eccentric) uncles' house, where he finds, oddly, some security. Sweet and charming and unbelievably moving. Starring John Turturro, Andie MacDowell, Michael Richards, and Maury Chaykin. Directed by Diane Keaton. (1 hr. 36 mins.; PG) *Village East; Chelsea; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Square.*

Unzipped—A portrait of the unique sensibility of the fashion designer Isaac Mizrahi, a nice Jewish boy with a good jaw and a voice as husky as an old madam's. He enjoys easy access to his moods, and he has the gift of speaking trivialities that never seem trivial. Directed by the fashion photographer Douglas Keeve, the movie sketches in the stages of design, construction, and fitting, leading up to the show, but *Unzipped* is not very satisfying as a movie about a process. Ellen Kuras's camera lands momentarily and swoops away, teasing us with glimpses. A rough downtown aesthetic of collage seems to be at work here, in which elegance is the deadly enemy. *Unzipped* is probably not the best movie one can imagine about fashion, but it's the best movie we are likely to get about a single creative temperament in fashion. (Denby; 8/28/95) (1 hr. 13 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; Murray Hill Cinemas; Tower East; 84th Street Six.*

★**The Usual Suspects**—Like many of the other new thrillers made by young directors, *The Usual Suspects* is handsomely shot, but Bryan Singer also has a flair for brazenness and theatricality that is very entertaining. The movie is a labyrinth in which truth is nearly impossible to determine: Five professional thieves have all but destroyed a ship allegedly filled with cocaine. Verbal (Kevin Spacey) alone emerges out of the carnage. As he's interrogated relentlessly by a U.S. Customs agent, he goes back in time, taking us all the way through the end again. We see the various crimes, and the men butting heads, and we become increasingly baffled. Is he lying? Singer's got a bunch of great actors (including Pete Postlethwaite and Chazz Palminteri) celebrating the ominousness and adding their own bits of perversity. (Denby; 8/28/95) (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; New York Twin; Lincoln Square.*

★**Walk in the Clouds**—Keanu Reeves is a young GI who agrees to marry a pregnant woman. The marriage begins as an arrangement but, of course, turns into something else entirely. Directed by Alfonso Arau. (1 hr. 40 mins.; PG-13) *Angelika Film Center; Beekman.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *A Walk in the Clouds; Kids; Living in Oblivion; Nadja; Smoke; The Brothers McMullen.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (929-3350) *To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything.*

Cinema Village 12th St.—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Theremin.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Crumb; No Mercy; The Jar.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Movieland 8th Street—42 E. 8th St. (477-6600) *Beyond Rangoon; Clueless; Desperado; The Prophecy.*

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *A Reason to Believe; Jeffrey; Old Lady Who Walked In the Sea; The Promise.*

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *A Month by the Lake; Angus; Belle de Jour; Canadian Bacon; Mute Witness; The Postman; The Innocent; Unstrung Heroes.* Opening 9/29: *Moonlight and Valentino.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Run of the Country; Seven; Showgirls; The Usual Suspects; Tie-Died; Unzipped.* Opening 9/27: *To Die For.* Opening 9/29: *Devil in a Blue Dress.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (929-8037) *Clockers; Hackers.*

14th-41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *Desperado; Hackers; Mute Witness; Run of the Country; Seven; The Usual Suspects.* Opening 9/29: *Moonlight and Valentino.*

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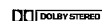
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23rd Street West Triplex—333 W. 23rd St. (989-0060) *Apollo 13; Babe; Beyond Rangoon; Braveheart.*
34th Street East—241 E. 34th St. (683-0255) *To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything.*
34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Clockers; Hackers; Showgirls.*
Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (513-5402) *Clockers; Showgirls; The Brothers McMullen; The Prophecy; To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything; Unstrung Heroes.* Opening 9/27: *To Die For.*
Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *The Postman; Seven; The Prophecy; Unzipped.*

42nd-60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (759-4630) *Babe; Clueless.*
Angelika 57—225 W. 57th St. (586-1900) *Old Lady Who Walked In the Sea.*
Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *The Prophecy.*
Baronet/Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (355-1663) *Run of the Country; To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything.* Opening 9/27: *To Die For.*
Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (265-2520) *Burnt by the Sun; Jeffrey.*
Cinema 3—2 W. 59th St. (752-5959) *Last of the Dogmen.*
Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Seven; Unstrung Heroes.*
Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Hackers; Lord of Illusions; Mortal Kombat; Reggae Movie; Seven; Showgirls.*
Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Smoke.*
Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) Opening 9/27: *Belle de Jour; Living in Oblivion.*
Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Mute Witness.* Opening 9/29: *Halloween 6.*
Embassy 2-4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Braveheart; Desperado; The Tie That Binds.* Opening 9/29: *Mute Witness.*
Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Dangerous Minds.* Opening 9/29: *The Big Green.*
Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th St. (935-6420) *Clockers.*
Movieplex 42—244 W. 42nd St. (997-7522) *Clockers; Desperado; Hackers; Seven; Showgirls; To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything.* Opening 9/29: *Devil in a Blue Dress.*
National Twin—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (869-0950) *Clockers; To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything.* Opening 9/29: *Devil in a Blue Dress.*
Paris Theater—4 W. 58th St. (980-5656) *Belle de Jour.* Opening 9/27: *Persuasion.*
Plaza—42 E. 58th St. (355-3320) *A Reason to Believe.*
Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *The Postman; The Innocent; The Prophecy.*
Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (246-1583) *Batman Forever; Casper; Die Hard With a Vengeance; First Knight; Free Willy 2: The Adventure Home; Incredibly True Adventures.*
Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (765-7600) *Apollo 13.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

68th Street Playhouse—1164 Third Ave., at 68th St. (734-0302) *A Month by the Lake.*
86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (534-1880) *Clockers.*
86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *The Postman; Smoke; The Prophecy.*
Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (737-2622) *A Walk in the Clouds.*
First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (513-5408) *Beyond Rangoon; Mute Witness; Showgirls; The Brothers McMullen.*
Gemini Twin—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Kids; The Net.* Through 9/29: *Devil in a Blue Dress.*
New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Braveheart; The Usual Suspects.* Opening 9/29: *Moonlight and Valentino.*
Orpheum—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *Angus; Dangerous Minds; Desperado; Hackers; Seven; Showgirls; To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything.* Opening 9/29: *Devil in a Blue Dress.*
Tower East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Unzipped.*
UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Mute Witness.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (265-7466) *Clockers.*
84th Street Six—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Canadian Bacon; Desperado; Hackers; Mute Witness; The Prophecy; Unzipped.* Opening 9/29: *Devil in a Blue Dress.*
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Kids; Living in Oblivion; The Postman; Smoke; The Promise.* Opening 9/27: *Belle de Jour; I Can't Sleep.*
Lincoln Square—1992 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *A Month by the Lake; Babe; Beyond Rangoon; Run of the Country; Seven; Showgirls; The Brothers McMullen; The Stars Fell on Henrietta; The Usual Suspects; To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything; Unstrung Heroes.* Opening 9/27: *To Die For.* Opening 9/29: *Moonlight and Valentino.*
Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (222-1200) *Clockers.*
New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Clockers; Hackers; Seven; Showgirls.*
Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Clockers; Seven.*
Olympia Cinemas—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (865-8128) *Seven; Showgirls.*
Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (724-3700) *Apollo 13.*



Opening Insatiable

Much like 'Nadja,' that other hip vampire movie currently showing, Abel Ferrara's 'The Addiction' (opening October 4 at the Angelika) is a shadowy, moody rumination on an existentially tormented New York night crawler (Lili Taylor) desperately trying to reconcile the nihilism of her life with her longing for spiritual connection.

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Braveheart; Clockers; Dangerous Minds; Desperado; Hackers; Mortal Kombat; Mute Witness; Seven; The Prophecy; The Tie That Binds; To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything.*
Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161st St. (588-8800) *Angus; Clockers; Desperado; Hackers; Mortal Kombat; Seven; Showgirls; The Prophecy; To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything.*
Interboro—3462 E. Tremont

Ave., nr. Bruckner Blvd. (792-2100) *Braveheart; Dangerous Minds; Hackers; Seven.*
Riverdale—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *Unstrung Heroes; Seven.*
Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Babe; Clockers; Dangerous Minds; Desperado; Hackers; Mortal Kombat; Mute Witness; Seven; Showgirls; The Prophecy; The Tie That Binds; To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (748-4200) *Angus; Braveheart; Desperado; Hackers; Mute Witness; Showgirls; To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything; Unstrung Heroes.*
Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Showgirls; To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything.*
Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Clockers; Seven; Showgirls.*
Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Incredibly True Adventures; The Postman; Seven; The Brothers McMullen; The Usual Suspects; Unstrung Heroes.*
Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (238-4200) *Clockers; Dangerous Minds; Seven; The Prophecy; The Usual Suspects.*
Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (284-5700) *Angus; Clockers; Desperado; Seven.*
Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Clockers; Seven; Showgirls.*
Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (253-1111) *Clockers; Dangerous Minds; Desperado; Seven.*
Kingsway—Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (645-8588) *Angus; Hackers; Mortal Kombat; Showgirls; The Prophecy; The Usual Suspects; To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything.*
Marlboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Angus; Hackers; Seven; To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything.*
Metropolitan—392 Fulton St. (858-8580) *Clockers; Desperado; Seven; The Prophecy.*
Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *Hackers; The Brothers McMullen; The Prophecy.* Opening 9/29: *Clockers; Devil in a Blue Dress.*
Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Clockers; Desperado; Seven; Showgirls.*
The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—Knapp St. and Harkness Ave., off Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Angus; Braveheart; Desperado; Hackers; Seven; Showgirls; The Prophecy; The Tie That Binds; To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything; Unstrung Heroes.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Clockers; Desperado; Mortal Kombat; Mute Witness; Seven; Showgirls; The Prophecy.*
Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bay-side (428-4040) *Braveheart; Dangerous Minds; The Postman; Showgirls; The Usual Suspects; Unstrung Heroes.*
Center—42-17 Queens Blvd., at 43rd St., Sunnyside (784-3050) *Dangerous Minds; Desperado; Mortal Kombat.*
Cinema 5—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (357-9100) *Angus; Braveheart; Clockers; Desperado; Hackers; Seven.*
Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Hackers.*
Continental—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *A Walk in the Clouds; Clockers; Showgirls; The Brothers McMullen.*
Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Clockers; Mortal Kombat; Mute Witness; Showgirls.*
Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Dangerous Minds; Desperado; Hackers; Seven; The Prophecy; To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything.*
Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Dangerous Minds; Hackers; Seven.*
Forest Hills—107-16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *Unstrung Heroes; The Postman.*
Fresh Meadows—190-02 Horace Harding Blvd., at 190th St. (454-6800) *A Walk in the Clouds; Show-*



Opening Seeing Double

In *Steal Big, Steal Little* (opening September 29), Andy Garcia falls prey to that plot device most prevalent in bargain-basement TV movies: He plays twin brothers, one virtuous, one malevolent, who can't seem to leave each other alone. Promisingly, though, it was directed by Andrew Davis, whose last film was 1993's *The Fugitive*.

girls; *The Brothers McMullen*; *The Prophecy*; *The Usual Suspects*; *To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything; Unstrung Heroes*.

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Clockers*; *Seven*; *Showgirls*.

Main Street—72-66 Main St., Flushing (268-3636) *Apollo 13*; *Babe*; *Braveheart*; *Showgirls*; *To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything*.

Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Angus*; *Desperado*; *Mute Witness*; *The Prophecy*; *To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything*.

Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *A Walk in the Clouds*; *Angus*; *Hackers*; *Seven*; *The Brothers McMullen*; *The Usual Suspects*; *To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything*; *Unstrung Heroes*.

North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Arabian Knight*; *The Brothers McMullen*; *Unzipped*.

Plaza—103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Showgirls*; *Clockers*.

Quartet—160-06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *Clockers*; *Desperado*; *Mute Witness*; *Showgirls*; *The Prophecy*.

Surfside—104th St., Rockaway (945-4632) *Clockers*; *Seven*.

The Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Hackers*; *Seven*; *The Brothers McMullen*; *To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything*.

Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Forest Hills (459-8944) *The Usual Suspects*.

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Babe*; *Hackers*; *Mute Witness*; *Seven*; *Showgirls*; *The Babysitter's Club*; *The Brothers McMullen*; *The Usual Suspects*; *To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything*. Opening 9/29: *The Big Green*.

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Hackers*; *Seven*; *Showgirls*; *The Brothers McMullen*; *To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything*.

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Angus*; *Braveheart*; *Clockers*; *Dangerous Minds*; *Desperado*; *Hackers*; *Mortal Combat*; *Mute Witness*; *Seven*; *Showgirls*; *The Prophecy*; *The Usual Suspects*; *To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything*; *Unstrung Heroes*.

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of Natural History—Two Imax films: *Destiny in Space* and *Titanica*. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5650); \$10 singly; \$13 double feature.

American Museum of the Moving Image—Through 10/27: *Visions of Light* (1992), which traces the art of cinematography from silent films to the present. Through 10/1: "A Spike Lee Retrospective." 9/30: *Malcolm X* (1992). 10/1: *Jungle Fever* (1991) and "Music Videos and Commercials by Spike Lee." 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entrance on 35th Ave.; 718-784-0077); \$5.

Columbia University—9/28: *Rain of Ruin: The Bombing of Nagasaki*, a new documentary by Stephen Segaller, shown with Erik Barnouw's classics *Hiroshima-Nagasaki, 1945* and *The Case of the A-bomb Footage*. Schermerhorn Auditorium, Columbia University, Broadway and 116th St. (854-9579); \$7; \$5 for students and ICP members.

Film Forum—Through 9/28: "Grandes Dames Guignol." 9/25: Vera Clouzot as an aggravated wife and Simone Signoret an irate lover who conspire to knock off the man in their lives, in *Diabolique* (1955), and Simone again in *Games* (1967), as a young woman who gets involved in sex play with James Cagney and Katharine Ross. 9/27: *The Killing Kind* (1973) and *The Big Cube* (1969), a rare gem most notable for Lana Turner losing it on LSD. 9/28: Bette Davis is *The Nanny* (1965), and an eye-patched Bette keeps her wedding-anniversary party rolling—even though her husband's been dead for ten years—in *The Anniversary* (1968). 9/26: "Politically Incorrect Cartoondays." There's ethnic, racial, and sexual stereotyping galore in "Cartoons to Offend Everyone." 9/29-10/5: *Queen of Outer Space* (1958). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); \$7.50.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—(The Walter Reade Theater)—Through 9/29: "A Passage To Argentina: From Classic To Contemporary Cinema." Through 9/28: *I, the Worst of All* (1990). 9/25: *Time for Revenge* (1981). 9/25 and 9/27: *I Don't Want to Talk About It* (1993). 9/26 and 9/28: *Camilla* (1984). 9/29: *Hand in the Trap* (1961). 9/30-10/1: "New York Film Festival Sidebar: Celebrating

Grigori Kozintsev." 9/30: *Hamlet* (1964) and *King Lear* (1970). 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); \$7.50.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—Saturdays in September: "New York Films." 9/23: Woody Allen's *Manhattan* (1979) and *Broadway Danny Rose* (1984), shown as a double feature. In the evening: *Hannah and Her Sisters* (1986). 1000 Fifth Ave. (570-3949). Double features, \$15; evening shows, \$4.

Museum of Modern Art—"Screen Plays: From Broadway to Hollywood, 1920-1966." 9/25: *Witness for the Prosecution* (1957) and *A View From the Bridge* (1962). 9/26: *Inherit the Wind* (1960). 9/26 and 9/30: *A Raisin in the Sun* (1961). 9/28 and 9/29: Billy Wilder's *Sabrina* (1954), with a luminous Audrey Hepburn, and *Rebound* (1931). 9/28 and 9/30: *The Heiress* (1949). 9/29 and 9/30: *The Green Goddess* (1930). Through 9/30: "Before Weimar: German Films 1911-1919." 9/25: *The Student of Prague* (1913) and *Homunculus: p. IV—The Wrath of Homunculus* (1916). 9/25 and 9/30: *Madeleine* (1912), *Kaspar-Lotte (Lotte of the Marionettes)* (1913), and *The Lights Went Out* (1914). 9/26: *Twice Lived* (1912), *The Black Ball* (1913), and *The Major's Children* (1914). 9/26 and 9/29: *Atonement* (1917) and *The Love of Maria Bonde* (1918). 9/28 and 9/29: *The Treacherous Woman* (1911) and *The Queen of the Stock Exchange* (1918). 9/29 and 9/30: *The Swamp Flower* (1913) and *Wanda's Trick* (1918). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); \$8.

Museum of Television & Radio—"The World of Hanna-Barbera." 9/26-10/1: *The New Adventures of Captain Planet, Space Ghost, and Shazzam*. Through 12/10: "Wide World of Spots: Celebrated Commercials From Around the Globe." 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800); \$6.

New York Film Festival—9/29: Zhang Yimou's *Shanghai Triad* (China/France, 1995). 9/30: *Discovering Max Linder* (France, 1909-14). 9/30-10/1: Jafar Panahi's *The White Balloon* (Iran, 1995); *Dead Presidents* (USA, 1995), directed by Albert and Allen Hughes; and *Georgia* (France/USA, 1995). 10/1: *Flamenco* (Spain, 1995). 10/2-10/3: *Sixteen Oh Sixty* (Brazil, 1995) and Terrence Davis's *The Neon Bible* (U.K., 1995). Alice Tully Hall, 1941 Broadway (875-5050); \$7.50; \$5 for members.

Symphony Space—"The Best Films of Our Lives." 9/26: *Singin' in the Rain* (1952) and *Fellini's 8 1/2* (1963). 2537 Broadway (864-5400); nonmembers \$7, members \$4.

Light Construction...British Shops

Openings

It's become a symbol of fall in New York. Dealers of American antiques, folk art, and decorative objects from all over the country converge at the Park Avenue Armory this week for **Sanford Smith's 17th Annual Fall Antiques Show** (67th St. and Park Ave.; Sept. 28–Sun. Oct. 1; Thurs. and Fri. 11–9, Sat. 11–8, Sun. 11–6; \$10).

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue
and Vicinity

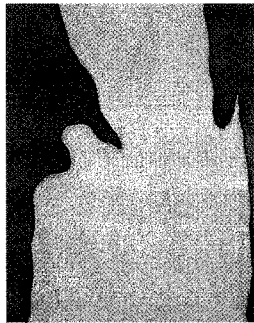
- Hans Bellmer**—Photographs and drawings by the Surrealist artist best known for his fetishistic photographs of two life-size adolescent-female dolls taken between 1933 and 1938; through 10/21. Ubu, 16 E. 78th St. (794-4444).
- Nick Blosser**—Landscape paintings in egg tempera on wood by an artist who lives and works in Tennessee; through 10/28. Baumgold, 128 E. 72nd St. (861-7338).
- James Lee Byars**—Two-dimensional wall installations in Japanese silk paper; through 10/21. Werner, 21 E. 67th St. (988-1623).
- Willem de Kooning**—Works on paper from the Abstract Expressionist's *Women* series made between 1947 and 1954; through 11/18. C & M, 45 E. 78th St. (861-0020).
- Gunther Gerzso**—Abstract paintings, drawings, and sculptures from the forties to the present by this Mexican artist who worked as set designer with Luis Buñuel, John Ford, Yves Allegret, and other directors before devoting himself to painting full time in the early sixties; 9/28–10/28. Martin, 23 E. 73rd St. (288-2213).
- Sol Lewitt**—Large, multicolored gouaches on paper affixed to the gallery's walls; through 10/21. Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave. (744-2313).
- Tim Lovejoy**—Small-scale paintings of interiors, courtyards, and figurative subjects based on the artist's travels in Sri Lanka, Egypt, Italy, and India; through 10/14. Brady, 3 E. 76th St. (249-7212).
- Ken Marlow**—Still-life paintings of fruits and flowers; through 10/21. Taggart, 48 E. 73rd St. (628-4000).
- Ladis W. Sabo**—Paintings of New York City scenes from the forties by a self-taught Hungarian-American artist; through 10/14. York, 21 E. 65th St. (772-9155).

57th Street Area

- Walter Anderson**—Watercolors of Gulf Coast flora and fauna by this Mississippi artist (1934–1965), many of them painted on Horn Island, off the coast of the artist's hometown, Ocean Springs; through 11/18. Ross, 50 W. 57th St. (307-0400).
- David Bierk**—New landscape paintings; through

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.



Talent Though they are most likely to evoke abstracted aerial views of land- and seascapes, Tobi Kahn's paintings of pared-down, organic forms also bring to mind cropped views of the human body or even microscope images of cell division. At Mary Ryan Gallery, 24 West 57th Street.

- Through 10/20. Adams, 50 W. 57th St. (757-6655).
- Enrico Donati**—New paintings by this artist, who began his career in Surrealism more than 50 years ago and whose works are characterized by their luminous, heavily encrusted surfaces; through 10/28. Davidson, 41 E. 57th St. (759-7555).
- Janet Fish**—New still-life paintings; 9/30–10/28. Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave. (247-2111).
- Neysa Grassi/Avi Adler**—Abstract paintings whose patterns suggest textiles, maps, and geological events/Colorful, small-scale abstract paintings made by dripping and splattering oil and enamel onto wood or canvas; 9/30–10/28. Littlejohn Contemporary, 41 E. 57th St. (980-2323).
- William H. Johnson/Beauford Delaney**—Still-life and landscape paintings of the twenties and thirties from the collection of Mary Beattie Brady/Abstract paintings made during the sixties, while the artist was living in Paris. Through 11/11. Rosenfeld, 24 W. 57th St. (247-0082).
- Tobi Kahn**—Recent paintings and works on paper whose organic forms bring to mind abstracted aerial views of landscapes or even cropped views of the human body; through 10/21. Ryan, 24 W. 57th St. (397-0669).
- Marisol/Altoon Sultan**—Native Americans are the subjects of most of the artist's recent freestanding, found wood portrait-sculptures; she has also carved a likeness of a general on his horse and a friend sitting and smoking on a downtown stoop/Recent gouaches, oil paintings, egg-tempera works, and drypoint prints depicting images of Vermont hill farms. Through 10/21. Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (541-4900).
- Piet Mondrian**—Paintings, drawings, and watercolors from the 1890s through the 1920s depicting farm scenes, windmills, flowers, and other subject matter; 9/29–11/11. Janis, 110 W. 57th St. (586-0110).
- Pablo Picasso**—Prints that were made between 1914 and 1971, from the collection of the artist's granddaughter, Marina Picasso; through 10/28. Krugier, 41 E. 57th St. (755-7288).
- Jackson Pollock**—Not all of the Abstract Expressionist's works reemerged in time to be included in his 1977 catalogue raisonné, but these recent-

ly discovered paintings and works on paper—most of which are on loan from private collections—are noted in its newly published supplement; through 10/28. McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (319-1996).

James Brooks—Lithographs from the thirties and silk screens from the seventies; through 10/14. Washburn, 20 W. 57th St. (397-6780).

Wendell Castle/Richard Scott Newman—Recent wood furniture by both. Through 10/21. Joseph, 745 Fifth Ave. (751-5500).

George Condo—The artist's new oil paintings and drawings depict various characters—a poet, an actor, a gardener, a juggler—in fantastic, de Chirico-like landscapes; through 10/21. Pace, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3292).

Joseph DiGiorgio—Recent paintings of Oregon's Pacific coast and rain forest; through 10/21. O'Hara, 41 E. 57th St. (355-3330).

Leslie Dill/Andrew Lenaghan—Large works in muslin that are hung from the gallery's ceiling and are silk-screened with images and text/Small-scale paintings of neighborhoods in Brooklyn. Through 10/20. Adams, 50 W. 57th St. (757-6655).

Pat Steir/Richard Gere—New large-scale abstract paintings that evoke Whistler's *Nocturnes*/Photographs taken by the actor in Tibet. Through 10/14. Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (980-5454).

Andy Warhol—A selection of the Pop artist's watercolors, drawings, paintings, and prints from the early fifties through the early sixties, depicting such subjects as birds, butterflies, shoes, and children; through 10/14. Sheehan, 41 E. 57th St. (888-4220).

SoHo and TriBeCa

- Albert Anker**—Paintings on educational themes by this Swiss artist (1831–1910) who is known for his idyllic scenes of Swiss domestic life; through 10/28. Swiss Institute, 495 Broadway (925-2035).
- Alex Bag**—Two series of video works, one of which is a collection of regenerated television images from the past ten years; through 10/21. 303, 89 Greene St. (966-5605).
- Donald Baechler**—A selection of early paintings; through 10/21. Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. (274-9300).
- Power Boothe**—New abstract paintings whose surfaces suggest the play of light on the surface of water; through 10/28. Haller, 560 Broadway (219-2500).
- Luis Camnitzer**—An installation of the artist's *Walls*, works that focus on repeated histories of struggle in Latin America and particularly on the law that grants amnesty to even the worst human-rights abusers of dictatorial regimes; through 10/28. Stellweg, 87 E. Houston St. (431-5556).
- William Cotton**—Recent paintings that are a synthesis of abstraction, American realism, and Pop iconography; through 10/11. Silverstein, 591 Broadway (226-0640).
- Carroll Dunham/Lari Pittman**—New paintings by both; through 10/14. Gorney, 100 Greene St. (966-4480).
- Laurie Fendrich**—Geometric abstract paintings whose interlocking forms, unlikely color combinations, and dark underglazes create an illusion of depth and dimensionality; through 10/14. Donahue, 560 Broadway (226-1111).
- Rafael Ferrer**—A survey of works on paper from 1969 to 1995, including pieces from his ice installations of 1969, his "Isle" watercolors of the seventies, portraits and landscapes from the eighties, and recent paintings on paper inspired by Wilfredo Lam; through 10/18. Hoffman, 429 W. Broadway (966-6676).
- Ian Hamilton Finlay**—Books and related works on such themes as Arcadia, the French Revolution, maritime history, technology, and the classical world; through 11/11. Printed Matter, 77 Wooster St. (925-0325).
- Gunther Forg**—Large-scale black-and-white photographs of buildings in Moscow that were designed by avant-garde architects in the twenties and thirties and whose current condition reveals an indifferent attitude toward culture in contemporary Moscow; through 10/21. Lühring Augustine, 130 Prince St. (219-9600).
- Lynne Golub Gelfman**—Abstract paintings whose patterns suggest light as it filters through filigreed metalwork; through 10/14. Goldstein, 39 Wooster St. (431-0314).

Felix Gonzalez-Torres—A photographic installation; through 10/14. Rosen, 130 Prince St. (941-0203).

Nancy Graves—Hand-painted print editions dating from 1972 to 1991; through 10/21. Senior, 375 W. Broadway (941-0960).

Robert Harms—Gestural abstract paintings and works on paper whose subtle colors and quiet underlying compositions are based on the landscape surrounding the artist's home in the Hamptons; through 10/7. Beitzel, 102 Prince St. (219-2863).

David Hockney—The artist drew the lithographic plates for these ten print editions in 1979 and 1980 and left them unresolved until the spring of 1995; all are portraits of his close friends and family; through 10/21. Gemini G.E.L. at Joni Moisant Weyl, 375 W. Broadway (219-1446).

Holly Hughes—Abstract paintings; through 10/14. Arstark, 568 Broadway (431-7334).

Bill Jensen—Though the artist's references to landscape are nearly absent in his recent paintings, several of the works feature a horizonlike line that divides each canvas into blocks of richly layered bright color; through 10/21. Boone, 417 W. Broadway (431-1818).

Ronald Jones—An installation titled *the pflanzen-zucht tango* that consists of bonsai sculptures, computer-generated photographs, a painting, and found objects; through 10/14. Metro Pictures,

Paul Pagk—Six large-scale oil-on-linen paintings, each of which is dominated by a simple geometric pattern; through 10/21. C.R.G., 93 Grand St. (966-4360).

Raymond Pettibon/Sigmar Polke—Complex ink drawings that combine text fragments with images derived from American mass culture and literary sources/Twenty-five early works on paper—in ballpoint pen, gouache, and pencil—from the sixties. Through 10/14. Zwirner, 43 Greene St. (966-9074).

Erwin Pfrang—Drawings based on James Joyce's *Dubliners* and recent small paintings; through 10/21. Nolan/Eckman, 560 Broadway (925-6190).

David Rabinowitch—Sculptures from his "Box Trough Assemblages" series of 1963 that consist of 60-by-40-inch steel sheets positioned as lying, burdening, and supporting elements; through 10/28. Blum, 99 Wooster St. (343-0441).

Robert Rauschenberg—Painted and silk-screened vertical aluminum panels from the artist's "Vydock Series," through 10/21 at Gagosian, 136 Wooster St. (228-2828); freestanding works titled *Reefs* that are painted, silk-screened, and mounted in mirrored hallogen-lit housing, through 10/21, at 65 Thompson Street Gallery, 65 Thompson St. (228-2828).

Kiki Smith—Recent sculptures based on the female body; through 10/21. PaceWildenstein, 142 Greene St. (421-3292).

Tabboo!/McWille Chambers—Acrylic-and-glitter paintings of flowers in a variety of styles and formats/Paintings of male models as sex objects. Through 10/14. Grand Salon, 83 Grand St. (226-1861).

Ron Taylor—Airbrushed watercolors and gouaches that simultaneously bring to mind street art and the nineteenth-century Symbolist Odilon Redon; through 10/14. Anderson, 476 Broome St. (431-8547).

Alessandro Twombly—Paintings based on rarefied impressions of places the artist has visited, particularly the desert landscape of Turkey, and on the desert flowers he collects and grows; through 10/14. Kasmin, 74 Grand St. (219-3219).

Andy Warhol—Sixty unpublished prints that the artist created for his own personal use, such as *Chocolate Easter Bunny* (1983) and *Christmas Poinsettias* (1983), which were made as holiday gifts; through 10/14. Feldman, 31 Mercer St. (226-3232).

Chris Wilder—An environment that is modeled on "chill out" rooms in nightclubs and is the setting for the artist's silver paintings and accompanying musical composition; through 10/21. Merians, 76 Greene St. (334-9099).

Jackie Winsor—Small-scale inset wall sculptures that evoke intimacy despite their minimal, non-referential forms; through 10/21. Cooper, 155 Wooster St. (674-0766).

Other

Deborah Masters—Two groups of monumental figurative sculptures, one of which, *Three Backs*, captures the psychological states of three strong women; the other, *World View*, depicts male and female figures striding forward; through 11/25. The Queens Museum of Art at Bulova Corporate Center, 75-20 Astoria Blvd., Jackson Heights, Queens, Mon.-Fri. 7-7, Sat. 10-4 (718-592-9700).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue
and Vicinity

Americas Society—680 Park Ave. (249-8950). "Visions of Light and Air: Canadian Impressionism, 1885-1920," with paintings by Bannerman, Bruce, Carr, Cullen, Read, others; 9/27-12/17.

Beacon Hill—980 Madison Ave. (734-3636). Paintings from the thirties and forties by members of the American Abstract Artists group, including Biederman, Ferren, Gallatin, Mason, Storrs, others; through 11/18.

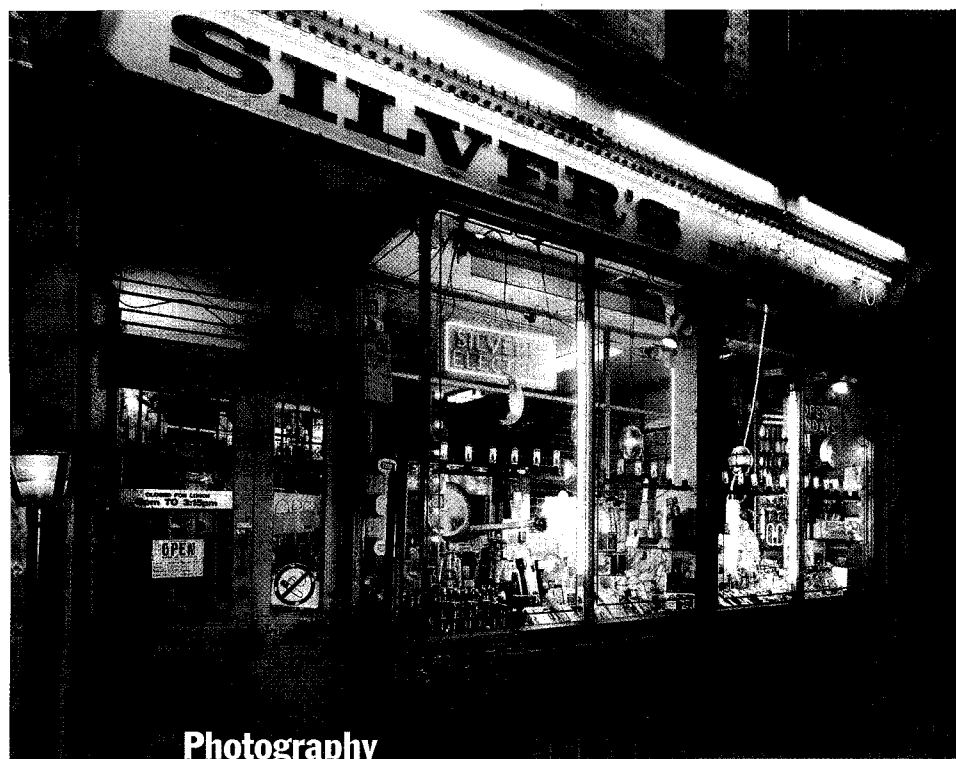
Hirschl & Adler—21 E. 70th St. (535-8810). "The View Inside—Interiors in American and European Art" looks at the way people lived, worked, and played—particularly the ways in which they furnished their houses, offices, and places of entertainment—in paintings and works on paper from the late nineteenth century through the mid-twentieth century by Avery, Frieseke, Hassam, Hopper, Matisse, Porter, Sargent, and others; 9/30-11/18.

Jordan-Volpe—958 Madison Ave. (570-9500). "Ash-Can to Abstraction: American Selections, 1900-1950," with works by Ault, Dickinson, Hartley, Henri, Marin, Marsh, Prendergast, Shahn, Stella, and others; 9/30-11/11.

Murakami—17 E. 71st St. (717-6085). Paintings of Venice from the late nineteenth century by Benson, Haseltine, Moran, Twachtman, Whistler, others; recent paintings of Venetian views by Terry Miura; through 11/4.

57th Street Area

Baron/Boisante—50 W. 57th St. (581-9191). Selected projects from 1981 to 1995 by Anderson, Baech-



Photography Shop Talk

Like Walker Evans, with whom he studied, the Boston-based photographer Jim Dow documents a vanishing world in his pristine photographs of English pie shops, pubs, barber shops, and other small (and vanishing) specialty stores. At Janet Borden, Inc., 560 Broadway.

150 Greene St. (925-8335).

Wolfgang Laib—An installation of large beeswax ships raised on aged wooden beams; through 10/21. Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (431-3685).

Louis Mueller—Recent floor lamps and wall sconces that balance Morandi-like forms with surrealistic illusion; through 10/28. Franklin Parrasch, 588 Broadway (925-7090).

Antonio Muntadas—Ten photo-based works that depict images from the media that are cropped and subsequently exaggerated into monumental scale; through 10/28. Kent, 67 Prince St. (966-4500).

Jennifer Wynne Reeves/Jorge L. Vega—Gestural abstract paintings/Sculpture and drawings. Through 10/28. Harwood, 304 Mulberry St. (343-1503).

Michael St. John—Paintings of exaggerated imagery that use a literal and conceptual structure of black and white; through 10/21. Golden, 39 Wooster St. (274-0080).

Alison Saar—Hand-carved female figures that incorporate found objects and draw on African and Haitian folklore, contemporary African-American culture, Catholicism, voodoo, and mythology; through 11/4. Kind, 136 Greene St. (925-1200).

Photograph by Jim Dow.

ler, Byron, Haffika, MacDonald, Vital; 9/30-11/18.

Lelong—20 W. 57th St. (315-0470). "Color + Structure," with works by De Maria, Mangold, Scully, Tuttle, and others; through 10/28.

PaineWebber—1285 Ave. of the Americas (713-2885). The first comprehensive examination of the career of the controversial city planner and builder, Robert Moses (1888-1981), "Robert Moses and the Shaping of New York" gathers artifacts, photographs, manuscript materials, project models, architectural renderings, and engineering drawings and proposals; 9/27-12/8.

St. Etienne—24 W. 57th St. (245-6734). Social Realist works made in Russia and Germany between 1920 and 1940, by Arntz, Grosz, Heartfield, Kollwitz, Overbeck-Schenk, Wegner, and others; through 11/4.

Snyder—20 W. 57th St. (262-1160). "1937: American Abstract Art" features paintings that were executed in 1937—the year that the American Abstract Artists banded together in New York—by the "second wave" of American modernists, among them Charles Biederman, Ilya Bolotowsky, Balcomb Greene, Harry Holtzman, and Charles Shaw; through 10/28.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Art in General—79 Walker St. (219-0473). "new York STATEments: ten artists," with works by Brett, DeGroot, Duff-Bohrer, Lin, Luce, Miller, Phelan, Stewart, Tsao, Volonakis; "AdirondackLand," a collaborative installation by Betsy Brandt and Susie Brandt; through 10/28.

Art Projects International—470 Broome St. (343-2599). "Not a Metaphor," with works by Anker, Carey, Choi, Dunham, Lyons, Olsen, Pryor, Thomas; 9/28-10/28.

Artists Space—38 Greene St. (226-3970). "Somatogenics," with works by Buffum, Van Lamsweerde, Legros, Sterck and Rozo, Urbanski, White; "Project Space: Greg Lynn"; through 10/28.

Berman-E.N.—138 Greene St. (431-1010). "Fresh Paint," with paintings by Goodman, Lau, Messer, Snyder, Wray, others; through 10/20.

Drawing Center—35 Wooster St. (219-2166). "Pierced Hearts and True Love: A Century of Drawings for Tattoos"; through 11/11.

Gladstone—99 Greene St. (431-33334). Large-scale sculpture by Fabro, Flavin, Merz, Pascali; through 10/28.

Quartet Editions—568 Broadway (219-2819). Prints of tattoo images by Fitzpatrick, Hardy, Klauba, Paschke; through 10/29.

Sperone Westwater—121 Greene St. (431-3685). Sculpture by Anselmo, Boetti, Bourgeois, Carroll, Cemin, Colson, Long, Merz, Nauman, Paolini, Pistoletto, Tuttle, Vital, Zorio; through 10/28.

Thread Waxing Space—476 Broadway (966-9520). A photographic installation by Stefan Roloff titled *Pence Springs Resort*; an installation titled *Objects From the Dying Salon* by James Elaine, and an interactive video installation by Darrin Martin; 9/30-11/9.

Weber—142 Greene St. (966-6115). Works by Antonaci, Boetti, Flavin, Haacke, McCollum, Ryman, others; through 10/14.

Wimmer—560 Broadway (274-0274). "Women on the Verge (Fluxus and Not)," with works by Blondel, Frank, Knowles, Kusama, Ono, Pondick, Schneeman, Wye; through 10/21.

Work Space—96 Spring St. (219-2790). "Wacko," with works by Church, DeFrank, Fine, Goldberg, Olbert, St. John, Stone, and others; through 11/11.

Other

White Columns—154 Christopher St. (924-4212). "Update 1995," with works by eighteen artists who received solo White Room exhibitions during the 1994-1995 season, among them Ahern, Bowman, Butler, Irazabal, Mellyn, Simon; through 10/8.

Photography

Eugene Atget/Walker Evans—Anonymous views of Paris and its environs by this photographer

(1857-1927) whose works were admired for their unmediated clarity/Images of American life from the thirties. Through 11/25. Zabriske, 724 Fifth Ave. (307-7430).

Boyd Webb—Recent photographs from the series "Essential Rudiments"; through 10/21. Sonnabend, 420 W. Broadway (966-6160).

Bill Burke—Photographs taken in Southeast Asia between 1982 and 1991 that appear in his recently published book *Mine Fields* (Nexus Press); through 11/4. 292, 120 Wooster St. (431-0292).

Imogen Cunningham—A survey of still lifes, abstractions, landscapes, and portraits; through 11/4. Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. (334-0010).

Jimmy De Sana—A survey of photographs from 1970 to 1990; through 10/14. Hearn, 530 W. 22nd St. (727-7366).

Jim Dow—Color photographs of specialty shops in England; through 10/16. Borden, 560 Broadway (431-0166).

Mitch Epstein—Photographs that depict daily life and holy sites in Tenri City, a traditional Japanese town; through 11/4. Tenri, 575 Broadway (925-8500).

Clare Flanders—Color and black-and-white photographs of Lèves, the country home of the French decorator Madeleine Castaing; through 11/18. Aero, 132 Spring St. (966-1500).

Neil Folberg—Photographs of historic synagogues throughout the world; through 10/20. Aperture, 20 E. 23rd St. (505-5555).

Andrea Gentl—Mysterious portraits of children taken in the summer at dusk; through 11/12. Rice, 325 W. 11th St. (366-6660).

Frank Horvat—Black-and-white photographs of street scenes and celebrities taken in Paris and London between 1955 and 1962; through 10/21. Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (966-6223).

I.C.P.—1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1777); Tues. 11-8, Wed.-Sun. 11-6; \$4, \$2.50 students and seniors. "Nagasaki Journey: The Photographs of Yosuke Yamahata"; through 10/1. "Life: The Pacific War"; through 10/1.

I.C.P. Midtown—1133 Sixth Ave. (860-1783); Tues. 11-8, Wed.-Sun. 11-6. "The Garden of Earthly Delights: Photographs by Edward Weston and Robert Mapplethorpe"; "Pleasures and Possibilities: A Selection From the Permanent Collection"; "His Bedroom: An Installation by Dale Kistemaker"; through 11/26.

Sally Mann—Recent photographs of the artist's children posed nude; through 11/4. Houk Friedman, 861 Madison Ave. (628-5300).

Tanya Marcuse—Two recent bodies of work, one of which, a "wedding album," documents the photographer's wedding attire for her recent marriage; through 10/21. Yoshii, 20 W. 57th St. (265-8876).

Eric Meola—A retrospective of works from 1972 to 1995 by this photographer whose images of far-off places have appeared in *Life*, *Time*, *Travel & Leisure*, *Esquire*, and other magazines; through 9/30. The Time Is Always Now, 476 Broome St. (343-2211).

Miller—138 Spring St. (226-1220). Ray K. Metzger's black-and-white photographs made between 1957 and 1965, whose multiple rhythms, repetition, and lyrical juxtapositions anticipate his later *Composites*; "Inside-Outside: Photographs by Sculptors," with works by Coyne, Graham, Hunt, Kelly, Knowlton, Lewitt, Miss, Rockburne, Snelson, Wilke; through 10/28.

Richard Misrach/Harold Edgerton—New photographs of the American desert/Photographs of everyday objects in the process of being exploded by arrows, bullets, hammers, and explosives; through 10/21. Danziger, 130 Prince St. (226-0056).

Tina Modotti—Photographs taken between 1923 and 1929, when she was living in Mexico, including portraits, street scenes, documentation of Mexican murals, and a photo essay on the puppeteer Luis Bunin; through 11/4. Throckmorton, 153 E. 61st St. (223-1059).

Willy Ronis—Black-and-white photographs from the past five decades that record daily life in Paris and Provence; through 10/28. Witkin, 415 W. Broadway (925-5510).

Mann—42 E. 79th St. (570-1223). The gallery's tenth-anniversary exhibition, with works by Ba-

log, Guarino, Misrach, Verburg, others; through 10/21.

Todd Webb/Andrew Moore—Views of New York City taken in 1946/Photographs from the ongoing series "New York Variations." Through 10/15. Richardson, 560 Broadway (343-1255).

Museums

Alternative Museum—"Fragmented Images." Recent works by the photographers S. A. Bachman, Hope Sandrow, and John Schlesinger; through 11/18. "James Balog: ANIMA"; through 11/18. "Hiromitsu Morimoto: Recent Works"; through 11/18. 594 Broadway (966-4444); Tues.-Sat. 11-6.

American Craft Museum—"Marriage in Form: Kay Sekimachi and Bob Stockdale"; through 10/1. "Junichi Arai: Post-Industrial Craftsman"; through 10/1. "Facets of the Same Nature: A Survey of Contemporary Dutch Ceramics"; through 10/1. "Diane Iffer: A Retrospective"; through 10/1. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues. 10-8, Wed.-Sun. 10-5; \$5, \$3 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"Art in the Service of Science." An assemblage of works by renowned naturalists and artists (Mon.-Fri. 10-5); through 12/30. "Botanical Art From the Hunt Institute Collection"; through 1/15. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.-Thurs. 10-5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10-8:45; \$6 suggested contribution, \$4 students and seniors, \$3 children.

Brooklyn Museum—"Leon Polk Smith: American Painter"; 9/29-1/7/96. "More Room for a View: Large-Scale Works on Paper"; through 11/5. "Nardo di Cione in Context: Early Renaissance Paintings From the Brooklyn Museum"; through 1/30/96. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.-Sun. 10-5; \$4 donation, \$2 students, \$1.50 seniors.

Dia Center for the Arts—"European Couples, and Others: Works by Dan Flavin"; through 6/23/96. "Gerhard Richter: Atlas"; through 6/23/96. 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5912); Thurs.-Sun. 12-6; \$3 suggested contribution.

Frick Collection—"English Reproductive Prints in the Frick Collection." A selection of English mezzotints that were collected by Henry Clay Frick in the early 1900s; through 10/22. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.-Sat. 10-6, Sun. 1-6; \$5, \$3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Guggenheim Museum—1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.-Wed. 10-6, Fri. and Sat. 10-8 (Fri. 6-8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; \$7, \$4 students and seniors.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Dan Flavin"; through 11/30. "Dieter Appelt." The first retrospective of works by this German photographer; through 11/5. 575 Broadway (423-3500); Sun. and Wed.-Fri. 11-6, Sat. 11-8; \$5; \$3 seniors and students.

Jewish Museum—"Russian Jewish Artists in a Century of Change, 1890-1990"; through 1/28/96. "A New England Wooden Synagogue: Building Temple Israel, Greenfield, Mass." Photographs, drawings, and models illustrating the conceptualization and design of Temple Israel by architect M. Louis Goodman; through 1/14/96. 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11-5:45, Tues. 11-8; \$7, \$5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"John Singleton Copley in America." Before the artist left America to live in England in 1774, he was already widely admired for his paintings, 60 of which constitute this exhibition; through 1/7. "Goya at the Metropolitan." The museum's entire collection of the Spanish artist's drawings, prints, and paintings; through 12/31. "French Drawings of the Sixteenth Century From the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, Paris"; through 11/12. "Pages of Perfection: A Trove of Islamic Painting and Calligraphy From St. Petersburg, Russia"; through 12/31. "Swords Into Ploughshares: Military Dress and the Civilian Wardrobe"; through 11/26. "An Ancient Egyptian Bestiary: Animals in Egyptian Art"; through 10/15. "Annenberg

Collection of Impressionist and Post-Impressionist Paintings"; through 11/30. . . "Modern Glass in the Metropolitan Museum of Art"; through 10/29. . . "American Relief Sculpture"; through 10/16. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.-Thurs. and Sun. 9:30-5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30-9; \$7 contribution, \$3.50 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.-Sun. 9:30-5:15 (closes at 4:45 between October and March).

Pierpont Morgan Library—"From Jackson to Lincoln: Democracy and Dissent"; through 1/7. . . "Fantasy and Reality: Drawings From the Sunny Crawford von Bülow Collection"; through 1/7. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.-Fri. 10:30-5, Sat. 10:30-6, Sun. noon-6; \$5 suggested donation, \$3 students and seniors.

Museum for African Art—"Animals in African Art: From the Familiar to the Marvelous"; through 12/31. 593 Broadway (966-1313); Tues.-Fri. 10:30-5:30, Sat. and Sun. noon-6. \$4, \$2 children, students, and seniors.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Norwegian Folk Art: The Migration of a Tradition"; through 1/7. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533); Tues.-Sun. 11:30-7:30; free.

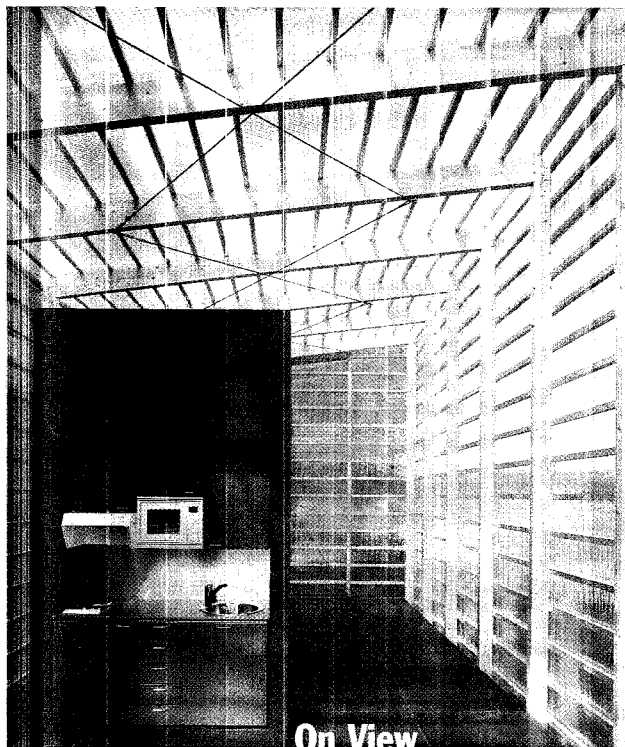
El Museo del Barrio—"AMANA-PLANACANALPANAMA: An Installation by Luis Camnitzer"; through 1/7. . . "Four Corners/Cuatro Esquinas: Recent Paintings and Drawings by José Morales"; through 1/7. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.-Sun. 11-5, Thurs. 12-7; \$4, \$2 seniors and students.

Museum of Modern Art—"Alfred Stieglitz at Lake George." Photographs taken by Stieglitz at his family's summer home at Lake George, New York; through 1/2/96. . . "Light Construction." More than 30 recent projects by architects and artists from eleven countries that reveal a new interest in transparency and translucency; through 1/2/96. . . "Selections From the Gordon and Nina Bunshaft Bequest." Through 10/10. . . "Leon Levinstein." Works by this New York photographer known for his images of people and street life in New York, Haiti, Mexico, and India; through 10/10. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.-Tues. 11-6, Thurs. and Fri. noon-8:30, closed Wed. \$8; \$5 students and seniors; Thurs. and Fri. 5:30-8:30, pay what you wish.

Museum of the City of New York—"New York Now: Contemporary Cityscape Paintings"; through 12/31. . . "Union Settlement Association: 100 Years of Leadership in East Harlem"; through 11/5. . . "Ladies' Mile: Emporia and Entertainments"; through 10/22. 1125 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.-Sat. 10-5, Sun. 1-5; \$5, \$3 students and seniors.

National Museum of the American Indian—Three exhibitions featuring approximately 500 Native American objects from the museum's collection. 1 Bowling Green (668-6624); daily 10-5; free.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Temporarily Possessed: The Semi-Permanent Collection." An exhibition of artworks acquired by the museum since its founding in 1977; through 12/30. 583 Broadway (219-1222); Wed., Thurs., Fri., Sat. 12-8 (free 6-8), Sun. 12-6; \$4, \$3 artists, students, and seniors.



Lightness in architecture is hardly a new idea. Weightlessness, flexibility, and transparency have found their perfect expressions in Japanese teahouses, Arabian tents, and Ludwig Mies van der Rohe's glass buildings. But as practiced by Bernard Tschumi, Steven Holl, Rem Koolhaas, and the other contemporary architects whose works compose MOMA's "Light Construction," lightness takes its cues from artists like James Turrell and Robert Irwin, who have long explored the potential of light, color, texture, and space. The result is an architecture that is more emotional than rational, more sensitive than sturdy. "The art world has never stood by the machine as the metaphor for the twentieth century," says the exhibition's curator, Terence Riley. "Why can't architecture be influenced by film? Why can't it be more populist, like the other arts of this century? These architects are thinking about the way things look." To underscore his theme, Riley included projects by artists (Melissa Gould, Dan Graham, and Dennis Adams) and landscape architect Michael Van Valkenburgh, and used blown-up computer prints of photographs—instead of actual photographs—to enhance the atmospheric nature of these works.

Happily and somewhat improbably, lightness has shown up in such heavy-duty structures as Osaka's Kansai airport (Renzo Piano Building Workshop, Japan) and London's Waterloo International Terminal (Nicholas Grimshaw and Partners). It lends itself especially well to informal buildings like the Leisure Studio (above), designed by the Finnish firm Kaakko, Lane, Liimatainen, and Tirkkonen. But it has not had much of a presence in New York City. "Unfortunately, developers have determined how and when this city builds," says Riley, who sends people in search of lightness to the Ford Building. On the bright side, lightness is a sensibility, says Riley, not a movement. "The last thing anyone needs is another 'ism' to round out this last tumultuous hundred years."

EDITH NEWHALL

New-York Historical Society—"Perspectives on New York: Selections From the Map Collection of the New-York Historical Society"; through 11/7. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Wed.-Sun. noon-5; \$3, \$1 seniors and children.

New York Public Library—"Writers in Wartime: Looking at World War II From the Berg Collection"; through 10/7. . . "What Price Freedom?"

A selection of objects from the library's collections that exemplify moments in history when people took great risks to express themselves freely; through 1/6/96. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10-6, Tues.-Wed. 11-6, Thurs.-Sat. 10-6; free.

Queens Museum of Art—"Live/Work in Queens." Works by eight artists who live or have studios in Queens; through 10/22. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows, Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700); Wed.-Fri. 10-5, Sat. and Sun. 12-5; \$3; \$1.50 seniors and children.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"The Listening Sky: An Inaugural Exhibition of the Studio Museum in Harlem Sculpture Garden"; through 8/25/96. . . "From the Studio: Artists-in-Residence, 1994-1995." An exhibition of recent works by Petrona Morrison, Rudzani Nemasetoni, and George R. Smith; through 10/1. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed.-Fri. 10-5, Sat. and Sun. 1-6; \$5; \$3 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Florine Stettheimer: Manhattan Fantastica." A retrospective of paintings by this chronicler of thirties and forties New York intellectual and bohemian life; through 11/5. . . "Views From Abroad." The first of three exhibitions organized by directors of European museums that looks at the artistic relationship between America and Europe during the twentieth century; through 10/1. . . "Edward Hopper and the American Imagination"; through 10/15. . . "Picassoid: Collection in Context"; 9/29-12/10. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11-6, Thurs. 1-8; \$8, \$6 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6-8).

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave. (546-1119); 9/27 at 10 and 2: "United States Stamps and Covers." On view from 9/22. 9/27 at 6: "Important Stamps and Covers of the United States." On view from 9/22. 9/28 at 10 and 2: "French and Continental Furniture and European Works of Art." On view from 9/23. 9/29 at 10: "Postage Stamps and Postal History of Newfoundland offered on the instructions of Dr. Chan Chin Cheung." On view from 9/24. 9/30 at 10: "Fine Wines." On view from 9/27.

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (606-0400). 9/27 at 1: "Books and Autographs." On view from 9/23.

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). 9/27 at 10: "English & Continental Furniture, Decoration & Paintings." On view from 9/23.

Sotheby's—York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 9/27 at 10:15 and 2: "Arcade Furniture & Decorations." On view from 9/24. 9/28 at 10:15 and 2: "Arcade American Paintings." On view from 9/24. 9/28 at 7:30: "16th Annual Auction of Painted

Furniture and Decorations by Members of the Studio Workshop for the Benefit of The Isabel O'Neil Foundation for the Art of the Painted Finish." On view from 9/23. 9/29 at 10:15: "Sister Parish Collection." On view from 9/23. 9/30 at 10:15 and 2: "Continental Furniture." On view from 9/23.

Swann Galleries—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 9/28 at 10:30: "Autographs." On view from 9/23.

theater

Elizabeth Ashley...Harold Pinter

Broadway

Previews and Openings

Company—In 1970, it was recognized within days of its opening as an instant classic, one of the three or four quintessential New York musicals. This fall, the Roundabout Theatre presents Stephen Sondheim's breakthrough work, in which he first mastered his signature trick of rendering the jangled rhythms of modern urban neurosis into word and music, in its twenty-fifth-anniversary (and first-ever Broadway) revival. \$67.50. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Opens 9/28. Roundabout Theatre, 1530 Broadway (869-8400). 2 hrs.

Moon Over Buffalo—With three major female stars who owe their careers to early triumphs on Broadway returning to the New York stage this fall after various prolonged absences, it seems like Old Home Season in the theater district these days. Julie Andrews and Carol Channing will be along soon, but first to arrive is Carol Burnett (who hasn't been seen there since George Abbott's 1964 *Fade Out—Fade In*, by Jule Styne, Betty Comden, and Adolph Green). In Ken (*Lend Me a Tenor*) Ludwig's new farce, Burnett and Phillip Bosco play a husband-and-wife team of theatrical hams in no danger of being mistaken for Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. \$40-\$60. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opens 10/1. Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200).

Moonlight—\$45. Tues.-Sat. at 7, Wed., Sat. and Sun. at 1. Through 11/28. Laura Pels Theatre at the Roundabout, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (869-8400).

Pomp, Duck & Circumstance—An "entertainment-and-dining extravaganza" imported from Berlin and performed in Salon Zazou, a thirties-vintage circus tent; actors sing, dance, juggle, clown, and otherwise disport themselves as you're eating a gourmet meal. Opens 10/1. \$150, tax and gratuity included; beverages charged separately. Tues.-Thurs.: Opens at 6, dinner and performance at 7:30. Fri.-Sat.: Opens at 6:30, dinner and performance at 8. Sun: Opens at 5:30, dinner and performance at 7. DeWitt Clinton Park, Eleventh Ave. at 53rd St. (307-4100).

Now Playing

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Sarah Uriarte plays the girl; Jeff McCarthy plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward. Lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. \$22.50-\$67.50. Wed.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 4/18/94. Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. \$37.50-\$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. Winter Garden Theatre, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

Crazy for You—The 1992 winner of three Tony awards, including Best Musical, is currently in its fourth year on Broadway. James Brennan and Karen Ziemba star in this musical comedy, a loose adaptation of the Gershwins' *Girl Crazy*, about a banker's son who's sent to foreclose on a theater in a mining town. Light and frothy, with Gershwin and Susan Stroman's choreography as central pleasures. Book by Ken Ludwig; co-conceived and directed by Mike Ockrent. \$15-\$67.50. Dark Thurs. Opened:



Talent Heavy Petting

Lady Macbeth, Hedda Gabler, Medea: They're fine roles and all that, but playing a dog—it really gives an actress a chance to stretch. Comedienne Jan Hooks (*Saturday Night Live*) takes over the title, or canine, role from Sarah Jessica Parker in A. R. Gurney's *Sylvia* this week when it transfers to the John Houseman Theatre after a successful run at City Center.

2/19/92. Shubert Theater, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 40 mins.

Defending the Caveman—Rob Becker's one-man show, which posits a genetically inherited difference from prehistoric days to explain why men ("hunters") and women ("gatherers") get irritated with each other in Bloomingdale's. \$44.50. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 5. Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (228-3626, or just dial CAVEMAN). 1 hr. 40 mins.

Grease!—A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy rock-and-roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. With teen heartthrob Jon Secada as bad boy Danny Zuko. \$30-\$67.50. Mon.-Tues., Thurs.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6. Opened: 5/11/94. Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

Having Our Say—A two-character play about changes in the lives of black Americans over the past century.

ry. Emily Mann has adapted her text from the best-selling memoirs of the Delaney sisters, who, at 100 years of age and counting, have Seen It All. \$35-\$50. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Booth Theatre, 222 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 20 mins.

The Heiress—A revival of Ruth and Augustus Goetz's 1947 stage adaptation of the Henry James novella

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-880-0740.

Washington Square, in which a domineering and oppressive father squelches his shy daughter's attempt at romance. Suitably Hollywoodized, William Wyler's film version starring Olivia de Havilland swept the 1949 Academy Awards; James, the master of moral irony who experienced the single most devastating failure of his career with a disastrous foray into dramatic writing—the play *Guy Domville*—would doubtless have appreciated the joke. With Cherry Jones (winner of both the Drama League's Distinguished Performance Award and the 1995 Tony for Best Actress in a Play for her work in the title role), Remak Ramsay, Frances Sternhagen, and Michael Cumpsty; directed by Gerald Gutierrez. \$20–\$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Cort Theatre*, 138 W. 48th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—Armed only with charming dishonesty, Matthew Broderick, in the role created by Robert Morse, rises swiftly to the top of the corporate world in a new Broadway revival of the 1961 musical. Has much become dated in Shepherd Mead's classic farce about raging ambition? Well, the Man in the Gray Flannel Suit wears Armani these days, but the songs and lighthearted satire are as sharp as ever. \$25–\$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Richard Rodgers Theatre*, 226 W. 46th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 40 mins.

Indiscretions—Cocteau's *Les Parents Terribles*, a bitter-sweet farce about the tangle of complicated relationships within an eccentric, self-obsessed family, in a new English translation by Jeremy Sams. This production comes to Broadway from London's Royal National Theatre; among those getting unhealthily involved with each other are Kathleen Turner, Eileen Atkins, Roger Rees, Jude Law, and Cynthia Nixon. \$45–\$60. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Ethel Barrymore Theatre*, 243 W. 47th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

Les Misérables—This pop-opera adaptation of the sprawling Victor Hugo novel, currently in its ninth year on Broadway, recently became the fourth-longest-running show in Broadway history. With a book by Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schönberg; music by the latter; lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer. \$15–\$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater*, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.

Miss Saigon—A reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon. Score by Claude-Michel Schönberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. \$15–\$67.50. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2; dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater*, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

The Phantom of the Opera—In its eighth year on Broadway, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, passing the 3,000-performance mark recently and edging into seventh place among the longest-running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. \$15–\$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater*, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

Show Boat—Because it covers three generations of show folk, because its action spans four decades, because it shuttles between steamy Natchez and boreal Chicago, and because it touches on such varied subjects as race relations and the dispersal of families, *Show Boat* is usually described as having epic sweep. In a production such as this, certainly. There are problems with the plotting, but director Harold Prince's staging moves so swiftly and involvently that there is no time for questions. He is seconded by choreographer Susan Stroman, who with this effort surges to the forefront of Broadway dance creators. The cast here is a true constellation: John McMartin's rubber-legged Cap'n Andy; Rebecca Luker; Mark Jacoby; Michel Bell; Gretha Boston; and Marilyn McCoo. This *Show Boat* is a dreamboat. (Simon; 10/17/94) \$30–\$75. Opened: 10/2/94. *Gershwin Theater*, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100). 3 hrs.

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna

scrape and bow. You don't like crazy music? (We keep forgettin'!) Don't feel that way; baby, that is rock and roll. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Have a drink and dig the band. Can't you hear the flügelhorn? Can't you hear the bell? Come to them sickly, they'll make you well. We don't know why our heart flips (and, baby, we don't care); we only know it does. Heartbreakin' nights, only in America. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. \$49.50–\$67.50. At the *Virginia Theatre*, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)? Uh-huh. 2 hrs. 10 mins.

Sunset Boulevard—Patti LuPone's Norma Desmond was a tough gutter sparrow; Glenn Close's—close, but no cigar—a cross between the cigar-store Indian and a cathedral gargoyle. Now there is Betty Buckley, whose presence appears to have rewritten, recast, and redirected the entire show. Unlike previous Normas, she abounds in childlikeness, girlishness, womanliness, and age-old humanity—the whole spectrum. Whereas other Normas made me laugh and shudder, this one also made me smile and cry. Moreover, she brings attractiveness and sexiness to the role. (At last Joe Gillis has a believable and disturbing dilemma; to be this Norma's kept man could give gigoism a good name.) Most important of all, she can sing. Every note is in place, and you can hear the pianissimos as well as the fortes. And it is not only musical singing, it is also musical acting. She knows how to characterize with her singing voice, how to make an emotion *cantabile*. It moves you as much as her acting in a seamlessly compelling musical-comedy performance. With her trueness heightening everyone else's acting while giving us a Norma who will remain the norm, 10086 Sunset Boulevard becomes as important a number in musical annals as 1066 in English history—that of the Norma(n) Conquest. (Simon; 8/7/95.) \$25–\$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 11/17/94. *Minskoff Theatre*, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4007). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Dangerous Corner—After the Broadway success of *An Inspector Calls*, the late dramatist and man of letters J. B. Priestley (1894–1984) is on a New York roll. Like many writers of his time (the thirties through the fifties, mostly) and country (England), he was enamored of modernism's surface aspects but rarely able to integrate them into a convincing artistic or intellectual worldview; you might think of him as the British Eugene O'Neill. In this 1932 play about a dinner party that degenerates from starched propriety into a murk of embarrassing secrets—the script in which Priestley first began to develop his mature themes—what interests is less the stabs at philosophical posing than the author's dead-perfect ear for the characteristic rhythms and vocabulary of English evasion. The Atlantic Theater Company's production is directed by David Mamet (working out of his New York base of operations), who also knows a thing or two about using language to conceal. \$10–\$32. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 7. In previews for a 10/11 opening. *Atlantic Theater*, 336 W. 20th St. (239-6200).

Full Gallop—In the thirties, both E. B. White and S. J. Perelman poked literate fun in famous *New Yorker* casuals at her *Harper's Bazaar* “Why Don't You?” column; Kay Thompson's wicked high-energy takeoff of her in Stanley Donen's 1957 *Funny Face* (“Think Pink!”) is still one of the delicious high points of film parody. Now comes Mary Louise Wilson's one-woman show (written with Mark

Hampton) portraying Diana Vreeland, the woman who invented contemporary fashion. \$30. Tues.–Sun. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Beginning previews 9/26 for a 10/18 opening. *Manhattan Theatre Club Stage II*, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).

Garden District—\$50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 10/10 opening. *Circle in the Square*, 1633 Broadway (239-6200).

Mathew in the School of Life—The title character in Obie-winning composer-performer John Moran's latest piece of “electronic musical theater” is, variously, an angel, an android, and a Christ figure. (He's also played by three actors, which helps.) The dystopian science-fiction fantasy (is there any other kind of sci-fi fantasy these days?) is currently in previews for a 10/5 opening; it runs through 10/29. \$12–\$20. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. *The Kitchen*, 512 W. 19th St. (255-5793).

Moonlight—\$45. Tues.–Sat. at 7, Wed., Sat. and Sun. at 1. In previews beginning 9/27 for a 10/17 opening. *Laura Pels Theatre at the Roundabout*, 1530 Broadway (869-8400).

Sin—Wendy MacLeod's farce about an aerial traffic reporter whose disorientation far above the hills of San Francisco is caused by more than height. With Kelly Coffield (of Fox's *In Living Color*). \$32.50–\$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. In previews for a 10/11 opening. *Second Stage*, 2162 Broadway at 76th St. (873-6103).

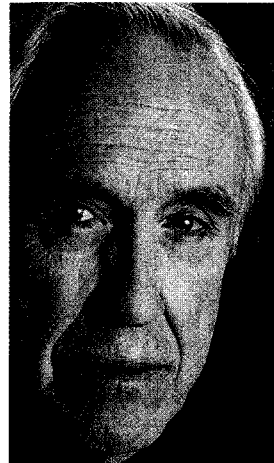
Now Playing

After-Play—After a successful limited run at the Manhattan Theatre Club earlier this year, the actress Anne Meara's debut play about four old friends sharing a New York evening of dinner, theater, and memories has reopened a few blocks west, with Meara stepping into the role previously performed by Rue McClanahan. \$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. at 5, Sun. at 3; beginning 10/14, Sat. at 2:30. For the period 10/4–8, Wed.–Sat. at 8, Thurs. at 2, Sat. at 5, Sun. at 3. *Theatre Four*, 424 W. 55th St. (239-6200).

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. \$30–\$40. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Wed. at 5, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre*, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).

Brotherly Love—The first production of the newly formed Italian-American Repertory Theater is a family drama about two brothers and the strains placed on their relationship when one gets married. \$20. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 10/8. *Samuel Beckett Theatre*, 410 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).

Death Defying Acts—An evening of three one-act plays by Woody Allen, David Mamet, and Elaine May. With Valerie Harper, Kelly Bishop, and Brian Reddy; directed by Michael Blakemore. \$35–\$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Variety*



Preview The Dying Of the Light

It seems impossible, but New York hasn't seen a new full-length play by Harold Pinter, the master of spare enigma, since 'Betrayal' was done here in 1980. Pinter's 'Moonlight,' starring Jason Robards as a foul-mouthed civil servant reviewing his life as its end approaches, begins previews—and opens the Roundabout's brand-new Laura Pels Theatre, as well—on September 27.

Arts Theatre, Third Ave. at 13th St. (239-6200).

A Doll's House—It's 116 years since she first walked out on Torvald, but Nora is still slamming that door. The Pearl Theatre Company's production of the Ibsen classic is directed by Grey Johnson. \$16-\$22. Tues., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Wed. and Sun. at 2. No performance 10/3 at 8 or 10/4 at 2; special performance 10/4 at 8. On 10/2, children under 18 see the show for free when accompanied by an adult ticket holder. Through 10/21. *Pearl Theatre, 80 St. Mark's Pl. (598-9802).*

Ecstasy—The director Mike Leigh, whose international reputation is based on films (*Naked, Life Is Sweet*) about English working-class families and lost souls looking for a little cheerfulness in tough times, is equally well known at home as the writer of stage plays mining a similar sociopolitical vein. In the New Group's production of this 1979 script, a young woman fends off loneliness and an abusive boyfriend, less depressingly than you might expect. \$25. Mon.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 4 and 8:30. *Judith Anderson Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. \$35. Tues.-Fri. at 8; Sat. at 3 and 7; Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Theatre, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Floating Rhoda and the Glue Man—\$15. Tues.-Sun. at 8. Through 9/30. *HOME for Contemporary Theatre and Art, 145 Ave. of the Americas (647-0202).*

The Food Chain—The playwright Nicky Silver (*Pterodactyls, Raised in Captivity*) is a young master of the theater's most challenging trick, often attempted and rarely successful: making audiences gasp in (moral) horror while simultaneously shrieking with laughter. (Aristotle thought this was impossible; shows you how much he knew.) His latest black farce, arriving here after a successful run in Washington last summer, concerns the import of obesity upon sex (straight, gay, and varied) and its attendant emotions. And a Jewish mother is thrown in—just, no doubt, to make sure the whole thing remains a comedy. \$40. Through 9/25: Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. Thereafter, Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (307-4100).*

Funnyhouse of a Negro/A Movie Star Has to Star in Black and White—The first production of the Signature Theatre Company's Adrienne Kennedy season is a double bill of two short plays written by the series's subject in, respectively, 1964 and 1976. *Funnyhouse* is a surrealist take on being young, black, and female in sixties America; *Movie Star* is about what happens when an aspiring young writer is seduced by the siren call of Hollywood. \$20. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 10/22. *Shiva Theatre at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (260-2400).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding*, written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. \$35-\$55, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Thurs. at 7:30; Fri. at 8; Sat. at 7; Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse (formerly Playhouse on Vandam), 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

A Greater Good—It's *Candide* in suburbia as the idealistic heroine of this comedy by Keith Huff makes her way through experiences of corporate espionage, utopian experiment, and what's coyly described as "a novel variation on urban renewal." \$10-\$15. Wed.-Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. Through 9/30. *Miranda Theatre, 259 W. 30th St. (268-9829).*

John & Jen—A musical family story by Tom Greenwald and Andrew Lipka. \$25. Wed.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lamb's Little Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (997-1780).*

Mister Lincoln—A play by author and former New York Times writer Herbert Mitgang that follows the sixteenth U.S. president from youth to well-known end. William Walsh plays the title (and only) character. \$20. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 10/1. *Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. (581-4125).*

Party—Truth-or-dare high jinks are at the center of Chicago playwright David Dillon's comedy about seven gay men. Scene to watch for: a nude group tribute to Karen Carpenter. \$37.50-\$40. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering

her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." \$35. Mon. and Thurs.-Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3 and 7; Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Pets—"I think I could turn and live with animals," wrote Walt Whitman, "they are so placid and self-contained." That, more or less, is the premise of this new musical revue—assembled by Helen Butleroff from the songs of some seventeen lyricists and composers—about the bonds between people and their Significant Nonhuman Others. \$35. Wed.-Sun. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. *Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. (307-4100).*

Same Old Moon—The Irish Repertory Theater's first production in its new Chelsea home is this coming-of-age story about an Irish Catholic girl by Geraldine Aron (*The Donahue Sisters*). \$25. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat and Sun at 3. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (279-4200).*

Schoolhouse Rock Live!—A stage adaptation of ABC's popular Saturday-morning cartoon series, which ran from 1973 to 1985 and introduced the work of composers and lyricists like Bob Dorough, Dave Frishberg, and Lynn Ahrens to the under-12 set. \$10-\$15 kids, \$20-\$25 adults. Wed.-Sat. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 10, Sun. at 2. *Atlantic Theatre, 336 W. 20th St. (239-6200).*

The Secret Annex—A new musical—book and lyrics by Robert Carr, music by William Baton—about the life of Anne Frank, the German-Jewish girl whose diary covering two years of hiding from the Nazis in an Amsterdam warehouse remains, 50 years later, perhaps the most enduring of Holocaust documents. \$35. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. (775-4649).*

Standing By—A romantic comedy by Norman Barasch about what happens when two young people Meet Cute on a flight from L.A. to New York. \$30-\$35. Tues. at 7, Wed.-Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30. *Theatre at St. Peter's Church at Citicorp Center, 54th St. at Lexington Ave. (935-5820).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dance, clap, and generally bang on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. \$29-\$39.50. Tues.-Fri. at 8; Sat. at 7 and 10:45; Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (307-4100).*

Swingtime Canteen—A forties wartime revue in which an all-girl band and cast send the boys off to battle with songs by Frank Loesser, Johnny Mercer, Jimmy van Heusen, Harry Warren, et al. in their hearts. Fans of theatrical self-reflexivity, take note; currently taking part in this spoof/tribute to the Andrews Sisters is (the actual) Maxene Andrews herself, still belting 'em out 50 years after the war's end. \$37.50-\$40. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Blue Angel, 323 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Sylvia—A.R. Gurney's latest for-

ay into the emotional terrain of northeastern WASPism focuses on a New York City couple whose plans for their kid-free golden years are altered by the unanticipated factor of a small dog. Directed by John Tillingier. \$45. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2, Sat. at 5. *Manhattan Theatre Club Stage I, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.; then a reception at 147 Waverly Pl., with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. \$60-\$75. Tues.-Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88 (279-4200).

Too Jewish?—A one-man musical written and performed by Avi Hoffman, in which the author, a self-taught anthropologist of sorts, recreates songs and comedy routines from *der Goldener Zeit* of Jewish vaudeville. \$18-\$36. Wed.-Sat. at 8, Mon. and

Onstage Steamy Diva

She's flapping her arms, groaning piteously, smoking a cigarette, and proclaiming loudly in a broad Louisiana drawl to anyone who will listen that death is near—she has just finished rehearsing a fight scene in a wheelchair, which admittedly does tend to tucker a girl out. But if Elizabeth Ashley is proceeding at anything less than normal, which is to say warp, speed you can't tell it. The not-at-all-inhibited actress is cooling down (more or less) in her dressing room at Circle in the Square after spending an afternoon in the skin of Mrs. Venable, the domineering matriarch of Tennessee Williams's *Suddenly Last Summer*. Along with *Something Unspoken*, it's the second of two Williams one-acts currently in previews for an October 10 opening at the theater under their 1958 umbrella title *Garden District*.

There are few performers in American theater more intimately qualified to play Williams's languorous tone poems than Ashley;



her acquaintance with the writer began as a 9-year-old in Baton Rouge, when a revelatory university production of *Summer and Smoke* ("In the South when I grew up, you didn't talk about Family Bidness with the neighbors—but, my God, here it all was," she says of the experience) persuaded her to set her sights on becoming an actress. After she triumphed as Maggie in the 1974 Broadway revival of *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, the first major production to feature a Southerner in the title role, playwright and performer became fast friends and remained so until Williams's death in 1983.

Ashley, personally, has no doubt his work will endure as long as that of the writers she refers to as "Willie the Shake," "Tony Chekhov"—those guys. "Tennessee loved actors. He understood how they worked. And those words! It's peculiarly American music with the blood power, honey," she says, eyes flaring. The stage manager sticks his head in the door to see if she's still tired. "Tired?" she says. "Who's tired?"

RANDALL SHORT

Photograph by Gerry Goodstein.

Wed. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 4. *Westside Theatre Downstairs*, 407 W. 43rd St. (307-4100).

Travels With My Aunt—Brian Murray and Larry Linville (among others) play assorted men, women, children, and small domestic animals in a knock-about stage adaptation of Graham Greene's comic novel. \$27.50–\$45. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. Through 10/1. *Minetta Lane Theatre*, 18 Minetta La. (307-4100).

Waiting for Godot—As both the starting point of the contemporary theater and, arguably, modern literature's preeminent metaphor for life in the twentieth century, Samuel Beckett's 1953 masterpiece has suffered more than its share of trivial and gimmicky interpretations. Eve Adamson's more straightforward approach emphasizes the structural and musical aspects of the language of the playwright—who was, as he liked to remind people, an heir to Mallarmé. \$24/TDF, \$19 seniors, \$12 students. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 through 10/15, when it goes into rotating repertory with the Jean Cocteau Repertory's second play of the season. Through 11/4. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre*, 330 Bowery (677-0060).

We'll Meet Again—A one-woman show written and performed by Vicki Stuart, featuring the songs she came to know as a child growing up in England during World War II ("You'll Never Know," "Long Ago and Far Away," etc.). \$36. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 9/30. *45th Street Theater*, 354 W. 45th St. (307-4100).

The Window/In an Infinite Universe—Two one-act plays by Sheldon Woodbury about, respectively, the public realm (corporate America at its shadiest) and private sensibilities (a mother's relationship to her child). \$22. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3. Through 10/22. *American Theatre of Actors*, 314 W. 54th St. (308-0012).

Working Class—Following a successful engagement at Scotland's Edinburgh Festival this summer, Richard Hoehler's collection of vignettes about characters from what might be called Raymond Carver territory—blue-collar guys and wage slaves just trying to get by—returns to its New York roots. \$15. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 5, Sun. at 3. Through 10/8. *Mint Theater*, 311 W. 43rd St. (315-9434).

Off-Off Broadway

Admissions—\$12. Beginning 9/29, Mon.–Tues., Fri.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7; through 10/17. *New Perspectives Theatre*, 750 Eighth Ave. (730-2030).

The Albatross of Romance; or, He Does a Good Dog—\$6. 10/1, 10/8, and 10/15. *The Knitting Factory*, 74 Leonard St. (219-3055).

All's Well That Ends Well—\$12/TDF + \$5. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2. Through 10/15. *Studio Theatre 4-A*, 29 E. 19th St. (924-0077).

Beyond Therapy—A revival of Christopher Durang's 1981 farce about a man and woman whose romance begins with a personals ad and (nearly) ends in the respective offices of their insane psychotherapists. \$12 plus two-drink minimum. Fri. at 8, Sat. at 10. *Trocadero Cabaret*, 368 Bleeker St. (330-7607).

Dark Is the Night—\$12/TDF. Thurs.–Sun. at 8, Sun. at 3:30. Through 10/1. *La MaMa E.T.C.*, 74A E. 4th St. (475-7710).

A Dream Play—\$12/TDF + \$5. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Through 10/7. *House of Candles Theatre*, 99 Stanton St. (353-3088).

Dysfunction Junction—\$10. 9/27–10/1 at 8. *Grove Street Playhouse*, 39 Grove St. (228-9365).

Heartbreak House—\$15. Thurs.–Sat. at 7:30, Sun. at 5. Through 10/1. *Oasis Theatre*, 230 E. 9th St. (673-3706).

The Heather Woodbury Report: What Ever—\$12. 9/26–10/1, 10/6–28; call for detailed schedule. P.S. 122, 150 First Ave. (477-5288).

The Last Magic Show—\$12. Wed. at 8 and 10. *Playquest Theater Company*, 4 E. 28th St. (779-0170).

Measure for Measure—\$12; \$10 students and seniors. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2. Through 10/1. *Chelsea Playhouse*, 125 W. 22nd St. (279-4200).

Nixon's Nixon—\$15. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 10/21. *MCC Theater*, 120 W. 28th St. (727-7765).

Women I Love /In Spite of Everything, We Still Love Each Other—\$12. 9/28–30 at 8, 10/1 at 2. *Inner Space Theatre*, 134 W. 26th St., Suite 710 (580-3788).

Books continued from page 84

problems. A good suit leveled the playing field, allowed a New Jersey girl to fearlessly talk to a princess. And who cared about princesses, anyway? The army of women marching into the workplace needed clothes that didn't hold them back. Mirabella saw Vreeland's extravaganzas as so many whalebone corsets, obsolete.

Fashion for her was like a scientific problem to be solved. She hates hats, because they tend to fall off, hates Lacroix because a woman in one of his gowns can't fit through a door. All of which makes perfect sense; but in the telling, Mirabella's ideas harden into an ideology, a Leninism of style almost devoid of playfulness or sense of theater.

In her role as Vreeland's emissary, Mirabella had grown close to Condé Nast creative director Alexander Liberman, and when Liberman tired of riding herd on Vreeland and fired her in 1971, he installed Mirabella in her place—a decision that was met with predictable hooting in the fashion press. But the fact that Mirabella wasn't known for her eye made her more attractive to Liberman—he wanted to control the look of the magazine. Mirabella and Liberman quickly culled Vreeland's menagerie.

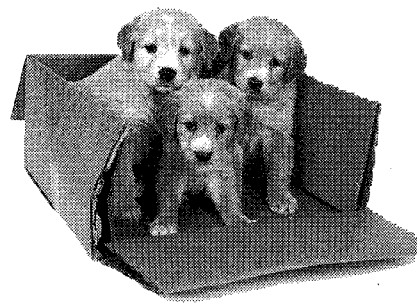
The tribeswomen who had peopled Vreeland's *Vogue* gave way to what Mirabella called "real women," who may not have looked precisely alike but who had more or less the same interests, the same aspirations, and the same needs when it came to clothes.

During Mirabella's tenure, *Vogue's* circulation grew to more than a million, and Mirabella flowered into her own sort of diva, fully a feminist, albeit an upper-class one, a leader of women with a growing agenda in which fashion did not necessarily come first. Liberman fought her, in his charming, courtly way, on issues like breast cancer and aging and on warning *Vogue's* readers about the dangers of smoking. Finally, Liberman's lightness became unbearable. The feeling was reciprocated, with Liberman accusing Mirabella of being trapped in the seventies and Mirabella feeling trapped in a gilded prison to which men had all the keys.

Mirabella meanwhile had another sort of politics to think about. When Anna Wintour arrived at *Vogue* as creative director, reporting only to Liberman, she was quickly mythologized as a shark in Chanel, a figure of mystery and rumor, the definitive dangerous woman. Mirabella was powerless to stop her, and at the end, she didn't really care to.

For the editor of *Vogue*, the writing is on the wall by definition. Inevitably, Mirabella went the way of Vreeland; typically, Liberman, who hated blood on his suit, didn't break the news himself. And predictably, *In and Out of Vogue*, notwithstanding the arc of her career and the critical success of *Mirabella*, is the story of a victim.

It Never Ceases To Amaze Us How Many People Discard Their Valuables.



It's a miracle that so many abandoned animals make it to the safety of North Shore Animal League. Some are left on our doorstep — others are found on busy city streets — and we routinely rescue thousands from certain death in pounds. Our lifesaving vans are always on the road rescuing puppies and kittens from nearby private homes, from local town and city shelters, and from far away pounds in Virginia, Tennessee, and South Carolina.

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Doo-wop...Dag...DiFranco

Concerts

Cyrus Chestnut—With his hambone touch and rootsy joviality, this pianist is more than qualified to kick off "Monday Go To Meetin'," a series of concerts focusing on the styles that gave birth to jazz. Chestnut happens to be one of the reigning heavies of contemporary jazz, quite able to manage Art Tatum pyrotechnics and post-bop flights of fancy. But he always plays with plenty of Southern warmth, evoking jazz's most organic foundations in almost every other phrase. While stern neo-cons like Marcus Roberts have been dedicating entire albums to similar period pieces, Chestnut always makes them seem fresh, fun, and part of the present. He'll be performing solo piano renditions of African-American spirituals and gospel. 10/2 at 8 P.M. Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (362-8719). \$16/single ticket, \$40 for the three-concert series.

"KISS Cares"—A mighty, mighty soul revue starring heavyweights of the seventies—Kool and the Gang, Gladys Knight—plus the timeless Isley Brothers, and the one-and-only Aretha Franklin, whose voice transcends time, space, and dimension. They join forces for a concert to benefit children's relief organizations, presented by the sort-of-oldies station KISS-FM. 9/29 at 7 P.M. Madison Square Garden, 33rd St. and Seventh Ave. (201-744-8040). \$9.87.

50th Anniversary Tribute to Frank Foster—Another stellar benefit concert, this one a tribute to the great saxophonist Frank Foster, who is stepping down as conductor of the Count Basie Orchestra. Foster will conduct the orchestra for one of the last times, as well as jam with well-wishers like Teodross Avery, Jon Faddis, Jarris Foster, Al Grey, Lionel Hampton, Slide Hampton, Jimmy Heath, Hank Jones, Tito Puente, Max Roach, Diane Schur, and Joe Williams. The gala is co-hosted by Quincy Jones and Phyllcia Rashad. 10/2 at 8 P.M. Aaron Davis Hall, 135th St. and Convent Ave. at City College (650-5966). \$75-\$125.

All-Star Doo-wop Reunion—The Drifters, the Coasters, and the Shangri-las headline this fortieth-anniversary celebration of that street-corner-born American art form, doo-wop. 9/29 at 8 P.M. The Paramount, Madison Square Garden, 33rd St. and Seventh Ave. (307-7171). \$29.50-\$37.50.

Bryant Park Salutes Broadway—9/27 and 9/29 at 12:30 P.M. Bryant Park, Sixth Ave. between 40th and 42nd Sts. (922-9393). Free.

Luis Miguel—9/28-10/1 at 8 P.M. Radio City Music Hall, 50th St. and Sixth Ave. (247-4777). \$35-\$55.

Clubland

Academy—A grand old theater whose big-time rock acts and bruising sound system vie against the



The Fog Rolls In

It's fall, "season of mists and mellow fruitfulness," to quote Keats, and cabaret singers don't get mistier or more mellow than the Velvet Fog himself, a.k.a. Mel Tormé, who, this Tuesday, settles into Michael's Pub (211 East 55th Street; 758-2272) for a three-week celebration of his tenth autumn in New York.

100,000th rendition of "Memory" being sung two blocks away. 9/26: Brit-rock superstars Blur. 9/30: Buffalo Tom, once dubbed "the Bryan Adams of alternative rock," plays with newcomer alt-rock crooner Jennifer Trynin, a twangier, more literate, and less drama-queeny Alanis Morissette, and the Inbreds. 243 W. 43rd St., bet. Seventh and Eighth Aves. (249-8870).

Blarney Star—Expert Irish musicians congregate here every Friday, their instruments ranging from button accordion to uilleann pipes and their origins from the Bronx to County Clare. 9/29: "The Fourth Annual Harmonica Concert." 43 Murray St., two blocks below Chambers St. (732-2873).

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries—that recently celebrated its twentieth anniversary. Given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 9/26: Robert Earl Keene; Susan Werner. 9/27: The Fab-

ulous Thunderbirds. 9/30: The wonderful avant-pop vocal trio Betty, stars of the recent gay-rights benefit record *Out Loud* and thrilling live performers. They mix flirtatiously witty lyrics with deft three-part harmonies and super-catchy songwriting—a cross between the Roches, k.d. lang, and Sweet Honey in the Rock. 15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).

Brownie's—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beers, on-the-rise bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. Cozy and congenial, even if you're not pierced. 9/8: Hal-cion; Fluffer. 9/30: Six Finger Satellite; Thomas Jefferson Slave Apts.; Run On. 10/1: Saturnine. 10/3: Jim Lauderdale. Shows nightly at 9. 169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). \$.

CBGB & OMFUG—Ground zero of punk's stateside explosion and, twenty years later, still a smoking, flier-strewn pit—in a good way. 9/27: Jim Crow. 10/1: Lunachicks. 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). \$.

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A downtown big-budged blueserie with comfortably down-home ambience and even more comfortable couches behind the stage. Dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. 9/27-9/28: Eddie Burks and Delta Blue. 9/29-9/30: The Holmes Brothers. 73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). \$.

Coney Island High—St. Marks, not Coney Island, but still thrills and spills a plenty, with seedy outer-borough ambience and bands picked by Jesse Malin, lead singer of local punk-preservationists D Generation. 15 St. Marks Pl. (475-9726).

The Cooler—The meat-packing district's subterranean steel-corroded home to alternative rockers, avant-garde-jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.'s. A sleekly refurbished meat locker with black light, moody atmosphere, and a Patti Smith photo. 9/28: The ever-natty noise saxophonist and soul monster No. 1, James Chance, leads his Deep Blue Moods. 9/30: Sepulchral quirk-rock from the all-girl cello trio Rasputina; Life in a Blender; Tara Key, the ferocious guitarist from Antietam, leads her own band. 416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).

Fez—Mingus fever and lush faux-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house, playing the works of the great, brawling jazz bassist. 9/29-9/30: Bluiett's Barbecue Band plays, starring the rough, gritty, and always adventurous baritone saxophonist Hamiet Bluiett, a Mingus

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. \$ = cash only.

alum and regular in the David Murray Big Band. They're joined by the Ralph Peterson's Fo'tet. *Time Cafe*, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).

Irving Plaza—A midsize bi-level rock venue with moody chandeliers and a sort of haunted-bordello ambience. It's a bit of a crush near the stage, but there's an amiable bar, 119, right around the corner for a preshow aperitif. "Savoy Sundays" are weekly swingfests of ballroom dancing. 9/26: Del Amitri. 9/27-9/28: Ani Di Franco. 17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).

Knitting Factory—The cranky, wiry, and bespectacled frontman of Shellac is also among the most influential rock thinkers of the past decade. After leading the semi-legendary punk outfit Big Black, sometime journalist Steve Albini added record engineering to his résumé, crafting uncompromisingly abrasive soundscapes for the likes of the Pixies, Nirvana, and PJ Harvey—a sound that has come to define the artier side of the post-punk era. Now Albini is returning from behind the boards, trading in more provocative band names like Big Black and Rape Man for a refreshingly generic moniker that also describes the band's sound: bilious, thick, and penetrating. They play with the Italian noise band Uzeda on 9/26, 9/27: Violent Onsen Geisha with T. Moore and S. Surgal. 10/1: Tony Corad; Gastr Del Sol. Shows at 8 and 11. 74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).

Manny's Car Wash—A little Chicago on the Upper East Side. Mondays, beware salivating yuppie swells here for Ladies Night. 9/26: The Flying Neutros. 9/27: Johnny Clyde Copeland; Sonny Rhodes and the Rhodes Warriors. 9/28: A.C. Reed and the Sparkplugs. 9/29: Tommy McCracken. 9/30: Mike Morgan and the Crawl. 10/3: Rhett Tyler and Early Warning. 1558 Third Ave. (369-BLUE).

Maxwell's—Hoboken's indie-rock central or CBGB West, the site of many of rock's recent groundswells. 9/27: Citizen Fish; Bender. 9/28: Gastr Del Sol; Labradford. 9/29: A thrashier spin-off to the Jon Spencer Blues Explosion, Boss Hog features guitarist Spencer and his lovely wife Christina, who presides over the messy roots jams like a punk-schooled escapee from *Valley of the Dolls*. Good, trashy fun. 9/30: Madder Rose. 1039 Washington St., Hoboken (201-798-4064).

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, frequently hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more *au courant* time slots of MTV. 10/1: The dreamy East Village rock outfit Madder Rose lay out heavy-lidded, Velvet Underground-inspired pop gems. 10/2: San Francisco's brainy, brawling rock band Cake storm our shores. 10/3: Folksy indie-pop from Mary Karlsen and the delightful Georgian rock band Billy Pilgrim. Shows nightly. 217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).

Paddy Reilly's—The home of the rollicking hip-hop-accented Irish band Black 47 on Fridays and the punkishly feisty Rogue's March on Sundays. 519 Second Ave., at 29th St. (686-1210).

Sidewalk Cafe—The backroom Fort is the latest home to New York's "anti-folk" scene, featuring impassioned, off-wacky guitar- and poesy-wielding artists, with the occasional Beat refugee. 10/2: The Antihootenanny with Lach. 8 P.M. 94 Ave. A (473-7373).

Sounds of Brazil—The city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadiums back home. 9/26-9/28: The flashy Caribbean pianist Michel Camilo leads a trio. 9/29: "Women in Reggae '95" presents Judy Mowatt and Sister Carol and Burning Brass. 9/30: Katende and the Viva Brazil dancers. 10/2: Conjunto Cespedes; Pa-

takin/Raices. 204 Varick St. (243-4940)

Tramps—One of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock, Tramps eschews high-concept for straightforward presentation. Avoid the neck-craning mid-stage column and muddy-sounding areas by getting there early. 9/29: Charlatans U.K. 9/30: The mighty Chicago bluesman Otis Rush, whose stinging electric guitar leads leave him positively without a living equal. 9/1: Benefit for Bosnian refugees with the Lizard Dawn; Mercy River, and the Happy Tea Leaves. 51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid/activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. N.B.: Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. 9/27: A benefit for P.S. 116, featuring the Spin Doctors and Simon and the Bar Sinisters. 9/28: The Southern-white-boy, Ohio Players-ish neo-funk group Dag. 9/29: A rather terrifying bit of pop-culture pastiche, Dread Zeppelin mixes the works of the British hard-rock legends with reggae riddims and—why not?—an Elvis impersonator. If you've never heard "Whole Lotta Love" gone raggamuffin and Vegas this is probably your only chance. 161 Hudson St. (966-5244).

Jazz

Birdland—A comfy, two-tiered restaurant with huge bay windows, late-fifties jazz paintings, and striking light fixtures hovering from the ceiling. The fine jazz musicians that play nightly rarely draw large crowds, probably owing to the longish uptown trek required to see them. 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228).

Talent Not a Pretty Girl?

Ive gotten underwear of all flavors," says Ani DiFranco (Irving Plaza, September 27-28). "Everything from the black lace to the white Fruit of the Looms." And these are hardly the oddest tokens

of affection that fans have bestowed upon the 24-year-old singer. "One girl got up on-stage to dance, and when she was back there behind me, she bit my butt! It was really traumatic."

Such are the perils of being the darling of acoustic punk, a singer-songwriter who's been called a cross between Tracy Chapman (when she didn't suck) and P. J. Harvey, and, not inappropriately, the future of folk music.

In her nose ring and neo-primitivist cofuture, DiFranco gives the lie to the willowy folk-femme stereotype before she even sings a note, and when she starts to play guitar, she pretty much obliterates it. DiFranco strums in an aggressive, West African style, percussively battering her acoustic axe and conjuring more force than most peers wield with an electric. Her swooping voice and bubbly persona infuse the songs' more caustic social observations with such a buoyant energy that even anger reads as inspiration. It's small wonder that crowd response—be it male, female, gay, or straight—tends to be something less than reserved.

DiFranco's new album, *Not a Pretty Girl*—her seventh on her own label, Righteous Babe Records—is typically resistant to feminine archetypes. "There's something about pretty that's very passive, very obedient," she says by way of an explanation. Exactly what kind of girl she is, however, still eludes her. "I guess sort of a goofy girl. I don't feel like the most empowered person, but maybe I kind of have people fooled."

CHRIS NORRIS



Blue Note—Easily the city's highest-ticket jazz spot, the self-titled "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening and, as its empire expands (soon to take Korea with Blue Note Seoul), charges accordingly. 9/26-10/1: A bebop legend and maverick experimentalist, drummer Max Roach presents his Double Quartet, a strings-'n'-swing jazz outfit that also features his daughter. Sets at 9 and 11:30. 131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).

Cajun—A brassy and brightly lit bit of New Orleans in Chelsea, dedicated to Preservation Hall-style Dixieland. Regulars include Joe Muranyi, clarinetist for the last six years of Louis Armstrong's All Stars; Eddy Davis, a jazz banjoist; and Chuck Folds, a stride pianist and sometime accompanist to trumpet legend Doc Cheatham. 129 Eighth Ave., at 16th St. (691-6174).

The Five Spot—Highly rated food and the airy, drop-dead splendor of the old Hotel Wolcott's ballroom. 4 West 31st St. (631-0100).

Iridium Room—The artfully wacky restaurant across from Lincoln Center crosses Dali with Dr. Seuss in its décor and hosts some formidable jazz comers in its basement. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.-Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. 44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).

Knickerbocker Bar & Grill—A wood-paneled and brass-railed restaurant with Old New York ambience and excellent—occasionally legendary—pianists. 33 University Pl. (228-8490).

Knitting Factory—9/28-9/30: John Lurie and the Lounge Lizards. 10/2: David Murray Big Band. 10/3: San Francisco's scrappy guitar trio T.J. Kirk, whose members include eight-string phenom Charlie Hunter and two more just-as-distinctively thrilling axmen. Their gimmick: the music of Thelonious Monk, James Brown, and Rahsaan Roland Kirk—often played simultaneously. It's a giggly concept that bears up well under serious listening. Shows at 8 and 11. 74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).

Metropolis Cafe (Downstairs)—The elegant restaurant right off Union Square may be out of the Village jazz loop, but its basement regularly hosts top-notch jazz stars and R&B acts. Every Tuesday, George Gee's orchestra plays swing classics from Basie to Woody Herman. 31 Union Sq. W. (675-0851).

Red Blazer Too—Early Friday evening is the time to catch Lew Anderson's crack big band, before its members head off to their more lucrative gigs in Broadway's orchestra pits. 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112).

Small's—A newish, feisty jazz club that stays open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a cozy, candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post-Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. 9/29-9/30: Ed Neumeister Quintet. Thurs.-Sun., shows start at 10. 183 W. 10th St. (929-7565).

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Sunday, Doc Cheatham plays from 2 to 6. 9/26-10/1: The father-and-son saxophonist team of Chico Freeman and his legendary Chicago-based *père*, Von. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. 88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).

Tavern on the Green—A pricey, somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop. Still, the Tavern's Chestnut Room is a top-flight jazz club—with excellent sound and a full roster of stars. 9/26-10/1: Smooth-daddy saxophonist Houston Person plays Lester Young to Etta Jones's Billie

Holiday, doubtless offering a night of molasses-thick romance and rhapsody. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round-table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. 9/26–10/1: The great jazz guitarist Jim Hall leads a trio with different special guests nightly. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. and 1 A.M. 178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). \$.

Visiones—Spanish food and avant-ish jazz guests, along with some funkified post-boppers. 9/26: Dave Douglas, downtowny, avant-minded trumpeter, leads his own adventurous sextet. Every Sunday, it's the Gust. W. T. Silis Quintet. Late-night jams happen Thursdays. Every Monday, the Maria Schneider Orchestra plays at 9 and 11. 125 Macdougall St. (673-5576).

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—Animal House ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Wednesdays, Risa Barash hosts *Women of Comedy* Nights at 9:30. 9/26–9/28: Keith Robinson; Patrice O'Neal; Tony Woods; Greg Fitzsimmons. 82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).

Caroline's Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show. Big-budget acts and tab. 1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100).

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. 9/25–10/1: Kevin Brennan; Greer Barnes; Ray Romano; Dave Attell; Larry Amoros. Shows Sun.–Thurs., 9–2. 117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. 1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).

extra shows Fri. at 7 and 11; Sat. at 6, 7:30, 9:30, and 11:45. 241 E. 24th St. (696-5233).

Rebar—The audience sits on well-worn couches and the comedians try things they've never done before. It's hit and miss in terms of comedy, but always entertaining. Mondays at 8. Eighth Ave. at 16th St. (627-1680).

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. 9/22–9/23: Judy Gold; Greg Fitzsimmons; Maria Falzone; Chuck Boones. Sun.–Thurs. at 9; Fri. at 9 and 11:30; Sat. at 7:30, 9:30, and 11:30. 236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—The San Francisco-based singer Weslia Whitfield brings her distinctive blend of jazz and blues to the Oak Room for six weeks. Through 10/21. Tues.–Sat. at 9 (dinner at 7); Fri.–Sat. also at 11:30 (supper at 10:30). \$30; \$15 minimum. 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).

Arimboldo—On Sunday evenings, this stylish trattoria in the U.N. neighborhood offers "Opera With Taste," a series of programs featuring selected arias performed by a rotating ensemble of up-and-coming young stars from the Metropolitan Opera. The prix fixe dinner menu is \$35; no music charge. 220 E. 46th St. (972-4646).

Bemelmans Bar—Tuesdays through Saturdays from 9:30 to 1:30, pianist Peter Mintun plays pop classics from the twenties through the forties. \$10 music charge; no minimum. Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).

Cafe Pierre—Dancing has recently been reinstated at this cozy, intimate room on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings from 9 to 1, backed up by the romantic stylings of singer-pianist Kathleen Landis and her trio. \$10 music charge in the bar; no music charge for dinner and dancing. Jacket and tie required. 2 E. 61st St. (940-8185).

F. illi Ponte—Pianist-singer David Raleigh, Wed.–Sat. from 8 to 1. No cover, no minimum. 39 Debrosses St. (226-4621).

Harry's Bar—Jazz vocalist Michelle Wiley, Tues.–Sat.

11; dinner required at early shows. 30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).

Sardi's—The Joe Traina Quintet has extended its successful Friday-evening engagement here indefinitely, playing jazz, swing, and show tunes with various guest vocalists at 10:30. This week, singer Deborah Traneli performs a salute to Rodgers and Hart. No cover, no minimum. 234 W. 44th St., Club Room, 2nd floor (221-8444).

Bars

Bar 5757—At the Four Seasons Hotel. You may require a few martinis to shell out \$18 for a burger deluxe. Luckily, this swank mausoleum has thirteen on its menu. Included among the various fruity mutations is the James Bond Original—yes, you guessed it: "shaken, not stirred." 57 E. 57th St. (758-5700).

Bar d'O—An elegant and secluded bar on a lost corner in Greenwich Village. Perfect for a rendezvous (whatever your preference). Be sure to catch Joey Arias's delinquent and daring drag show, every Tuesday night. 29 Bedford St., at Downing St. (627-1580).

Beekman Bar and Books—A determinedly upscale lounge for men and the women who will marry them. The clientele is much younger than it pretends to be and is very serious about being civilized. Very serious. Very civilized. Expect cigar and whiskey know-it-alls; expect striped ties and strings of pearls; expect O.J. jokes and college fight songs. 889 First Ave., nr. 50th St. (980-9314).

Bowery Bar—Eric Goode's controversial wall boxes out the neighborhood and contains the giddy hipsters within a very cool lounge inspired by a fifties-era Miami Holiday Inn. So happy for a new place to have a genius time, the crowd doesn't seem to mind a bartender for whom a request for a neat bourbon inspires paroxysms of self-doubt. 358 Bowery, at 4th St. (475-2220).

Den of Thieves—Another thumping downtown concept bar. Comfortable banquettes and some down-on-your-luck linoleum deuces so the regulars can commiserate about how hard it is to be young and fabulous all the time. Gripping rhythm from the DJ. after 11. 145 E. Houston St. (477-5005).

Embassy—The perfect, understated atmosphere to contemplate life (or digest the dinner you just ate at Nobu across the street). Go on Monday nights if boldfaced names hold any appeal, and sample the house martini, made with whiskey instead of vermouth. 116 Hudson St., nr. Franklin St. (941-1183).

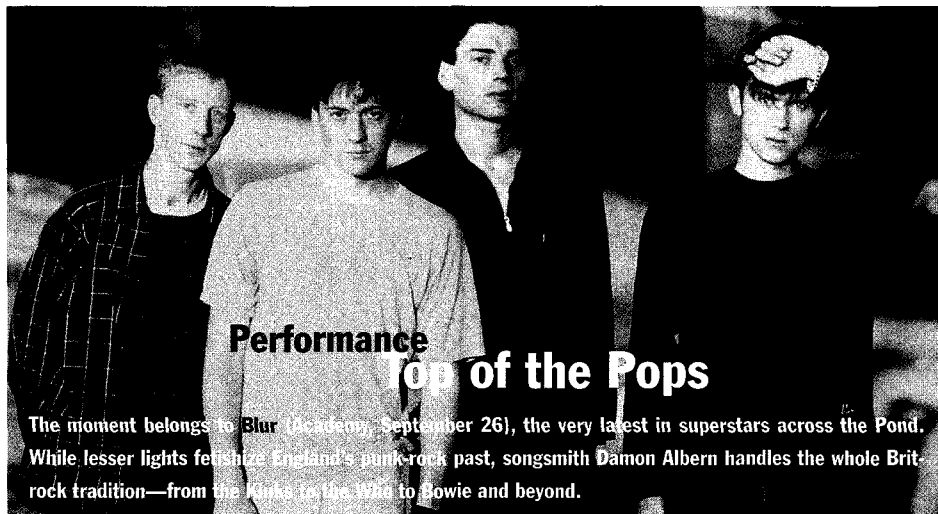
J. J. Beckett's—With the exception of the occasional overenthusiastic undergrad, most of the folks at the bar look as though they deserve a drink. On Wednesday nights, this Naugahyde-and-pressboard dive hosts the James Begian Three, an earnest, low-key trio that lends plenty of atmosphere. Finally, a destination bar on the Upper West Side that's not a pathetically phony friends-in-low-places theme bar. Amsterdam Ave., at 90th St. (787-9628).

Joe's Bar—A truly lousy pool table and a men's room that begs to have its floors pissed on don't detract from the good-time feeling powered by a jukebox that earned this place the moniker "Joe's Cowboy Bar."

The urban-beat-cowboy thing among some of the regulars gets a little tired—but only sometimes. 520 E. 6th St. (473-9093).

Riverrun—A hybrid beer hall—subway tunnel whose most architecturally significant objects are the phone-booth-size pissoirs. Have a beer with Danny, the best bartender in town. And have a boiled egg—they're free. While you're at it, drop a dime in the cheapest jukebox this side of 1940. 176 Franklin St., nr. Hudson St. (966-3894).

The Rainbow Promenade—Head bartender Dale Degroff has been creating cocktails and perfecting the classics for years, and nothing beats the view at sunset. The line starts on Thursday and lasts all weekend, so drop by early in the week. Yes, that was Ray Kelly sipping on a Manhattan. 30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5100).



The moment belongs to Blur (Academy, September 26), the very latest in superstars across the Pond. While lesser lights fetishize England's punk-rock past, songsmith Damon Albarn handles the whole Brit-rock tradition—from the Who to the Who to Bowie and beyond.

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. 9/26–10/1: Jim Gaffigan; Lenny Varnedoe; Sam Greenfield. 10/2–10/8: Mike Robles; Tony Powell; Marvin Bell. 1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).

Jane's Comedy Club—A bush-leaguer showcase, with up-and-coming comics and a relaxed atmosphere. 9/23: Sam Lowery; Jason Andros; Tony Carboni. 254 Greene St., bet. 8th St. and Waverly Place. (475-5263).

New York Comedy Club—Every Friday, the NYCC presents "New York's Best African-American and Latino comics." W/E 9:30: Rich Franchise; Todd Barry; Mike King. Every Wed. and Thurs., there's sketch comedy at 7 P.M. Shows Mon.–Fri. at 9, with

from 8:30 to 12:30. No cover, no minimum. New York Palace Hotel, 455 Madison Ave. (888-7000).

Michael's Pub—As always, Woody Allen and the New Orleans Funeral & Ragtime Orchestra on Mon. at 8:45 and 11. And, beginning this Tuesday, the Velvet Fog—a.k.a., to the uninitiate, Mel Tormé—settles in for a celebration of his tenth fall season here. \$35 minimum. 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272).

Rainbow and Stars—Kicking off the release of her new album *Under Paris Skies*, Karen Akers—she of the pageboy bangs and melancholy allure—returns to this room for the third time in as many years, in a show called *Whenever I Think of Paris*. Don't despair, non-Francophones; in addition to classic chansons, she'll be singing tunes by Irving Berlin and Noël Coward. Through 10/14. \$40 cover Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 and Fri.–Sat. at 11; \$20 cover Tues.–Thurs. at

in concert

Bête Noire...Otello Opens...Two to Tango

Classical Music

Tuesday, September 26

An Irish Jubilee—Soprano Patricia Brady-Danzig sings some of Ireland's best-loved songs. *Society for Ethical Culture*, 2 W. 64th St. (874-5454), at 6; \$8.

New York Philharmonic—Pianist Cécile Ousset performs Strauss and Wagner; Kurt Masur, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center* (721-6500), at 7:30; \$15-\$60.

Wednesday, September 27

Bryant Park Salutes Broadway—Songs of "Questions and Speculations" from the sixties. *Bryant Park, Sixth Ave. bet. 40th and 42nd Sts.* (922-9393), at 12:30; free.

Alumni Recital—Joseph Rutkowski, clarinet, and Elliot Finkel, piano, perform Finzi, Bernstein, Copland, and Brahms. *Mannes College of Music*, 150 W. 85th St. (580-0210), at 8; free.

Thursday, September 28

American Landmark Festivals—Featuring Francis Heilbut, piano. *Green Auditorium*, 40 W. 68th St. (866-2086), at 1; free.

Noonday Concert Series—Pianist William Chapman Nyaho performs works by Bach, Dett, and Gianastara. *St. Paul's Chapel, Broadway and Fulton St.* (602-0747), at 1; \$2.

Luiz Simas, Pianist—Performing original piano compositions, influenced by Brazilian pop, jazz, and bossa nova. *The Spanish Institute*, 684 Park Ave., at 68th St. (628-0420), at 6; \$7-\$12.

New York Philharmonic—Violinist Glenn Dicterow, flutist Jeanne Baxtresser, and harpsichordist Michael Schönnheit perform works by Bach, Dessau, and Mendelssohn; Kurt Masur, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center* (721-6500), at 8; \$15-\$60.

Music of John Ireland—Performed by pianist Robert Helps, cellist Scott Kluksdahl, and clarinetist Brian Moorhead. *Merkin Concert Hall*, 129 W. 67th St. (362-8719), at 8; \$7-\$15.

Play It by Ear—This improvisation troupe performs spontaneous mini-operas. *American Opera Projects*, 463 Broome St. (431-8102), at 8; \$10.

Friday, September 29

Bryant Park Salutes Broadway—See 9/27.

New York Philharmonic—See 9/28, at 11.

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."



Happenings

Opera Noir

Philip Glass's reconfiguration of Jean Cocteau's allegorical 1946 film 'La Belle et La Bête'—complete with synchronized live dialogue, experimental score, and some beastly sound effects—returns to New York for ten performances starting September 27.

Manhattan School of Music Symphony—Performing works by Berlioz, Saint-Saëns, and Dvořák; Sixten Ehrling, conductor. *John C. Borden Auditorium*, Broadway and 122nd St. (749-3300), at 8; free.

Play It by Ear—See 9/28.

Saturday, September 30

Basically Bach Festival—Iain Quinn and Gail Archer play St. Peter's Klais organ at 1 and 2. The Trio Bell'Arte plays chamber works at 3, and Walter Hilse performs *The Art of the Fugue* at 4. At 8, St. Peter's Choir and the Bach Orchestra perform Brandenburg Concerto No. 1 and Cantata 79. *Saint Peter's Church, Lexington Ave.* at 54th St. (935-2200); \$28 for the day, \$8 for the first 3 recitals, \$16 for concerts.

Zoom: Composers Close Up—Featuring composer Sebastian Currier and the Cassat String Quartet. *Merkin Concert Hall*, 129 W. 67th St. (362-8719), at 9; free.

Sunday, October 1

American Symphony Orchestra—Performs Myaskovsky, Khrennikov and Shostakovich in "Behind the Curtain: Submission and Resistance Under the Soviet Regime." *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center* (581-1365), at 3; \$42-\$90.

Trout Quintet—Pianist Ilan Rechtman and bassist Trent Helerstein perform Schubert and Maurer. *Hotel Wales*, 1295 Madison Ave. at 92nd St. (876-6000), at 6 and 8; free.

Monday, October 2

Juilliard Orchestra—Performs works by Haydn, Paganini, and Sibelius; Hugh Wolff, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center* (721-6500), at 8; \$7-\$15, students free.

Opera

Metropolitan Opera—Opens 10/2 with Verdi's *Otello*. With Renée Fleming as Desdemona, Plácido Domingo as Otello, and James Morris as Iago. *Metropolitan Opera, Lincoln Center* (362-6000), at 7; \$23-\$137. Sold out.

La Belle et La Bête—Philip Glass re-invents Jean Cocteau's film. 9/27 to 9/30 at 8, 10/1 at 3. Through 10/7. *Hunter College, Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse*, 68th St. bet. Park and Lexington Aves. (772-4448); \$45.

New York City Opera—Hindemith's *Mathis der Maler*, 9/26 at 8; Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, 9/27 at 8; Bizet's *Carmen*, 9/29 at 8; Verdi's *Rigoletto*, 9/30 at 1:30; Puccini's *Tosca*, 9/30 at 8; Gilbert and Sullivan's *The Mikado*, 10/1 at 1:30. *New York State Theater*, 20 Lincoln Center (870-5570); \$17-\$78.

Amato Opera—Puccini's *Tosca*, playing through 10/8. 9/29 and 9/30 at 7:30. 319 Bowery (228-8200); \$18.

Dance

Compagnie Maguy Marin—Featuring *May B*, a work honoring Samuel Beckett. 9/26 to 9/30 at 8, 9/30 at 2. *The Joyce Theater*, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); \$30.

NEW STUFF: (in) art/culate—Three dance-theater premieres by Jill Dearman, Fausto Matias, and Maureen Ellenhorn. 9/28 to 10/1 at 9. P.S. 122, 150 First Ave. (477-5288); \$12.

Margarita Guergué—Presents *Constanza*, an evening-length duet about a mysterious meeting. 9/28 to 9/30 at 8, 10/1 at 3. *Bessie Schönberg Theater*, 219 W. 19th St. (924-0077); \$12.

One Night Only—An evening of tap dance and music featuring the premiere of "The Search and Syncope." 9/30 at 6 and 8:30. *Spina Loft*, 115 Prince St. (674-8885); \$15.

Tango X 2—Argentine tango company performs traditional dances and instrumental compositions. 10/1 at 7. *Lehman Center for the Arts*, 250 Bedford Park West, Bronx (718-960-8833); \$20-\$25.

Restaurants

Tuscan Brunch...Fall Fish...Union Bar

Manhattan

Lower New York

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. 38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

American Renaissance—The dining room of Eric Blauberg's grand restaurant in the American Thread Building looks like the monastery of the order of Saint Liberace. Chef Blauberg uses very of-the-moment infusions to create some of the freshest and most carefully prepared food in town. 260 W. Broadway, two blocks south of Canal St. (343-0049). (E) AE, MC, V.

Arqua—Traditional Northern Italian fare served in a dining room that is as spare and elegant as downtown gets. Watch out—the big guy in the apron is an aspiring tenor disguised as a waiter, and he's been known to break into conversation—stopping song without warning. Owner Leo Pulito has an impressive wine cellar. 281 Church St. (334-1888). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Bouley—Born to French parents and raised on his grandparents' farm in Connecticut, David Bouley knows the basics of classic French cooking, but he's given them his own signature style. Reserve weeks in advance, especially for Friday or Saturday night. There's a prix fixe at lunch and a six-course degustation at dinner. 165 Duane St., nr. Hudson St. (608-3852). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Capsouto Frères—Landmark French bistro with talked-about soufflés. Flemish-style building hosts local business folks at lunch. Dinner is a New York mix of neighborhood regulars, tourists, and trekkers from uptown. Brunch on Saturday and Sunday is

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, \$35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, \$15–\$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, \$15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: (\$) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.



Ask Gael Miracle on Tenth Avenue

I'm tired of the same old Chelsea places.

Tenth Avenue in the Twenties has a nowhere feel, but Zucca—spare and well-lit—is close to Chelsea galleries and just a cab zip from the Upper West Side—worth it to taste what chef-owner Eric Stapelman (late of the original Luma) dubs Mediterranean bistro. First comes the market, then the dish: pumpkin soup with goat cheese (cool now, warm once the weather turns), great beefsteak tomatoes with mozzarella, and papa di pomodoro—but only while the great tomatoes last. Try voluptuous foie gras and grilled figs, shellfish soup with hickory-smoked olives. Gnocchi with broccoli rabe and peppery Moroccan sausage. Gentle prices. Caveat: too much salt. (227 Tenth Avenue, near 23rd Street; 741-1970.)

great. Yes, that was Bruce Weber. 451 Washington St. (966-4900). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Cascabel—An elegant dining room with a rotating art collection, at a now-bustling intersection on the eastern border of SoHo. Chef Tom Valenti's inventive rustic, Italian-accented American offerings continue to wow. Pastry chef Lincoln Carson's peppermint bombe provides an explosive end to the meal. 218 Lafayette St., nr. Spring St. (431-7300). (E) AE, MC, V.

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. 2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef-owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is

dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. 131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (677-4100). (M) AE only.

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very charming narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. 124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Filli Ponte Ristorante—A former longshoremen's hotel, newly renovated with a spectacular view of the Hudson River and New Jersey beyond. Join the throng—made men and gawking hangers-on—for fine Italian fare. 39 Debosses Street (226-4621). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright-ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty. But then, the Hudson River figures prominently so many ways here. Chef Waldy Malouf uses farmers and their produce from along the Hudson River valley to reinvent traditional American fare. 4 World Financial Center (786-1500). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.

Il Palazzo—Dine in the backyard to the murmur of waterfalls. Try homemade pastas and other Italian fare. 151 Mulberry St. (343-7000). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

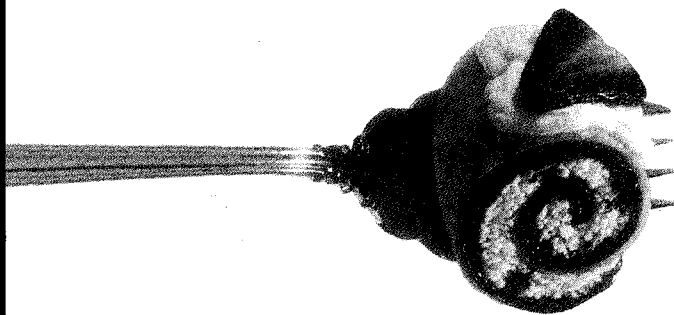
L'Ecole—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special three- and five-course menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sundays. 462 Broadway, at Grand St. (219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

Le Pescadou—This innovative Provençal bistro serves fresh seafood enhanced by a variety of infused oils. Oyster fans will find a wide variety of fresh ones. 18 King St., at Sixth Ave. (924-3434). (M) AE, MC, V.

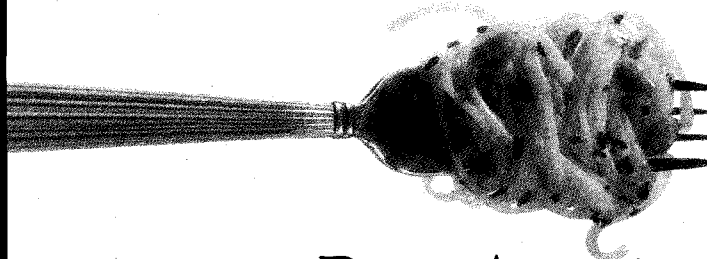
Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has three places in New York, including Nobu and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. 239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.

Nick and Eddie—If every neighborhood had a corner comfort-food port like this one, most of us would never leave. So we travel to this muted room with the other strivers, hustlers, strictly business types, and family-night-outers who flock to feel like part of the woodwork. 203 Spring St., at Sullivan St. (219-9090). (M) AE, MC, V.

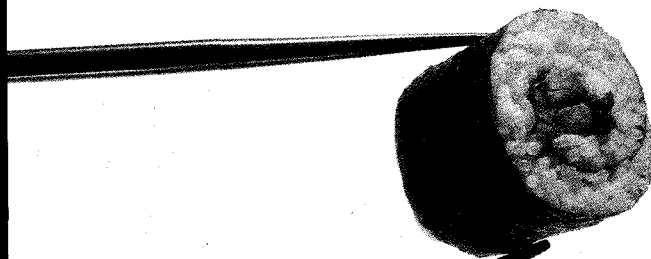
Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has



Bon Appétit



Buon Appetito



いただきます

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arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. 105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cave-like bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. 180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (966-3518). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.

SoHo Kitchen and Bar—Grape nuts celebrate the 96-spigot Cruvinet, ordering flights of Cabernets or seven Pinot Noirs to taste and compare, but SoHo neighbors love it, too—for all those beers on tap, for the thin-crust pizza, for a glance at the game on the TV overhead. 103 Greene Street., nr. Prince St. (925-1866). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Tennessee Mountain—An 1807 landmark farmhouse, this BBQ joint serves up chicken and ribs that you're not likely to forget. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for all-you-can-eat on Monday night. 143 Spring St. (431-3993). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.

Zoe—Charmingly hosted, megadesigned, and packed at lunch. Contemporary American dishes: crispy noodle-wrapped shrimp, wood-oven braised lamb shank with herb gnocchi, spit-roasted monkfish with lobster-potato home fries. 90 Prince St. (966-6722). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Below 14th Street, East

Baby Jake's—If hipster food isn't grilled, it's fried. Try the po'boys. Innovative booth deployment in the front of the room gives you a window view. 14 First Ave., nr. 1st St. (254-BABY). (M) AE only.

Casani's—A shrine to French barroom bric-a-brac in the basement. A bistro that is as Paris was in the sixties. Yes, that was Jean-Paul Belmondo. 54 E. 1st St. (777-1589). (M) (\$).

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. 12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Haveli—Haveli distinguishes itself from the Sixth Street strip, for its food as much as its upscale decor. Possibly the only East Village restaurant with an intentionally shattered windowpane. 100 Second Ave., nr. 6th St. (982-0533). (I-M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

L'Udo—This cool, countrified French and Italian restaurant has rough-hewn walls with fascinating frescoes and outdoor seating. A good bet when you're in the mood for prosciutto di parma and hanger steak with shallots and potatoes, plus a creative selection of pastas, seafood and vegetable dishes. 432 Lafayette St. (388-0978). (M) AE, TM.

Rose Cafe—This quiet and casual American bistro draws a diverse crowd. One of the only places where you can go and sit on Fifth Avenue and not break the bank. 24 Fifth Ave., at 9th St. (260-4118). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.

Three of Cups—Proving that the East Village has room enough for another wood-burning oven pizza parlor besides Two Boots. The "mickey," a charred spud dripping with butter, shouldn't be missed. 83 First Ave., at 5th St. (388-0059). (I) AE, MC, V.

Below 14th Street, West

Bar Pitti—This Tuscan trattoria, with tables spilling out onto the sidewalk, has simpler, cheaper food than Da Silvano next door, but it's just as good a spot to sip an espresso and watch the Village foot traffic. Great fettunta. 268 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-3300). (I-M) (\$).

El Charro Español—Heaps of thoughtfully prepared Spanish cooking. A sleeper worth getting in on. 4 Charles St., nr. Seventh Ave. (242-9547). (M)

AE, CB, MC, V.

Greenwich Cafe—Open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Try the veal couscous and the Mediterranean antipasto plate. 75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I-M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Le Zoo—The newest West Village scene, with lots of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like poulet grand mère, saumon en croûte, and cassolette. 314 W. 11th St. (620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V.

Nine Muses Cafe—Cheerful Greek newcomer transforms this corner of the West Village into Mykonos, especially after a glass or two of ouzo. Try the fresh grilled octopus and fish brochettes. 569 Hudson St., at W. 11th St. (741-0009). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

One if by Land, Two if by Sea—Elegant Village restaurant situated within an eighteenth-century carriage house previously owned by Aaron Burr. Four fireplaces and nightly piano music enhance a fine menu of American specialties like beef Wellington. 17 Barrow St. (228-0822). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Rincon de España—Spanish restaurant offering excel-

DC, MC, V.

Back Porch—Ideal spot for Murray Hill residents to meet for drinks al fresco and southwestern-flavored fare. Sit outdoors as long as the weather holds. 488 Third Ave. (685-3828). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Brew's—As casual and comfortable as a burger joint gets. This two-story landmark always pleases. Great beer selection, and the always hospitable longtime owners, the Brew family, make this an oasis in the desert above 14th Street. 156 E. 34th St. (889-3369). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.

Cafe Beulah—Delightful southern specialties prepared by chef-owner and former baritone opera singer Alexander Smalls. Petal-yellow walls and high wainscoting soothe, and wonderfully private banquettes against one wall make dining on sophisticated southern fare a delight. 39 E. 19th St. (777-9700). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.

Campagna—The *Late Show With David Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that...? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. 24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. 122 E. 27th St. (481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. 411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Live Bait—Southern-style home cooking that sticks to your ribs. Used to be that everyone and his mother had the baseball cap from this joint. Well known for a bar that reminds some of those bright college days. 14 E. 23rd St. (353-2400). (M) AE, TM.

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, borrowing from the flavors and ingredients of the American Southwest. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun. Great quesadillas. 102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

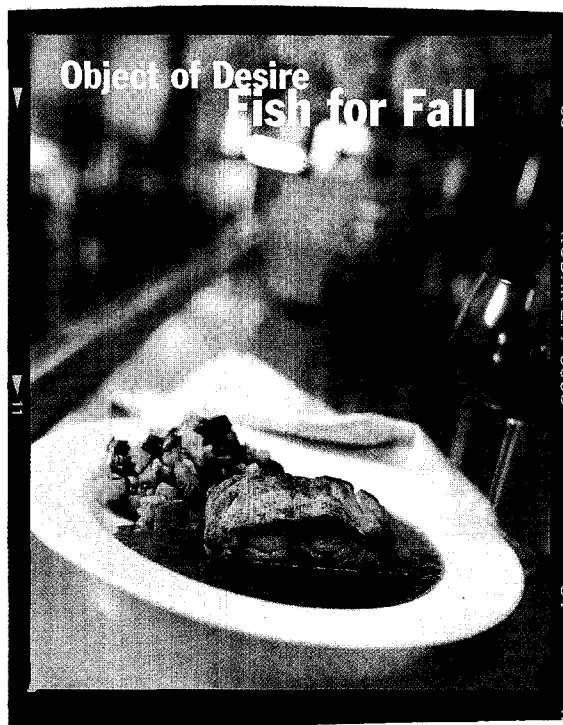
Metropolis Cafe—Good people-watching in this converted turn-of-the-century bank, with an outdoor café and contemporary American fare featuring steak, duck, and swordfish. There's jazz nightly, and a classical-music brunch. 31 Union Square W. (675-2300). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. 414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day and warm and earthy by night. Chef Doug Rodriguez comes from Miami via a childhood in Brooklyn. Really. And Ariel Lacayo may be the coolest maître d' in town. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink made from sugarcane. 250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. 21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Water Club—The setting and view from this East River barge is what all the fuss is about. The



Campagna, the gussied-up media canteen, marks the change of seasons with a richly sauced, beefy slab of wild striped bass, doused in a hearty lobster bisque infused with red wine, and served with autumn roots and gourds (24 East 21st Street).

lent paella and seafood; very small and intimate. 226 Thompson St. (475-9891/260). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

14th-42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot invented by Charles Palmer and designer Fernando Saralegui, but the food is all very twentieth-century: crispy shrimp cocktail, cod-and-salmon cakes, veal stew, an exciting cheese course. 36 E. 22nd St. (228-4399). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

An American Place—This venerable midtown spot is to New York as Chez Panisse is to Berkeley. With his eclectic American menu, Larry Forgione made the national cuisine interesting again. 2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (E) AE,

American fare is fine. 500 E. 30th St. (683-3333). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

14th-42nd Streets, West Side

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. 216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (243-4433). (I-M) (\$).

Bryant Park Grill—This long-awaited restaurant on the edge of the city's prettiest pocket park has been mobbed from day one. Go at an off-hour for Caesar salad, New York steak, soft-shell crabs, and scallion pancakes. 40th St., between Fifth and Sixth Aves. (840-6500). (M-E) AE, DC, MC, V

Cafe Americainstyle—An ideal rest stop for Lord & Taylor shoppers, whether they're simply grabbing a bite or resting their weary feet for hours. American fare in a simple setting. A welcome respite from the unruly retail throng. 424 Fifth Ave., nr. 39th St. (391-3344). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Cal's—A converted warehouse in the Flatiron district serving Continental Mediterranean fare in a relaxed, loft-like atmosphere. The bar menu's burger is one of the best. 55 W. 21st St. (929-0740). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro-New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. 107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.

Don Giovanni—A casual west-Chelsea spot serving rustic Italian fare like brick-oven pizza, pasta, and homemade desserts. Lively outdoor café and an open kitchen. 214 Tenth Ave., nr. 22nd St. (242-9054). (I) AE, MC, V

L'Acajou—This casual French bistro, serving regional specialties like escargot, steak au poivre, and venison, also curates art shows. 53 W. 19th St. (645-1706). (M-E) AE, DC, MC, V

Luma—Luma used to be famous for its nutritional asceticism: no meat, no fat, no fun. Now, the only restriction is the chef's efforts to use organic ingredients. Butter, beef, and crème brûlée abound. Enjoy. 200 Ninth Ave., at 22nd St. (633-8033). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Moran's—Charming and timeless New York City pub that's been around for 38 years. The friendly staff is, you guessed it: Irish. 146 Tenth Ave., at 19th St. (627-3032). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

37th Street Hideaway—Restaurant and supper club in the former home of John Drew Barrymore. Dance between courses from the Italian and Continental menu. 32 W. 37th St. (947-8940). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Zip City Brewing Co.—Flatiron brewpub with American pub fare, known especially for its burgers. 3 W. 18th St. (366-6333). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

43rd-56th Streets, East Side

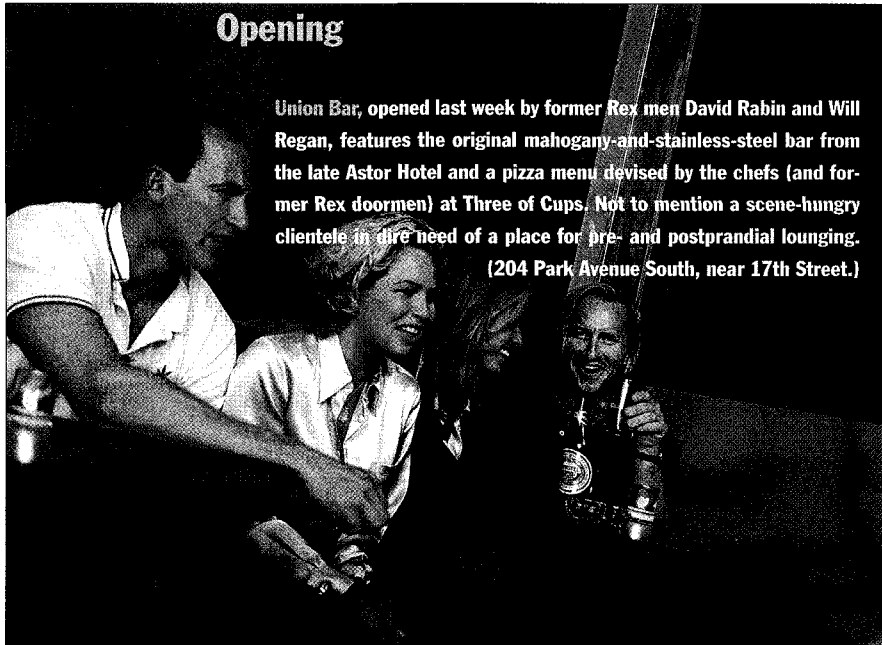
Ambassador Grill—Contemporary cuisine with global accents befitting the U.N. bigwigs who stop by for lunch. Friday-night seafood fest offers an unlimited raw bar. Yes, that was Jacques Cousteau. 44th St. in the U.N. Plaza-Park Hyatt (702-5014). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V

Bull & Bear—As the name suggests, a good-old-days watering hole and steakhouse for a strictly business crowd. The dark-wood club ambience draws a well-suited crowd for dinner that stays for drinks at the bar. 301 Park Ave., entrance on Lexington Ave. at 49th St. (872-4900). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

Cafe Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. 200 Park Ave., 45th St. at Vanderbilt Ave. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

Denim & Diamonds—Above all else, this countrified dance hall is a destination if you're in midtown and fancy a hoedown. The Texas-style barbecue is there if you work up an appetite. 511 Lexing-

Opening



Union Bar, opened last week by former Rex men David Rabin and Will Regan, features the original mahogany-and-stainless-steel bar from the late Astor Hotel and a pizza menu devised by the chefs (and former Rex doormen) at Three of Cups. Not to mention a scene-hungry clientele in dire need of a place for pre- and postprandial lounging. (204 Park Avenue South, near 17th Street.)

ton Ave., nr. 48th St. (371-1600). (I) AE, MC, V

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. 99 E. 52nd St. (754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Fresco—It's a family affair: The Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops and fish) on the table. 34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Elegant Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. 46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The \$46 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. 2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (753-4500). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Lutèce—The name is still synonymous with dishes like Dover sole, cassoulet, and rack of lamb. After three decades of defining traditional French cuisine, master chef André Soltner ceded the reigns to relative innovator Eberhard Müller. The kitchen still astounds. 249 E. 50th St. (752-2225). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Monkey Bar—David Rockwell's glamorous renovation of this landmark bar retains the original murals and sconces. The Mediterranean-influenced American menu boasts specialties like chili-rubbed swordfish and baked Alaska. 60 E. 54th St. (838-2600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. 551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V

Oceana—A formal setting and fish-savant Rick Moonen's extensive and excellent seafood menu make this room a favorite for business lunches and romantic evenings alike. 55 E. 54th St. (759-5941). (E) AE, DC, MC, V

Otabe—Customers are ministered to by their own chefs in the private teppan-grill rooms. The cool, contemporary décor—beige tones and wood paneling—in the main dining room brings serenity to midtown. 68 E. 56th St. (223-7575). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

San Pietro—A popular midtown Southern Italian, with a comprehensive menu and a chef who renders fine renditions of fish, pasta, and wild game. 18 E. 54th St. (753-9015). (E) AE, DC, MC, V

Shinbashi—Authentic Japanese cuisine, including tempura, sukiyaki, teriyaki, and sushi, served in elegant surroundings. 280 Park Ave., at 48th St. (661-3915). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. Third Ave. at 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American fare with Continental touches. The dinner crowd comes to rubberneck and dance. Wednesday through Saturday there's a carnival-inspired cabaret. 151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M-E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. 200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V

Vong—Wow! This is Thai to die for. Chef Jean-Georges Vongerichten's little Third Avenue-by-way-of-Bangkok palace was designed by architect David Rockwell, and it's a showy temple indeed—there's gold leaf on those walls. The menu's full of wonders, starting with the crab rolls and coconut-milk-and-galangal soup. 200 E. 54th St. (486-9592). (E) AE, CB, MC, V

43rd-56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne—The Art Nouveau elegance and hush make this a perfect spot for an illicit tryst or a business lunch. A United Nations of flavors. 700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula. (247-2200). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V

Algonquin—Draws on its history as the fabled stomping ground of literary giants. The wood-paneled sitting-room-like lobby still holds many imaginations captive. 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. Seven hours' free parking after 5:30 p.m. Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (246-6699). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

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Restaurants

Bello—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking from four till closing. 863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAs while you dine. Free dinner parking. Private parties. 315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M-E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V

Century Cafe—Theater-district cafe popular among actors and fans alike, with a prix-fixe menu and American fare like filet mignon and grilled salmon. 132 W. 43rd St. (398-1988). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Restaurant Charlotte—Offers a refuge from the hub-bub and hustle of Times Square. Consistent American cuisine in a postmodern setting. 145 W. 44th St., in the Hotel Macklowe (789-7508). (M-E) AE, DC, MC, V

Ciao Europa—Midtown Italian in an elegant, castle-like setting, with ceiling-high murals painted in 1937. Regulars swear by the pasta and desserts. 63 W. 54th St. (247-1200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. 120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M-E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V

Darbar—Indian cuisine fit for a king and an affordable all-you-can-eat buffet lunch seven days a week. 44 W. 56th St. (432-7227). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V

Dish of Salt—Dependable Cantonese cuisine for the nine-to-fivers who gather at the bar under this vaulted ceiling after work. A piano player bangs out show tunes every night. 133 W. 47th St. (921-4242). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

"44"—Still the first stop for the officers of the Condé Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor feels like the center of the Earth. Given the theatricality, surprisingly terrific food. 44 W. 44th St., in the Royaltan (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Frankie and Johnnie's Steakhouse—The oldest speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the chops. Yes, that was Tom Selleck. 269 W. 45th St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

Jewel of India—A spicy bargain at lunch. Mother-of-pearl and gold-leaf trimming give this room an elegant appeal. 15 W. 44th St. (869-5544). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V

La Bonne Soupe—Checked tablecloths, steak frites, onion soup, and crème caramel to fall in love with. Twenty years ago, long before New Yorkers knew they loved casual French dining, this midtown mainstay set the pace. 48 W. 55th St. (586-7650). (I) AE, MC, V

La Reserve—Justifiably crowded during pre-curtain times; stop by during odd hours for sophisticated French offerings and environs. 4 W. 49th St. (247-2993/299). (E) AE, DC, MC, V

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular spot in the theater district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops and pasta. 163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. 150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Lattanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. 361 W. 46th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. 155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V

Le Rivage—Pretheater bistro: reasonable prices, efficient service, and satisfying fare. 340 W. 46th St. (765-7374). (M) AE, MC, V

Osteria al Doge—Cheerful restaurant in the theater

district serving fine Northern Italian cuisine, with a menu that includes frito mixto, risotto, and a variety of pizzas and pastas. 142 W. 44th St. (944-3643). (M) AE, DS, MC, V

Patsy's—If it's good enough for Frank, it's good enough for you. Upscale Neapolitan eatery rooted in the glorious fifties. 236 W. 56th St. (247-3491). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V

Pierre au Tunnel—French the way it used to be (the place is 41 years old), and thoroughly charming, reliable, and comforting. 250 W. 47th St. (575-1220). (M) AE, MC, V

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's answer to an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. 165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V

Rainbow Room—"Where troubles melt like raindrops," boasts this perch in the sky. The restaurant is 65 stories up and more than 60 years old, and its stellar views of New York give it reason to gloat. Romantic, with a solid Continental menu. Jacket and tie required. 30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000). (E) AE, DC, MC, V

Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. 148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V

The Sea Grill—Plush, cozy dining room open to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, mint-touched carpaccio of yellowfin-tuna mignon, and swordfish steak at premium prices. Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (246-9201). (E) AE, DC, MC, V

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. 834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V

'21' Club—The new, old, younger '21' has lost its hauteur at the door but not its toys in the artfully restored saloon. Club classics alongside contemporary whimsy at prices that stagger, but from 10:30, supper is a bargain. 21 W. 52nd St. (582-7200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

57th-60th Streets

Akbar—Newly renovated, this Indian restaurant is cozy and colorful, with a stained-glass ceiling overhead. Business-minded types abound. 475 Park Ave., nr. 57th St. (838-1717). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

California Pizza Kitchen—With its 27 varieties of wood-fired pizzas from the open kitchen, CPK has finally arrived in New York City. Of course, those varieties include Thai-chicken and BLT pizzas. There is also a kid's menu. All menu items are under \$10. 201 E. 60th St. (755-7773). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, second-story pastaria for slightly Americanized Italian classics. 200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home at I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. 57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Les Célébrités—Plush and old-fashioned, this imposing dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen. Dinner only. 160 Central Park So. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aioli. 405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

In Print Dinners With André

Seymour Britchky, food writer and devotee of Lutèce's André Soltner, first approached the legendary French chef to write a book in 1978. "He asked me once," recalls Soltner, whose retirement from the city's most fabled French kitchen this spring closed a 30-year chapter in New York gastronomic history. "I said no. He asked twice, I said no. One day, I was weak and said yes." Their collaborative effort, *The Lutèce Cookbook*, makes it to stores next month.

Soltner logged more than 300 recipes in spare moments stolen between meals and on Sunday evenings off. His personal, folksy recipe introductions ("When I was a child, mostly in the spring and fall, I used to go fishing for frogs.

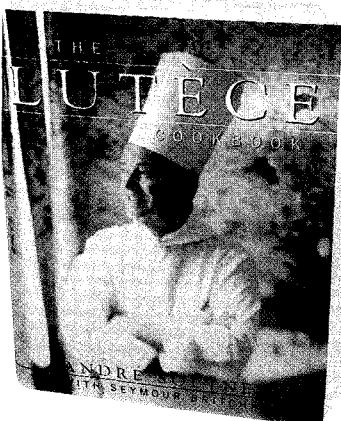
... My friends and I would go out carrying hazelnut sticks on which we tied a string")

and the lyrical author's preface, brimming with personal anecdotes, were captured piecemeal by Britchky on tape during weekly meetings at the restaurant, where Soltner would lapse into stories of his Alsatian childhood. Some memories came easier than others. "I'd try to draw stories out of him, and sometimes he'd say, 'But it's just a

recipe,'" says Britchky, who at times was forced to prod the chef into embellishing the descriptions of the food he grew up with.

Soltner's warmth and the gentle soul that powered his creativity come across most strongly in this book, as much a souvenir as a tribute to a truly unique personality. "I'm not a cookbook writer," says Britchky, who hasn't returned to his favorite restaurant since his co-author left the kitchen. "André Soltner is a singular person, who brought to New York an old-style way of life that improved the city. For me to write another book like this, there'd have to be another Soltner. And there isn't."

ROBIN RAISFELD



Mickey Mantle's—A sleek sports bar and restaurant with an art gallery, the requisite TV monitors, and a collection of vintage baseball jerseys. Features American cuisine like hickory-smoked baby back ribs, chicken-fried steak, and grilled swordfish. 42 Central Park So. (688-7777). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V

Petrossian—Fast food for the very rich in an Art Deco setting with carved frosted glass, mink-trimmed banquettes, and period bronzes—lean flappers with leaner wolfhounds. 182 W. 58th St. (245-2214). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. 1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

The Russian Tea Room—Hollywood's commissary in Manhattan and a Carnegie Hall hangout, too. But does that make staff rudeness obligatory? Stick to the caviar and blinis with icy vodka. And come for tea. Cabaret upstairs. 150 W. 57th St. (265-0947).

(E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. 240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Above 60th Street,
East Side

Arizona 206—Innovative southwestern, situated amid a cluster of movie theatres, and spitting distance from Bloomingdale's. Adobelike setting with fireplace and active sort-of-singles bar. Ideal spot for a drink or a feast. 206 E. 60th St. (838-0440). (M) AE, MC, TM, V

Baraonda—When the rest of the neighborhood is dark, this elegant Northern Italian hot spot is just starting to glow. The Rangers celebrated their Stanley Cup victory here, and yes, that was George Michael. 1439 Second Ave., at 75th St. (288-8555). (M) \$.

Cafe Crocodile—A French Mediterranean bistro with dishes ranging from Provençal to Moroccan. An intimate, romantic restaurant in a townhouse crowded with flowers and oil paintings. Serious foodies from the neighborhood and the occasional gaggle of well-informed Euro-tourists. 354 E. 74th St. (249-6619). (M) AE.

Cafe Nosidam—Italian-American fare, and a people-watchers' paradise. 768 Madison Ave., nr. 66th St. (717-5633). (M) AE, MC, V

Campagnola—Country-style Italian fare for the neighborhood—the whole neighborhood. 1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V

China Fun—Bustling noodle house, with authentic Chinese dim sum, seasonal specials, and weekend brunch. Perfectly situated for post-movie dining. 1239 Second Ave., at 65th St. (752-0810). (I) AE, MC, V

Ci Vediamo—Almost like two restaurants in one, this Northern Italian has a modern downstairs that caters to a younger

crowd and a cozy upstairs where the older crowd likes to linger. Good-size portions and reliable food make this an Upper East Side staple. 1431 Third Ave., at 81st St. (650-0850). (M) AE only.

Dakota Bar & Grill—Casual, contemporary American with creative renditions of standard dishes like herb-grilled chicken with roasted garlic sauce, mashed potatoes, and pumpkin seed brittle, and grilled salmon with a green-horseradish-and-honey glaze. Award-winning wine list and an excessively long bar. 1576 Third Ave., nr. 88th St. (427-8889). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V

Demi—This brownstone turned restaurant is one of the cozier spots along Madison Avenue. Candles and roses abound. And there's a fireplace for chilly winter eves and an outdoor terrace for balmy summer nights. 1316 Madison Ave., at 93rd St. (534-3475). (M) AE, MC, V

El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. 1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St.

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Elaine's—Primarily a clubhouse for the city's notables and wannabes. A table here is considered a badge of honor by some. While discussing the issues of the day, try American fare for very busy people. 1703 Second Ave., bet. 88th and 89th Sts. (534-8103). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.

540 Park—Named for its address, this American grill at the Regency Hotel has a soothing atmosphere. Pretty and soft muted colors and décor make this room the ultimate lullaby. 540 Park Ave., at 61st St. (759-4100). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Fork University—Eat at this restaurant's benefit events, like cigar dinners, wine tastings, and singles evenings to support a good cause: financial aid for low-income students at city colleges. Lamb salad, seaweed, and curried coconut fish soup are indicative of the menu's range. 1490 Second Ave., nr. 77th St. (988-5300). (I) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

Hi-Life Restaurant & Lounge—A seamless fusion of a steakhouse and an ocean-liner lounge. The dining room's landscape is speckled with round booths so big and luxurious that they seem structural. This place has two gears: As the evening wears on, the young-moms-with-strollers eatery gives way to an East Side hot spot complete with a sushi bar. 1340 First Ave., at 72nd St. (249-3600). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Jolo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. 160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.

Le Boeuf a La Mode—Cozy Yorkville bistro. Try authentic Parisian specialties like rack of lamb, duck aux cassis, and moules marinières. 539 E. 81st St. (249-1473). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Le Cirque—In the heady eighties, haute fashion, finance, and cuisine collided here. Owner Sirio Maccione still orchestrates a lively scene, and Sylvain Portay still believes in the magic of foie gras and crème brûlée. 58 E. 65th St. (794-9292). (E) AE, CB, DC.

Le Relais—Ask the folks at this French meta-east-side serving a proud gaggle of fashionable internationals what to expect from their bistro, and they'll tell you they are the "heart and soul of Madison Avenue." They may well be right. 742 Madison Ave., at 63rd St. (751-5108). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

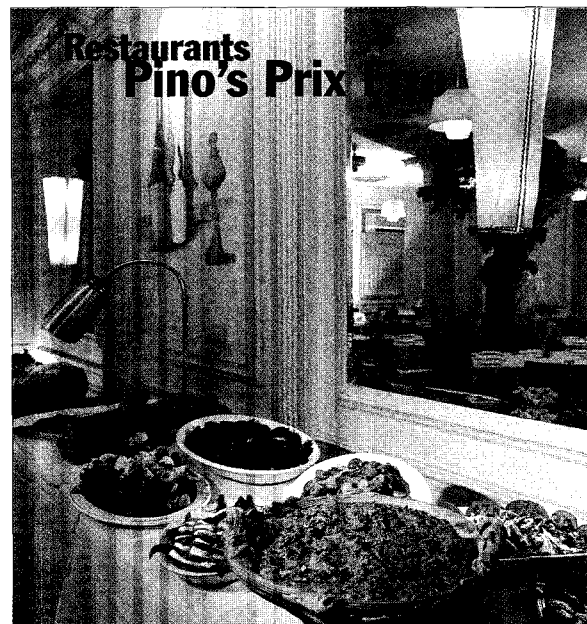
Letizia—Upper East Side neighborhood Italian that treats everyone like a local. Try unusual pasta dishes like the half-moon ravioli filled with shrimp and broccoli rabe. 1352 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (517-2244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Lex—A spot for ladies who lunch, in exactly the right neighborhood. Lots of comfy food like club sandwiches, pot pies, beef stew, and brownies. 133 E. 65th St. (744-2533). (E) AE, MC, V.

Mark's—Decked out like an English library, with plump, tasseled pillows to nest against. Fine East-West cooking and first-rate desserts. 25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (879-1864). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Marti Turkish Restaurant—Kebabs 'R' Us, and the stuffed cabbage is good, too. A dining room that seats 200 people, complete with live music and wandering belly dancers. There is also a "special party room." 1269 First Ave., nr. 68th St. (737-5922). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

Mulholland Drive Cafe—A very singles-bar scene that



Starting this month, Pino Luongo capitulates to two uniquely American passions: Sunday brunch and all-you-can-eat buffets. Chefs at his Coco Pazzo, Il Toscanaccio, and Le Madri re-spin brunch standards like frittatas and poached eggs—Tuscanized with truffle oil and cacciotta cheese—and round out the rustic feast with fancified peasant versions of roasted vegetables, ribollita, pasta, cheeses, and meats.

breeds a room full of regulars who stay for Italian-accented American meals with a California feel. Settle into comfortable banquettes and listen to live jazz. Yes, that was Patrick Swayze, but that figures—he owns the place. 1059 Third Ave., at 63rd St. (319-7740). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

Napa—This candlelit dining room, with mosaic tiles and wine racks, features an eclectic American menu with highlights like macadamia-crusted salmon and oysters with rice-wine vinegar and sesame dipping sauce. 245 E. 84th St. (517-7068). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish cake. 100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. 28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

The Restaurant at the Stanhope—You're standing on the steps of the Metropolitan Museum, parched, exhausted, and in search of that perfect watering hole. The Stanhope is back, serving tasty American fare. 995 Fifth Ave., at 81st St. (288-5800). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Sel & Polvre—Stanching the flow downtown for bistro fare. Regulars find what they are looking for in this elegant, muted space. 853 Lexington Ave., bet. 64th and 65th Sts. (517-5780). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Sign of the Dove—Because the room is lush and ro-

matic, this restaurant has sometimes been overlooked in the pantheon of memorable New York institutions. Right now, chef Andrew D'Amico is among the city's best, turning out eclectic cuisine that draws from influences all over the world. The prix fixe lunch is a good way to test D'Amico's talents. 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (861-8080). (M) AE, MC, V.

Toraya—A Japanese teahouse offering an enticing assortment of confections, green teas, and desserts. 17 E. 71st St. (861-1700). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Trois Jean—A cozy French bistro, as every corner needs. 154 E. 79th St. (988-4858). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. 1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M-E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Caffe Popolo—Italian on the Upper West Side, with everything we've come to expect: gourmet pizzas, classic pastas, and homemade tirami su. In warm weather, eat outdoors. 351 Columbus Ave., nr. 76th St. (362-1777). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

China Fun—Oodles of noodles, every which way, plus dim sum and Cantonese barbecue dishes. Try the Shanghai weekend brunch. 246 Columbus Ave., nr. 71st St. (580-1516). (I) AE, MC, V.

Ernie's—Lively Northern Italian restaurant with soaring ceilings and floor-to-ceiling windows, serving a variety of pizzettes, pasta, and meat dishes. 2150 Broadway, nr. 75th St. (496-1588). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Gabriela's—Real Mexican, promise. Don't come here for bulging burritos, but for fragrant chicken soup, steamed tamales that taste like corn, and tender pork marinated in Seville orange juice and spices. Try the *licuados*, fruit shakes, and the *aguas frescas*, fresh-fruit drinks, to cool off. 685 Amsterdam Ave., at 93rd St. (961-0574). (I-M) AE, MC, V.

Hi-Life Bar & Grill—Big-city brasserie with retro feel. During the week, the mahogany French doors, an overstuffed banquette, and the oversize goldfish tanks provide a cozy refuge for the neighborhood. Fine food that ranges from steamed dumplings to strawberry sundaes. After dinner every weekend, a DJ tilts the place toward a party. 477 Amsterdam Ave., at 83rd St. (787-7199). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Iridium—Amid every restaurant's struggle for uniqueness, this unusual American bistro has found its own. Its award-winning decor has been described as "Dali Meets Disney" and is based on musical movements. Late-night jazz and Sunday brunch specials make it a welcome complement to Lincoln Center. 44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

La Caridad—Chino-Latino soul food in a neighborhood notoriously devoid of restaurant personality. Mammoth portions, enormous lines. 2199 Broadway, at 78th St. (874-2780). (I) (\$).

Londel's—Food cooked soulfully on a blooming strip off Strivers Row. Live music most nights and velvet rope at the front door create an ambience not often associated with home cooking. Try the smothered pork chops, but be forewarned: Everything's cooked to order—slow-cooked to order. 2620 Frederick Douglass Blvd., at 140th St. (234-6114). (I-M) CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

M&G Diner—Dropping-off-the-bone short-rib sandwiches at the counter and low-key comfort. Jukebox is worth scanning. 383 W. 125th St. (864-7326). (I) (\$).

Ottoman Cuisine—This offshoot of a restaurant in Istanbul serves authentic Turkish fare like creamy tarama, fresh dolma, savory lamb and chicken kebabs, and lamb shank with eggplant and tomato. 413 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (799-6363). (I-M) AE, MC, V.

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. 35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Rain—Tamed for American consumption, the spices at this Upper West Side Thai restaurant are fragrant rather than fiery, but that doesn't detract from the appeal of dishes like pad Thai, prawn salad, and curried beef. 100 W. 82nd St. (501-0776). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse. Frank Valenza runs a tight ship at this neighborhood American dinner spot. 222 W. 79th St. (799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Santa Fe—If it's not the margaritas, then it's the pink faux-adobe walls and desert tones that give this southwestern spot such a soothing feel. One of the quietest Tex-Mex places in the city. 72 W. 69th St. (724-0822). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nice-ified steakhouse less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. 44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. 256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) (\$).

Gargiulo's—On its own block, with a fortress to fend off the encroaching pathos of Coney Island. Great food and service passed down through the family. The 100-foot Styrofoam octopus is gone, a casualty of the recent renovation. When pressed, Louis Russo will tell you he cooked it. 2911 W. 15th St., nr. Surf Ave. (718-266-4891). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. 178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) (\$).

The River Cafe—It's always worth crossing the bridge to sit waterside, enchanted by the skyline and a celebration of contemporary American cooking that predates the throng. Outdoor seating in season. 1 Water St. (718-522-5200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Queens

Elias Corner—Mix with the locals in Astoria as they queue up for a table at this Greek fish tavern. Don't wait for a menu; it won't come. Instead, eyeball the counter as you enter. If the offerings look like today's catch, they are. The owner fetches the fish each morning. Opt for the deep-fried, pinky-size bait fish over the squid. 24-01 31st St., at Astoria Blvd. (718-932-1510). (M) (\$).

Ralph's Italian Restaurant—Solid, hearty Italian food in a conventional restaurant setting. Dine under the chandeliers and try the osso buco, one of Ralph's specialties. 75-61 31st Ave., Jackson Heights (718-899-2555). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.

Water's Edge—East River views floor-to-ceiling windows; every table has a view of Manhattan. Quiet and elegant. 44th Dr. at the East River (718-482-0033). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

Bronx

Cafe Sevilla—A cozy Spanish restaurant that people travel to from as far away as Yonkers. Try the chicken and rice and the seafood gumbo accompanied by sweet and garlicky plantains. 1209 White Plains Rd., nr. Westchester Ave. (718-792-3367). (M) AE, MC, V.

Harry's Jerk Center and Restaurant—An authentic island experience; not that polished resort ambience, the dirt-road-in-the-hills thing. 296 E. Gun Hill Rd., at Burke and Wilson Aves. (718-798-4966). (I) (\$).

Staten Island

Aesop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to this charming bistro and garden that serves inventive, bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis on handpicked fresh seafood. 1233 Bay St., Rosebank (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.



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Cunningham...St. Anthony...Good World

John Leonard's Television Notes

Element of Truth (9/26; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS) is a return to, and an overdose of, Donna Mills as the *Knots Landing* Bad Girl, here playing a sweet and naïve Peter Riegert as if he were an ocarina or a xylophone, only to swindle out of him his steel company and, out of his friends, all that cash they thought she was quadrupling for them overnight with her magic fingers on a computer console. Besides two stings and a triple cross, there is also the sight of Mills naked in bed, but for a discreet sheet of green bank notes.

Sharon's Secret (9/27 and other dates; 9 to 11 P.M.; USA) asks psychiatrist Mel Harris first to believe and then to save a violently disturbed teenager, Candace Cameron, who is accused of murdering her parents and may be the next target of the real killer. Until she has to climb up an elevator shaft to flee a nasty fire, Harris is so cool she might as well be comatose. What we miss in this impossible composure is a saving quirk or giggle, the lopsidedness, of, say, a Diane Keaton.

Charlie Grace (Thursdays; 8 to 9 P.M.; ABC) hopes to parlay Mark Harmon's low-wattage good looks into a profitable outlet of the Spenser-Rockford private-eye franchise. He talks to us, and has odd friends, and people beat him up. The first hour was an amiable trifle. But the second, last week, was genuinely surprising. His ex-wife really did kill the Button King, and Charlie couldn't save her. So his daughter from now on, conveniently, will be living with him.

The Germans: Portrait of a New Nation (9/29; 9 to 10 P.M.; Channel 13) is a cut-and-paste of talking heads, East and West, on the occasion of the fifth anniversary of the falling down of the Berlin Wall. Well, they feel bad about taxes, and Turks, and unemployment. Even the military, thinking about Bosnia or the Gulf War, is ambivalent. But Helmut Kohl himself, sounding eerily like Henry Kissinger, is on hand to assure us that the rest of Europe is even worse. Günter Grass and Christa Wolf should have asked for equal time.

JAG (9/30; 8 to 9 P.M.; NBC) moves into its regular one-hour Saturday slot after last week's two-hour premiere. Between last week and this one, they lost Andrea Parker as David James Elliott's sexy naval cohort in the judge-advocate racket, and found instead Tracey Needham. Maybe Parker decided to stay on that aircraft carrier. Anyway, this Donald P. Bellisario production is handsome in its navy whites and lively, seeking to prove that military justice is not,

On View Free, Radical

It must be something in the developing fluid. Like many noteworthy photographers of this century, Imogen Cunningham lived an extraordinarily long, active life. In the course of it (1883-1976), she worked—often as a pioneer—in a succession of styles that constitutes a history of camera art. A cross section of her achievement, including images exhibited for the first time, will be on view at the Howard Greenberg Gallery through November 4.

A self-starter, Cunningham got her first camera and instructions via correspondence school in 1901. Inspired by Gertrude

Käsebier, she happily succumbed to the pictorialist mode, creating blurred images of romantic allegory that echoed the ideals of Victorian and Edwardian painting. Then, in a remarkable about-face, she joined forces with emerging purists. Radicals committed to exploring photography for photography's sake, they produced objective, sharply defined, large-format pictures, frequently close-ups that isolated and fragmented their

subject matter to the point of abstraction. Made in this vein, Cunningham's botanical studies of the twenties, at once clinical and sensuous, make subsequent generations'—Horst's, Mapplethorpe's—seem derivative and ingenuous. Nudes were Cunningham's next focus, and flesh softened her rigor somewhat; body parts are scrutinized with the same clear gaze the plants got, but with an added tenderness and subtlety of texture. Cunningham's personal taste, as she explained, "lay somewhere between reality and dreamland." The dichotomy remained ignored or uneasy until her last project, *After Ninety*. Here, in portraits of people who, like herself, had endured—and weathered well—the venerable photographer combines unaffected reportage with an empathy too wise to admit sentiment.

TOBI TOBIAS



everything from alcoholism, suicide, and graffiti to not enough lobsters and too many wolves. Self-help! Community action! Who says we need government?

Picture Windows (10/1 and other dates; 8 to 9:30 P.M.; Showtime) is a nifty idea, with the execution only so-so. From Edward Hopper's "Soir Bleu," Sandro Botticelli's "La Primavera," and Edward Degas's "The Rehearsal," directors Norman Jewison, Peter Bogdanovich, and Jonathan Kaplan—with the help of writers like Seth Flicker, Harry Mark Petrakis, and Bruce Meade, and actors like Alan Arkin, Rosana DeSoto, Dan Hedaya, Sally Kirkland, George Segal, Brooke Adams, Michael Lerner, Tamara Gorski, and Joel Bissonnette—imagine and dramatize stories that might plausibly explain the paintings. So we pursue these

clowns and ballerinas into their very own afternoon soaps. Interesting: but less so than the paintings themselves and what we've already dreamed about them.

In the Line of Duty: Hunt for Justice (10/1; 9 to 11 P.M.; NBC) gives us Alan's son Adam, furious again, as an FBI guy who teams up elegantly with police detective Nicholas Turturro to track down and punish a whole family of radical terrorists who rob banks, blow up power stations, kill cops, and go to one another's barbecue parties when they're not trying to get their kids into Little League, as if *The Big Chill* met the World Trade Center bombing. Except, of course, these terrorists—Melissa Leo, permitted to dress down again; Miguel Ferrer, beginning to

have his doubts about the revolution, et al.—are left-wing, leftover sixties power-to-the-people SDS types, not a Michigan or Montana militiaman among them. Slam. Bang.

A Child Is Missing (10/1; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS) plunges 9-year-old Keegan MacIntosh into a sealed cave in the north-west wilderness, while his kidnapper demands a hefty ransom from Mom (Roma Downey) and Granddad (Richard Dysart). Before the boyfriend-cop (Dale Midkiff) finds this child, a bearded hermit (Henry Winkler) will, which sets up several absorbing twists to an otherwise routine exercise. An affecting and impressive-looking Winkler, with all that Russian revolutionary vegetable matter on his face.

Trial by Fire (10/1; 9 to 11 P.M.; ABC) once again martyrs Gail O'Grady, this time playing a school teacher who befriends a troubled teen, Andrew Kavovitz, and who's then charged with "sexual assault" when the boy commits suicide. Only local lawyer Keith Carradine will believe O'Grady when she says she's innocent of anything other than caring. Everybody else needs a scapegoat, and the blonder the better.

Photograph courtesy of the Howard Greenberg Gallery.

Radio Highlights

"All About Sports"—10/5: Although many associate golf with elite, whites-only country clubs, the truth is that black Americans have been playing the game for decades. An examination of the phenomenal growth of interest in the game and discriminatory club-membership policies. At 7: WFLW, 90.7 FM.

Symphony Hall—9/25: Bach's *Keyboard Concerto* in A, BMV 1055 and Shostakovich's *Symphony No. 1* in f, Opus 10. 9/26: Gershwin's *An American in Paris* and *Porgy and Bess*. 9/27: Bach's *Keyboard Concerto* in E, BMV 1053, Liszt's *Piano Concerto No. 2* in A and Addinsell's *Warsaw Concerto*. Every weeknight at 8: WQXR, 96.3 FM.

On the Media—Beginning 10/1 at 2 P.M. The two-hour interview and call-in program with host Alex Jones goes national. The series explores issues of a free press through live discussions with journalists, media executives, and media critics. This Sunday's guest: Ben Bradlee. WNYC, 820 AM.

New York and Company—10/2: Choreographer Paul Taylor looks back on his career; Eoin McNamee on his book *Resurrection*; Edward Robb Ellis on his book *A Diary of the Century*; Actress Amanda Root and Director Roger Michell on *Persuasion*. 10/3: Sally Good Gold, Chair of City Club, takes an insider's look at "political shenanigans"; Robert Eisenberg on his book *Boyz n the Hood*; Nicholas Pileggi on his book *Casino*. WNYC, 820 AM.

"The Music of the Irish with Marianna McGillicuddy and Jean Marie Woods"—10/8: Music by the Chieftains and the many artists they have performed with, including Van Morrison, James Galway, Sting, and more. At noon; WFLW, 90.7 FM.

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Events
Radio

Alexandra Lange
In Concert

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Cabaret

Events

Designer Crafts on Fifth Avenue—9/29-10/1 (Fri. 5-8 P.M., Saturday and Sunday 11-5 P.M.): A

special fall showing by 24 noted artists and designers. Three floors of wood furniture, jewelry, art wearables, and sculptures. UJA Building, 2 E. 79th St. (on Fifth Ave.), (914) 758-0312; \$3 suggested donation.

Tours

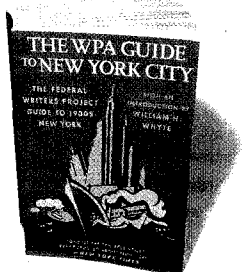
Historic Harlem—9/30 at 2: Stops include: Abyssinian Baptist Church, Striver's Row, the original Big Apple Café, and Hamilton Heights. Call 439-1090 for meeting place; \$9.

"Culture and Nature: Central Park West"—10/1 at noon: Historian Joyce Gold takes you up the boulevard known for the American Museum of Natural History, the New York Historical Society, and the elegant residences of the famous. Call 242-5762.

The Written Word

Contact With America: An Evening of New Protest Songs and Rants—9/26 at 9, Benefit reading-concert for the Center for Democratic Renewal. Poets include: Ava Chin, Marcella Harb, Erica Hunt,

In Print Old guidebooks are a lot like old almanacs: We can't actually use them, but they're amusing reminders of how far we've come. *The WPA Guide to New York City*, however, produces no such sense of superiority—it holds up magnificently. Credit the Federal Writers' Project and the editorial staff, including a young assistant named John Cheever. The 1939 volume has just been reissued by New Press (\$15.95).



Bobby Miller, Julie Patton, Wang Ping, and Todd Colby. Fez under Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680); \$6.

Terry Kessler—9/26 at 7:30, reading from *Poem of the Known World*. Books & Co., 939 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (737-1450); free.

The Nightlight Series: Scott Spencer, A. M. Homes, Mac Wellman—9/27 at 7, The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St., (580-7800); \$6.

Elizabeth Pincus—9/27 at 7: The lesbian-mystery-writers series. Pincus reads from her new thriller, *The Hangdog Hustle*, at A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St., (989-4850); free.

Edward Hopper and the American Imagination: A Special Evening of Selected Shorts—9/28 at 6:30: Actors read stories and poems by Paul Auster, Tess Gallagher, John Hollander, Galway Kinnell, James Salter, and others who were inspired by Hopper. Symphony Space, 2537 Broadway (864-1414); \$15.

Sekou Sundiata—9/28 at 6:30: Mad Alex Biblio's, 317 Church St., (995-0042); \$5.

Narrative Impulse Poetry Festival—9/29-9/30 at 8 (at 1 on 9/30): Readers include Paul Auster, Frank Bidart, Ana Castillo, Alfred Corn, Yusef Komunyakaa, David Mura, and Carol Muske. The New School, 66 W. 12th St., (254-9628); \$25.

A Reading of Edna St. Vincent Millay—9/30 at 3:15: Grange Hall, 50 Commerce St.; \$3.

Hanif Kureishi—9/30 at 2: The recipient of the Whitbread Prize will read from his novel *The Black Album*. Barnes and Noble Astor, 4 Astor Pl., (420-1322); free.

A Poetic History: Asian-American Poetry from 1830-1990—9/30 at 2:30: Contemporary writers Tina Chang, Eileen Tabios, Grace Suh, and others read poetry from earlier eras. Chatham Square Branch of NYPL, 33 E. Broadway, (228-6718); free.

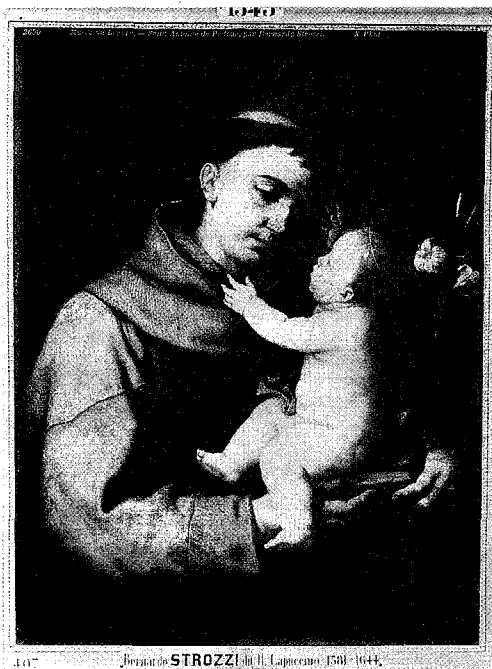
Lectures and Panels

Andrew Sullivan—9/27 at 8: A symposium devoted to Sullivan's *Virtually Normal: An Argument About Homosexuality*. The New School for Social Research, 66 W. 12th St. (229-5353); free.

Sports

Wild-Card Fever: Catch It!—Despite nagging injuries to key players, despite middling attendance at the Stadium, despite the distractions that are endemic to playing in New York—i.e., George Steinbrenner, once again threatening to move out of the Bronx, firing his top three minor-league and scouting officials—despite Ruben Sierra, the Yankees head into the last week of the season as the favorites to win the wild card. At Milwaukee 9/26-27, Tues. at 8:05, Wed. at 2:05. At Toronto 9/29-30 and 10/1, Fri. at 8:05 and Sat. and Sun. at 1:35.

The Kids Are Not Half-Bad—At press time the Mets were tied for third place in the NL East; and though a .500 finish would be a reach, considering the teams they would have to beat to achieve that record, the kids were only two and a half games out of second. The Amazon's finish a mostly dreary 1995 on an



One-Shot Remains of the Day

Bone and petrified-skin fragments of Saint Anthony of Padua (1195-1231), a devout follower of Saint Francis of Assisi, are on their world tour; your last local chances to see them are September 27, at St. Anthony of Padua Church (Fairfield, Connecticut) and October 4, at Immaculate Conception Church (Trenton, New Jersey).

up note at home vs. Cincinnati Mon.-Wed., 9/25-27, at 7:40; and Atlanta 9/29-30 and 10/1, Fri. at 8:05 and Sat. and Sun. at 1:40.

Dead Man's Party—The Giants travel west to play the San Francisco 49ers, a trip that should prove to be only slightly more successful than the Donner Party's. Sun., 10/1, at 4.

He'll Pass—The Jets actually have a shot against the Raiders Sun., 10/1, at 1. In the Jacksonville game, Boomer Esiason proved he can still shred subpar secondaries, and Oakland's has been extremely vulnerable this season.

Online

Health Online—Those seeking cheap medical advice or a quick answer to a nagging health question: Rev up the old modem. Access medical forums in all the major online services with the word *health*. On the Web, try some of these:

Acupuncture—Information on the benefits of acupuncture, Chinese massage, and other alternative medicines. <http://www.acupuncture.com>

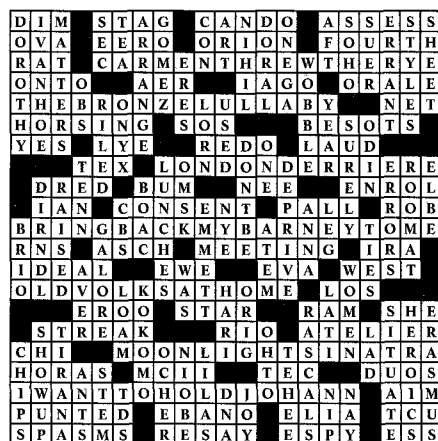
AIDS Information—Articles including "Heterosexually Transmitted HIV Infection in New York City." The site is edited by two accomplished doctors. <http://medscape.com>

Breast Cancer Information—Contains information on mammography and breast cancer treatment. <http://nyscancer.org/bc/>

Centers for Disease Control and Prevention—Best known for its immunization and up-to-date information for travelers. And don't miss the Cruise Ship Sanitation Inspection survey if you're planning more than a three-hour tour. <http://www.cdc.gov>

Chronic Fatigue Syndrome—Information about the debilitating disease that Bea Arthur cited as the reason she left *The Golden Girls*. You thought it was the sagging ratings? <http://www.ncf.carleton.ca/ip/social/services/cfsair/CFSEIR.HP.html> Send comments to runnette@emedia.net

Solutions to last week's puzzles



World Wildlife Fund



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SHARING IS CARING

Kids

School Selection...

Ground Rules:

- = free
- = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Children's Events

School Cafeteria—School representatives talk informally with parents at an Independent School Day open house sponsored by **The Parents League of New York**. For New York City day schools: The Loyola School, East 83rd St. bet. Park and Madison Aves., 10/2 from 4 to 6. For boarding schools: Wallace Hall, on Park Ave. at 84th St.,

10/2 from 4:30 to 6:30. Families are also invited to attend panel discussions: "The Admissions Process to New York City Independent Schools" is at 6:15 at Marymount School, 1026 Fifth Ave. at 84th St. "The Boarding School Experience" is at 6:15 at Wallace Hall (see above for address). (737-7385.) •

Pooh Corner—"The World of Pooh" opens this week at **The Children's Museum of Manhattan** (see photo and essay). Educational aspects of the exhibit include a giant clock for learning to tell time, a reading section, arts and crafts activities, and a magnetic-puzzle wall. Museum hours are Mon., Wed., and Thurs. 1:30 to 5:30 and Fri., Sat., and Sun. from 10 to 5. Exhibit and reopening of museum (after briefly being closed for renovation), 9/28, 212 W. 83rd St. (721-1234). General admission \$5; \$2.50 for seniors; children under 2 admitted free.

Close to Home—For all the children who have a story they could write about goings-on in their

own neighborhood, there is Melanie Hope Greenberg, a grown-up who did. The author/illustrator reads from her books *My Father's Luncheonette* and *Aunt Lillie's Laundromat*. Kids then work together to come up with their own stories, and use Polaroid photography to put themselves in some of the settings, for personalized pop-up books. For children ages 5 and up. 9/30 at 2. **The Brooklyn Historical Society**, 128 Pierrepont St., Brooklyn (718-624-0890). \$5 with a reservation, \$7 at the door.

Pied Piper—Tom Chapin, a musician who fills the void between Raffi and the Rolling Stones, sings original ballads at the **Tilles Center for the Performing Arts** as part of "The Art Starts Here" series for families, 9/30 at 2. C. W. Post Campus of Long Island University, Route 25A in Brookville (516-299-3100). \$15. •

Earthly Delights—Hayrides, scarecrows, the smell of apple-pressing, and a tour of fall foliage are at the **New York Botanical Garden's Garden Harvest Festival**. 9/30 and 10/1 from 11 to 4. General admission is \$3; \$1 for seniors, students, and children 6 to 16 (free on Sat. from 10 to noon). •

Howling at the Moon—Bring sleeping bags and dinner—for humans—to a family sleeperover for all ages that offers a behind-the-scenes look at the Prospect Park Zoo. 9/29 at 8 to 9/30 at 9. Midpark, south of Grand Army Plaza (718-399-7321). \$45 for one adult and one child. Reserve. •

On View

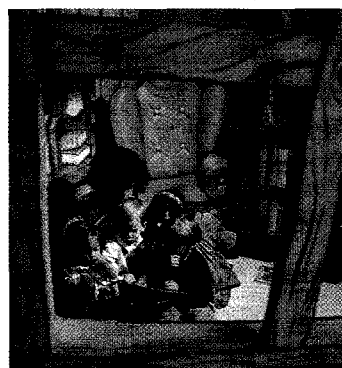
Pooh Pooh

What do you like doing best in the world, Pooh?" asked Christopher Robin in *The House at Pooh Corner*, and the famous fictional bear "... had to stop and think. Because although Eating Honey was a very good thing to do, there was a moment just before you began to eat it which was better than when you were, but he didn't know what it was called." Families who visit the "World of



Pooh" hands-on exhibit at the Children's Museum of Manhattan may find themselves groping for the same word, because the high hopes for this exhibit outstrip the reality—though, don't be mistaken, the reality itself is actually quite marvelous. It's fun to cross Pooh Sticks bridge, climb up to Owl's tree house and look through a telescope, or serve up imaginary tea at "Mr. Sanders's" House. Really fun. But it's too bad that the Hundred Acre Woods, 1,100 square feet large, is re-created in the fluffy, color-by-numbers cartoon style that was adopted when Disney acquired the rights to the bear and friends, back in the early sixties. E. H. Shepard's original crosshatched drawings—scuffling sketches of the tetchy, understuffed Eeyore and chums amid England's majestic Ashdown Forest—would, rendered large, have made a sublime—

ly moody and mysterious setting for children to play in, especially city kids. No such luck, though, with Disney Consumer Products footing the bill. But here's a plus: Nostalgia-addled parents can peruse an exhibit of original Disney animation cels, first editions of the A. A. Milne quartet of Pooh books, and photographs. The exhibit is open through March, at 212 West 83rd Street. See listings for hours and additional information.



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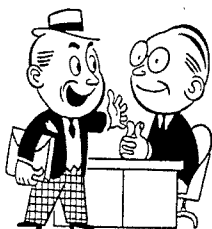
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Strictly Personals is a weekly feature. **Cost is \$35.50 per line**, two line minimum. Approximately 36 characters equal 1 line. Limited abbreviations. Add \$30.00 for NYM Box Numbers. Leave 12 spaces at the end of your ad for box number. Check or credit card information must accompany ad order (no cash or money orders accepted). First-page placements are available for a production cost of \$50.00. **Mail responses are forwarded continuously for six weeks and phone response line is open for 3 weeks after issue date** (phone service is not automatic and must be requested by the advertiser). All Ads will run electronically on Compuserve. To place an ad with credit card (VI, MC, AMEX) call 212-779-7500 or send personal check or credit card information with advertisement to: **Strictly Personals, New York Magazine, 2 Park Avenue, 11th Floor, New York, NY 10016**. Advertisers must include home address and daytime phone. All ads accepted at the discretion of the publisher. **New York Magazine is not responsible for printing errors and omissions.** Unless Publisher is notified in writing, by placing an ad in New York Magazine and purchasing a NYM Box Number, the advertiser agrees that New York Magazine can act on your behalf to discard advertising circulars.

Be My Birthday Gift—Beautiful, slender Manhattanite, blue-eyed brunette, early 30s, MBA, poised, classy, feminine, sense of humor. Seeking tall male, 30s-40s, single or divorced (kids okay), accomplished (advanced degree a plus), financially secure, sophisticated and sexy, for marriage and family. Recent photo and phone number a must for reply. 2754 ☒

Life's Too Precious!—You won't waste time with an affectionate president of well-known corporation - a low-keyed, playful, old-fashioned romantic - handsome, hard body, tall, warm, 38, high level of humor. You also are top class - sincere, under 37, caring, glass half-full. Note/photo necessary. Hey, you never know! 2791 ☒

Tall And Terrific—Very attractive, sophisticated and independent Jewish woman - likes travel, theater, music and the arts. Would like to meet sincere and successful man over 50, for friendship and/or romance. Please respond with short bio and photo. 2726 ☒ ☎

Come Meet With Me And Be My Love—If you are a bright, stylish, affectionate, attractive nonsmoking woman, 50 (plus or minus a little), who would like a very successful, witty, good-looking man, to share a first-class life. Letter and photo essential. 2809 ☒

Eclectic Brunette—A very attractive ex-ballerina (30s, 5'6", slender), who now works in the medical field, is seeking a multifaceted man (35-50). He should be sincere, attractive and successful, with a kind heart and good self-esteem. My interests include the performing arts, travel to both cities and places of natural beauty, working out at the gym and spending time with friends and family. Photo, note and phone preferred. 2680 ☒ ☎

Warm And Wonderful—Bright and beautiful, silly and sophisticated, slim and successful, totally centered, classy lady, 50, would like to meet matchless man for fun, friendship and romance. 2801 ☒

Real Potential—Loving, athletic, successful lawyer/writer/father seeks beautiful, brilliant, cultured woman, age 30-40, who loves children. Photo/note. 2796 ☒

Very Successful, Intelligent—Wall Street professional. Tall, attractive nonsmoker, 51. Enjoys sports, beach, movies, reading. Seeking bright, attractive woman, 38-48. Photo a must/note/phone. 2712 ☒

Woman For All Seasons—I love summer in the Berkshires, I love autumn in New York, I love winter on a sunny coast, and spring is the season to share anywhere new...with you! I am a tall (5'6"), beautiful, auburn-haired Jewish woman in my early 50s, healthy in body, mind and spirit, with a sensational smile. I have eclectic taste in music, men and merriment. My man, my soul mate is now ready to connect, just as I am. He is also healthy in body, mind and spirit. He enjoys talking walking, dancing, dining uptown and down; theater, movies, even a merry-go-round. Charm, character and charisma make us glisten; we can even do the most difficult thing - and that is "to listen". (If you read on, I may be gone!) Recent photo appreciated. Note/phone. 2814 ☒ ☎

Good Man—Bright, uncomplicated, (212), 44, skinny...no, not gorgeous but often fancied, sometimes loved, once married, amicably divorced - seeks someone slender and tender and female, for laughter, love and other amazing things. 2758 ☒

Handsome Banker/Pianist—Highly successful, sensitive, athletic Jewish male, Ivy League investment banker with a warm heart, 32, seeks genuine, well-educated, highly intelligent, attractive female professional, 24-30, "woman of substance", looking for a sincere and fun relationship. Note/photo, please. 2541 ☒

Do You Know Her?—Successful, handsome executive, 35, 6', 175 lbs, seeks a very attractive, athletic, well-educated woman who is thoughtful, generous, trusting, trustworthy, stable, confident and down-to-earth. She's also 29-35, Christian, and interested in a monogamous relationship, as well as sharing outdoor sports (tennis, bicycling, golf, scuba, running, etc.). She has an upscale, balanced life style, and she likes dogs, wine and weekends away. Our priorities are straightforward (happiness, a sound relationship and two careers). Only the optimistic and genuine woman needs to respond. I can't wait to hear from you and let the magic begin... Go for it! Note/photo. 2812 ☒ ☎

"Relationship Of Convenience"—Me: gay white woman, 37, attractive, professional, very feminine, 100-percent closeted. You: gay white man, handsome, masculine, professional, also totally closeted. We: fool the world. 2742 ☒ ☎

Never Answered A Personal Ad?—That's good! Because if you do this regularly, this dashing, free-spirited 35-year-old entertainment executive doesn't want to hear from you. I'm seeking an attractive, open-minded female, 24-35, who wants to take a chance in finding true romance. The next step is up to you! Photo/phone/note for reply. 2635 ☒

I Want To Play—Playmate wanted for CEO of renowned manufacturing company. I'm 36, tall, thin and beautiful, with legs that don't stop, and in great physical shape. I'm unusually successful, confident and passionate, and love to laugh. Looking for a dynamic, confident, extremely successful man, 33-48, with a warm heart. Great looks will attract me, but a quick, challenging mind will hold me. Note/phone/photo necessary. 2785 ☒

For Keeps—Beautiful blond equestrienne, 25, green-eyed, seeks financially secure, emotionally available gentleman, 40 plus, to take my breath away. 2811 ☒ ☎

Be Mine Forever—Very successful Miami male, Jewish, 41, ex-New Yorker, is ready to fall in love. I've vastly exceeded my financial goals, but there's so much in my heart I want to share. I'm 6'1", attractive, stylish, fit and healthy, and want to spoil the love of my life. You're 25-35, very bright, very pretty, and have been intimidating men your entire life. You've been waiting to meet your match, your best friend. You love to travel, enjoy the arts, want kids, like shopping and cooking and ordering in Chinese food. Let's meet in NY or Florida. If you're like me, this wasn't the way you thought we'd meet. But then again, if you're like me, the time wasn't right until now. Send photo/phone. 2725 ☒

Russian Beauty Sought—Successful American lawyer seeks beautiful Russian woman, age 25-40. Note/photo. 2798 ☒

Let's Get Together—Versatile, witty, bright, slender and pretty...equally at ease in a client office, elegant party or hanging out with sixth-grade daughter. I'm a successful professional (42) who respects integrity, intellect, commitment and a sense of humor in others. You should be unpretentious (but successful), fit, attractive and able to find humor in life's unexpected detours. Convince me and I'll be in touch! 2689 ☒

Slim, Accomplished Lady—Seeks attractive, successful man, 60s plus. 2724 ☒

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A WRITTEN RESPONSE
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STRICTLY PERSONALS

New York Magazine, Box # _____
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Smart, Sexy, Spirited!—Single seven years - seeks man, 43 plus, smart, funny and a mensch, for...whatever happens. 2816 ☒

Buddies First—I am an intelligent, athletic, tall, independent, warm, very good-looking Jewish male, not easily swayed by success or beauty - well, maybe beauty...funny, and a very young-looking 40-year-old male. I like the classy jeans, T-shirt, shorts, leggings, sweats, Jewish, down-to-earth, work-out, nonjudgemental, book-reading, with-it, funny, adorable face, thin and shapely, under-40/over-30, head-turning body, very bright, a little immature, movie-loving, laughing, very feminine jock type. Great photos get immediate attention. 2727 ☒

Ravishing, Romantic Redhead—A size 4/ Seeks lifelong companion, lover, more. I'm honest, well-educated, wise, witty/ Spiritual, kind, very sweet, very pretty. A Midwestern Manhattanite, 5'4", 105/ Unencumbered, Jewish, flexible, alive. I'm feminine, practical, well-bred, funny/ Successful, professional, open and sunny. Loyal, healthy, a good friend, a nurturer/ A radiant, spontaneous, stable adventurer. I'm a loving, leggy lady of substance/ I love to read, cook, scuba, dance.... A Renaissance woman with zest for living/ I'm fit, fun to be with, gentle and giving. If you possess many of the traits above/ Seek communication, commitment, love.... If you are 39 plus, with integrity and style/ Attentive and caring, with an easy smile... I could be the greatest love of your life/ Your best friend, intimate, genie and wife. Photo 2823 ☒ ☎ Thanks.

Gay Woman—Blond, 5'7", seeks Latin, femme, 35-44, of beauty, class, warmth, ready to love and be loved. 2782 ☒ ☎

Entertainment Professional—Fit, petite brunette seeks accomplished, happy man, 38 plus, with international interests, flair for spontaneity, fit, funny. Phone. 2799 ☒

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Sephardic Princess Desired—By Jewish MD, 33, 5'5", blue eyes, trim, funny, honest, very affectionate, spiritual, excellent cook, into antiques, music, outdoors, cozy times, travel. You: educated, intelligent, funny, petite, slim, 20-29, dark hair, ready for serious relationship. Note and photo please. 2679 ☎

Seeking Pre-1947 Vintage Male—Excellent chassis, spirited engine, trim body, to travel life's highways. Vivacious, pretty, Ivy-educated lady promises captivating company. Note/photo. 2768 ☎

Mourning The End Of Summer?—Follow the sun with a tall, dark, handsome, successful, 40s, Jewish, down-to-earth, funny businessman who seeks attractive 30s woman. Note/photo/phone, please. 2697 ☎

It Takes A Strong Man—To be a gentle partner with me. Only reply if you are a handsome, successful Jewish city slicker (40-55) who is up to pursuing a superterrific, beautiful (tall and slim), intelligent and successful woman, who is sincere, loving and affectionate. If you can handle being adored, understood and loved, send me your picture and we'll explore the possibilities. 2723 ☎

Gentleman Seeks Lady—40, emotionally and financially secure, fit and affectionate. I'm seeking a bright, interesting, fit woman, 25 plus, who enjoys her femininity but isn't afraid to sweat. Pretty feet a plus. Photo/note. 2776 ☎

Fascinating MD, Ready For Marriage—I am 45 and seek a slender Jewish woman, 30-40, who's sincere about falling in love/starting a family. Photo a must. 2779 ☎

Mensch Wanted—Romantic, attractive redhead, curvaceous, unpretentious, affectionate, professional Jewish female, divorced, 48 - looks 38. Seeks committed relationship with a male counterpart, to share mutual interests. 2686 ☎

(Gay?) White Male—Seeks (gay?) white female. Handsome Wasp, 30, wants a fuller life than the gay world can offer. I hope to meet a woman who feels the same way and is ready for an honest, committed relationship (leading to marriage and children). If you're intelligent, funny and adventurous, this could definitely work. Incurable romantics encouraged to reply. 2777 ☎

Love So Real—Not fade away. 35-year-old romantic, honest, outgoing, work-hard/play-hard, white male - looking for a romantic, intelligent, sociable, Oriental-looking woman with good values and a good sense of humor. Photo/note. 2718 ☎

New In Town—Attractive brunette, 29, slim, fit, 5'9", Ivy-degreed professional, quiet but social, sophisticated but down-to-earth, artistic, sensitive, fun. Seeks accomplished white man, 29-42, of character, intellect and humor. 2732 ☎

Pretty Jewish Architect—Successful, warm and easygoing, 39. Loves reading, movies, theater, swimming and fooling around... Mother of two bright and beautiful girls, 5 and 8. Seeks successful, family-oriented, professional Jewish male. 2711 ☎

Smart, Sophisticated—Second city woman, 36, Jewish, extremely witty and attractive. Makes a mean barbecued brisket and knows all the state capitals. Down-to-earth, unpretentious but appreciates the finer things. Seeking Jewish male for family and the usual. 2696 ☎

Handsome, Sincere Man—39, 6', 170, successful professional, active, funny, easygoing - loves travel, movies, sports. Seeks caring female counterpart, 27-37, for meaningful relationship. Photo/note, please. 2789 ☎

Successful Jewish Lawyer—44, seeks the mate that fate created me for. Hope she's intelligent, compassionate, attractive, 35-40, who might enjoy theater, ballet, music and conversation over a glass of wine. No Newtists. Photo/note. 2699 ☎

Intelligent, Attractive—Successful businessman, 39, 5'9", slim, family-oriented, who is kind and sincere, possesses traditional values and is an optimist, with a quick wit and zest for life. I'm searching for my significant other, who is romantic, sexy, well-rounded and exciting, and whose interests are varied but may include the theater, dining and dancing. Great legs a plus. Note/photo/phone. 2691 ☎

Entertainment Business Executive—36-year-old Jewish male (look younger). World traveler, extremely interested in music, film and sports. Looking to meet Jewish female, 25-34, for friendship and possibly more. Manhattan resident preferred. 2740 ☎

Time Traveler Dearest—After some delays in the lab (38), my ship is now ready for a glorious shared lifelong adventure. So darling, please do your share in finding me, as there's no sense in departing without you. You imagine that I am a tall, dark, attractive man, ambitious, athletic, musical and charming. I imagine that you are in your late 20s-mid 30s, tallish, beautiful, generous, curious, stylish, playful and comfortable being you. On a bright fall day soon, I see us driving bundled up with the top down to some melancholy Jobim tunes. Then, Paris in early spring, if not before. In time, our life with our (sooner-than-later) children...filled with patience, support and inspiration. Photo. 2795 ☎

One Kiss Tells All—Tall, handsome doctor, 60s, recovered from loss of great love, yearns for company of very attractive, dark-haired, curvy, sensuous, independent, cultured lady, 5'7" minimum, 46 maximum, nonsmoker, for weekend travel or longer. Thanks-giving and Xmas trips ideal. Sunny disposition, sense of fun and adventure a must, as is photo. 2736 ☎

Happy Jewish New Year—Attractive, successful brunette who enjoys good conversation, interesting travel and cultural NY, wishes to share the new year with successful, eclectic business/professional man, 47-58. Note/phone/photo. 2681 ☎

The Unusual Suspect—Gay, Toronto-based speechwriter, well-traveled, 33, 5'11", fit - seeks Kevin Spacey type for attempts at meaning and Johnny Carson impressions. POB 65246, Toronto, Canada M4K 3Z2

Very Pretty Blond—5'8", thin, sharp, witty, animal-loving Wasp - seeks professional male for lasting entanglement. Note/photo, please. 2769 ☎

Make Me Laugh—And my heart is yours. Pretty, slender, 5'8", red-haired artist, 35, seeks handsome, intelligent, growth-oriented man, 30s-40, interested in the real thing. 2781 ☎

Bergen County, NJ Male—Jewish, nice-looking, humorous and sincere, seeks pretty, petite, youthful lady, 55-62. Photo/note, please. 2719 ☎

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MD, 38, Nice-Looking, Fit—Unaffected, down-to-earth, real person with many varied interests - seeks beautiful, fit female counterpart, 25-33, for honest and hopefully permanent relationship. Note, phone and recent photo. 2721 ☎

Lois Seeks Clark—Pretty, slender brunette, 5'3", educated Jewish lady, 33, couch potato, a kid at heart, seeks professional Jewish male, 30-45, sensitive, smart, a nice guy. To share life. Animal lover a plus. Note/photo. 2743 ☎

Trust In The Possibility—38, 5'4", 120 lbs, professional lady - loves sports, family, culture, working hard, snuggling in front of the fireplace, puppies, etc. Okay looks, great heart. Looking for that special man for keeps. 2722 ☎

Mensch Alert—Attractive, thoughtful, Jewish, Harvard Law man, 32, who is partial to Woody, George Costanza, college hoops, sightseeing and ethnic restaurants, seeks sexy Jewish female with reasonably good sense of humor, who values intimacy and commitment and rejects the philosophies of Newt, Rush and others like them. Note and photo, please. 2770 ☎

Black Woman—40s, has built castles and careers, searches for you: an extraordinary, very successful, elegant man, for friendship. We are: laughter, impeccable integrity, smart. We love art, Paris, sailing, tango, great barbecues, warm fires. Find me and walk into a ball at the Waldorf with an exciting woman. 2751 ☎

Seeking A Best Friend, Forever—Tall, handsome, young-52 business professional desires to share all with beautiful lady, 40s. We're happy, bright, humorous, educated, fit, open, loyal, affectionate, creative, secure, active, accomplished, and won't settle. Note/photo. 2684 ☎

Looking For—Attractive, slim, sincere, funny lady, 35-45. Best Kodaks get prompt reply! You will get the same (in male form)...plus!! 2775 ☎

Camp Never Leaves You—Even though summer is over. This pretty, woman is looking for the man of her dreams, certain of one thing: he went to camp between 1955 and 1970. Would you be he? 2778 ☎

Successful Businessman—5'8", 162 lbs, good-looking blond, nonsmoker, Christian, loyal, considerate, honest and generous - leads a wonderful life but wishes to share it with a terrific partner. My interests include tennis, golf, skiing, sailing, opera, classical music, museums, art shows, traveling, gourmet food, Seinfeld and the beach. I am well-educated, multilingual and have a great sense of humor. If you are a very beautiful lady (Caucasian or Oriental), 37-45, without small dependents, petite, slender, adventurous and share some of my interests, please send note/photo. 2775 ☎

From Maine - Love Manhattan—5'9", slim, fit, green-eyed blond, 38, enjoys tennis, sailing and working out. Love all cultural aspects of NYC - museums, and jazz to opera. Seeks tall, fit, professional Manhattan man, 35-50, with sincere desire for a best friend, partner and family. Note/photo/phone. 2783 ☎

Pretty Professional—Upper West Side, early 40s, seeks someone smart who loves to hike, bike, play in the snow and ponder the universe. I'm slender, educated, love music and need a soul mate. 2741 ☎

Woman Writer/Designer—39. Radiant, independent, strong, honest, smart, creative, progressive, curious, giving. I love books, nature, arts, dogs, good food. Tall, fit, raising wonderful school-age daughter. Seeking man of integrity, humor and smarts, 35-50, to share challenges and pleasures. 2709 ☎

Good Friend, Good Mind—Offers tender heart, lively conversation, warm weather, clear skies, blue water, good company...good-looking man, 45 - seeks female companion, North Shore to Manhattan. Photo/note, please. 2710 ☎

Affluent Blue-Jeans Guy—6', 155, ready for a commitment. Looking for a lover and best friend - a slim, petite, intelligent, very pretty woman, smoker okay, 30s-40s, for a monogamous relationship with someone who's sincere, honest. I enjoy travel, fine dining, reading, the sun and fun. Note/photo/phone. 2744 ☎

Bermuda—White male professional, 45, 215 lbs, 5'10", nonsmoker, drug-free, non-drink, one-woman man. Seeks a Rubenesque, feminine lady, 140 lbs plus, 37 plus. Full-length photo, please. 2793 ☎

Strictly Personals

Great Catch—Attractive Jewish female, 28, 5'7 1/2", 115 lbs, athletic, fit, fun, down-to-earth and intelligent. Seeks professional Jewish male, 26-34, tall, fit and athletic, great personality - and intelligent. Note/photo, please. 2802 ☒

Beautiful College Grad—22, 5'6", slim Jewish female. Seeks traditional, very handsome, tall Jewish man (23-28) who's strong, calm and collected, and knows how to take care of a woman. Photo a must. 2730 ☒

Gay, Slim White Male—50s, attractive, financially secure, seeks companion, 40 plus, to share life's pleasures and commitment. 2705 ☒

Handsome, Fit Consultant—38, 5'10", 170 - enjoys the outdoors, dining out, movies, PBS, sports and traveling. Hoping to meet a fun-loving, pretty woman with similar interests. Let's exchange photo/note. Westchester/CT/NYC. 2698 ☒

No Fear Of Commitment—Very attractive, 34, fit Ivy JD/MBA, investment banker, who is an old-fashioned romantic, seeks bright, pretty, career-oriented professional, (212) woman, 23-33 years old, with a heart of gold, for a lasting relationship. Letter/photo/photo. 2748 ☒

Blond, North Shore LI Beauty—Christian professional, 40s, unencumbered, adventuresome, romantic - seeks tall, very successful, warm, good-natured, terrific guy, 45-56. Photo/note. 2546 ☒

Beautifully Balanced In All Aspects!—Attractive, tall, bright, Jewish, highly successful female, fun-loving, sincere, 26, brunette, resides in NY and Chicago. Seeks a "nice guy" - professional, good sense of humor, intelligent, physically fit, adventurous - to enjoy the fall, winter...all the seasons with. Note/photo. 2763 ☒

Gay Woman—45, warm, well-educated professional, adventurous, with many interests. Seeks feminine woman who is well-educated, kind, pretty. 2695 ☒

The Total Package—Successful professional, 42, Jewish, enjoys city/country lifestyle, athletic and health-club fit (5'9"/160), handsome, charming, warm, an open communicator with a great sense of humor. I seek a woman, 33-39, to ride the carousel of life. You are undeniably pretty, yet rely and thrive on your mind and character. You're sweet, giving and full of warmth, looking to nurture and be nurtured in a loving, permanent relationship. Note/photo please. 2738 ☒

Good Catch—Alluring, green-eyed blond, very pretty, slim, bright, creative, good-natured, adventuresome, late 30s, available for a man with the right bait - which includes success, good looks, sincerity, sense of humor, kindness and a desire to raise some guppies! Please be under 47 years old. Note/photo. 2717 ☒

Exotic Foreign Beauty, 25-33, Sought—By great-looking, super-fit, stylish, successful publishing exec, 30s. Sweet, serious European, Mideastern, Indian woman only. Photo/note/phone, please. 2687 ☒

Very Attractive Fashion Designer—With brown hair, green eyes, slim, affectionate and fun-to-be-with, seeks tall, caring, energetic, 30-40, professional man for friendship and more. Note/photo. 2786 ☒

Rigoletto Is Not A Pasta—But this slim, pretty MD loves both and seeks like-minded man, 45 plus, for sharing same and more. Note/photo/phone. 2737 ☒

Handsome, Successful Businessman—From NYC, sensitive, romantic, great sense of humor, financially secure, seeks well-built, athletic lady, 29-35, who loves movies, pasta, sports, NYC, comedy clubs, for true love, adventure and long-term relationship. If you possess these qualities, please respond. You will not be disappointed. Note/photo/phone. 2759 ☒

Mischievous, Classy, Slim Female—Jewish, 37, dark blond hair, blue-green eyes, creative, intense, seeks friend/soul mate, 33-43. 2806 ☒

Blue-Eyed Psychologist—35, 5'10", warm and sincere, fit, Jewish. Seeks pretty, literate woman, 24-36. 2803 ☒

Very Pretty Gay Woman—Mid 30s, tall and slim, successful and emotionally available, athletic and fun-loving, looking to share friendship and/or love with the right woman. Note and photo. 2772 ☒

Beautiful, Successful—Professional woman with sense of humor (happy without kids) seeks similar male, aged 35 to 50, to enjoy NYC entertainment, culture, restaurants, etc. Travel and scuba optional! Photo appreciated. 2735 ☒

Children/Marriage-Oriented—37, Christian, 5'10", blond, blue eyes, athletic build, Irish/German, soft-spoken, divorced gentleman, traditional Midwestern values. Kids okay. Photo, please. 2808 ☒

Uptown Girl—43, Jewish, Ivy-educated professional, 5'8" and all legs - seeks all-around nice guy, all heart. Photo. 2817 ☒

I'll Share My Beach House—If you'll share your NYC apartment. Very pretty, slender, accomplished woman, with passport, bicycle and PhD, seeks communicative, passionate mensch who likes what he does and who he is, for lasting relationship. 49 plus. 2771 ☒

Asian Female—Tall, pretty, cultured, seeks same in male, 50 plus. 2702 ☒

HIV+, Healthy, Heterosexual—Jewish male, 36, tall, brown hair, blue eyes, financially independent, well-educated, kindhearted - into Eastern spirituality and meditation, soul music, good food... Seeks female ready to live life now. 2706 ☒

Spunky, Smart, Sexy—26-year-old, petite female seeks Jewish male with a kind heart, warm laugh and twinkle in his eye - for intelligent conversation, pillow fights and growing old. 2728 ☒

Sensitive, Kind Hispanic Male—32, 5'5", seeks intelligent, attractive, stable, nonsmoking female for true love, friendship...leading to long-term relationship. 2734 ☒

Gay White Male - Ready And Able—Passionate culture vulture; midtown professional, downtown taste, living in The Heights. 42, 6'3", 215, healthy smoker. Seeks similar for the long run. 2750 ☒

Divorced White Male—Interested in meeting a slim, classy lady, 45 plus, who resides in Westchester or CT. My interests are varied, extending from most cultural events in NYC to walks on the beach and in the country. Nonsmoker and sense of humor a must. Note/photo, please. 2760 ☒

Beautiful Butterfly—Whose wings have been a bit clipped...sensitive/creative, soulful woman. Seeks successful and generous man for supporting and nurturing relationship. Note/photo. 2693 ☒

Funny, Literate—Attorney, of spirit and means, 57, seeks thin, pretty, intelligent woman, 40s. Photo helpful. 2774 ☒

Juxtaposition—Are you creative and concrete, sweet and strong, earthy and elegant, financial wiz with holes in your jeans? Beautiful, sensual, passionate and truly smart woman seeking professional, single white male, 40-46, to love and respect forever. Note/photo. 2678 ☒

Bite Me! Entrepreneur—NYC Jewish male, 36, seeks Jewish female, rich in personality, 19-36. Note/photo. 2677 ☒

Smart, Sexy, Adventurous—Thoughtful too. Looking for an intelligent man, an original thinker who's funny too. Pretty, 5'5", 110 lbs, 34, with shoulder-length brown hair and hazel eyes... I'm a music teacher, piano accompanist and songwriter. I like to think, read and joke a lot. Hoping to find someone quirky and intellectually unpredictable with whom I can talk and laugh on car rides up north, nights out in the city, or at home. 2476 ☒

Next Year In Provence?—Bright, pretty artist, fit, young 45, loves Porter, Dillard and Bach. Seek witty, eclectic, well-read man, 45-55. 2757 ☒

Bogart's Style, Pacino's Passion—Professional entrepreneur, Jewish, 44, 5'10", seeks 32-41 leading lady with style, eyes that dare, for comedic, family-oriented romantic script. Note/photo. 2690 ☒

Are You Ready To Meet—An attractive, easygoing, successful, divorced Jewish executive? I'm a very active, youthful, middle-aged golf, tennis, opera, movies, family and home-cooking lover. A youthful, slim, attractive, nonsmoking, traditional, reasonably uninhibited, 50s-60s woman will chance a recent photo and short bio. 2753 ☒

Gay Man—38, ready for the merger of '95 - witty, wise, secure, J. Crew looks, blond/blue, 5'11", 185. You - nonsmoker, stocky ex-jock type. No kids. No pets. Not too much baggage. Photo/note. 2700 ☒

Smart Move—Sincere, nice, normal, open, cerebral, attractive, single white male, 38, educated, quiet, strong, intense, seeks informed, smart, slender, very attractive female, 28-34, for life. 2729 ☒

Are You Looking For Ms. Right?—Well, you've found her! Beautiful, single, warm, professional Jewish female, 30, seeks professional, athletic, fun, marriage-minded Jewish male, 30-40, sense of humor a must. Photo/photo. 2794 ☒

Blue-Eyed Gemini—Early 50s and youthful, looking for a thin, bright lady with an artistic soul, nurturing personality and a spirit of adventure. Photo a must. 2815 ☒

Beauty And Brains—35. Who says you can't have it all? The only thing missing is you - an intelligent, successful Jewish man between 35-45, who is witty, athletic and loves the arts. Note/photo. 2749 ☒

Very Handsome Wall Street VP—27, seeks beautiful, slender, intelligent, sexy female with solid values, for relationship leading to hopefully eternal happiness. Photo a must. 2784 ☒

Autumn In NY—Let's share it together. Creative, successful man, 44, good heart, good looks, in shape, seeks a woman who is smart, passionate and loves to laugh, ready for a commitment. Photo. 2761 ☒

Attorney Seeks Settlement Offer—Single Jewish female, 30, cute, petite, witty and warm, likes hiking, biking and movies. Seeks single male, 30-35, who's educated, kind, compassionate and funny, for fun and more. Note/photo/phone. 2694 ☒

Canadian-European Descent—Well-educated, attractive, 5'6", blue eyes - enjoys classical music, walking and travel. Seeks sincere, educated, marriage-minded American gentleman, 54-63. Will relocate. Serious replies only. 2683 ☒

I've Got Silver In The Stars—And gold in the morning sun. As for the other stuff, hey, that's for others to judge. If you're a spirited woman who reads, skips when you walk, and at least gazes at the occasional mountain here and there...why, this 48-year-old man would love to hear from you. 2804 ☒

Are You—A brilliant, attractive woman, 20s-30s, who is spontaneous and naughty yet charming? Then you're for me. I promise never a dull moment. Manhattan attorney, sandy-blond hair, blue eyes, mustache, wants someone to share candlelight dinners and special moments. Note/photo, please. 2767 ☒

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Where Have You Been All My Life?—Attractive Jewish female, 31, 5'7", lawyer/aspiring comic, who loves running, biking and watching football - seeks someone special. Photo/note please. 2682 ☎

Shapely, Very Pretty Brunette—35, warm, fun-loving, seeks professional, attractive male, 5'8" plus, athletic, family-oriented, intelligent, with good sense of humor. Note/photo/photo. 2505 ☎

Work In Progress—Single Jewish man, 31, ad writer, 6', very attractive, fit, cocky, quick-witted, down-to-earth, unpretentious, jeans and T-shirt wearer, from dysfunctional family - looking for very attractive, similar woman, for imperfect relationship that could maybe, possibly lead somewhere. Hey, it's worth a shot. Note/photo a must. 2792 ☎

Handsome Attorney—Single white male, 29, tall (6'2"), well-educated, good values, fun to be with. In search of very pretty, classy, sweet and intelligent, single white female, 20-29, who loves to laugh and still believes in old-fashioned romance. Note/description. 2714 ☎

In Search Of...—The kiss that leaves me breathless. You're a 36-48 male, strong hands, warm heart, attractive, witty, charming, playful. I'm 38, Jewish, shapely, petite, attractive, sensual, moved by music, art, theater and romance. Let's celebrate life together! Respond to Snugbuns@AOL or note/photo/photo. 2720 ☎

The Time Is Now—Blond, green eyes, 5'8", 42, slim, investment professional with dry sense of humor. Enjoys music, good wine and good conversation. Seeking tall, risk-oriented man with entrepreneurial spirit and quick wit. 2756 ☎

Blonds Prefer Gentlemen—I know you're out there. Let's not wait for chance. I'm blond, elegant, sexy, sophisticated and intelligent. I'm an interior designer, traveler and many other things. Seek elegant, sophisticated man, 50-70 years old, financially secure, independent thinker with a good soul. Let's meet. Please include photo. 2780 ☎

Chemistry—With it, we have everything! Me: 38, 5'8", 160, business owner, Jewish, very good-looking, funny, true mensch. You: sweet, thin, petite, very pretty. Us: happy, very successful, into the arts, nature, body/mind/spirit, family and each other. Photo a must. 2788 ☎

One-Of-A-Kind—Single Jewish female, mysterious brown-eyed brunette, attractive and fun-loving, seeks single Jewish male, 30-40, who is good-looking, spontaneous, sincere and, last but not least, normal. Photo. 2751 ☎

Kind, Loving, Sincere—Jewish male, academic MD, 52, with varied interests and a good sense of humor, seeks female, 34-43, with similar qualities. Photo appreciated. 2752 ☎

Dearest Unknown Lady—Forgive me the hubris, but I have the notion that I'm somebody's paradigm. But where are you, sweetest of all hearts? Please take those paradigms at 12 cents for postage, write and meet your very own Caucasian, non-smoking, 6' tall, 185 lb, NYC-dwelling gifted artist who is comfortably immune to the capital Mammon plague. So, future dearest love, please make your leap of faith and carpe that diem to find the man who is yours plu sincerely. P.S. The right videotape could get an all-expenses-paid trip to NY. 2787 ☎

Easygoing, Divorced Jewish Guy—5'8", 47, 170 lbs, into biking, reading, walks, films and jazz. Seeking sharp lady, 35 plus, attractive, nonsmoker, with a sense of humor. Let's meet and talk. Note and photo, please. 2800 ☎

New Year/New Man!—I'm Jewish, tall, handsome, successful, sensitive, 40s. Would love to share laughter, tennis, suburban lifestyle with one special, honest, intelligent, loyal, fit Jewish woman, 30s, for marriage and children. 2815 ☎

Loves To Shop—That's right! 33, 5'11", 180 lbs, Jewish male. Seeks 27-33, Italian/Jewish female who enjoys tennis, travel, cars. Westchester preferred. I put the ad in, so it's up to you to answer. I too would like to live happily ever after! If you do not take risks in life, you will never know. Note and photo a must. 2765 ☎

Believes In Dreams—Also knows value of being realistic. Genuinely attractive, trim, fit, blond, divorced white female, 5'7". Vivid blue eyes. Honestly young-looking 47. Professional. Lives life with great passion, depth, natural curiosity and integrity. Fun-loving, reliable, spiritual, creative. Expressive with heart. Deeply loves music and the performing arts. Sings, studies acting. Likes diversity. Just returned from Peru, planning trip to Italy. Values respect (for self and others), a sense of the outrageous and the ability to have fun. Seeks enduring relationship with very alive, attractive, kind, responsible, financially stable, physically fit, accomplished, down-to-earth, divorced white man, 5'9" plus, 40-52. 2832 ☎

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NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

Freudian slip—a lapse of speech in which we say one thing and mean another.

Nike Air Jordans—counterfeet.

Bill Gates—software entrepreneur so married to his work that his friends call him "chipmonk."

Above, substitutions, please. Competitors are invited to cite a familiar person, place, or thing and devise for same an apposite definition in which one letter has been changed.

Results of Competition 829, in which you were asked for excerpts from reviews of books, films, etc. based on ignorance or misapprehension.

Report: APOLLO 13—over a dozen select performers appear at the Harlem landmark theater. BABE—Sonny and Cher biopic. OPERATION DUMBO DROP—how the GOP tried to persuade Bush to find a new running mate. WATERWORLD—travel guide to Disney's new theme park. THE STORY OF O—on Sesame Street. FRIENDS—all about Quakers. CLUELESS—around and about Newt. HEIDI—tell-all about a madam. THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR—very little about Fergie and Diana. And that's about it.

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to New York to:

LOIS AND CLARK—Ken Burns's latest documentary follows the explorers and their guide Pocahontas as they . . .
Stacy Bradley, Naples, Fla.

THE INDIAN IN THE CUPBOARD—Satyajit Ray's compelling story of a young Bombay native's journey to manhood and his inability to come to terms with his desire for other men . . .
Theodore G. Zavales, Bergenfield, N.J.

THE CRITIQUE OF PURE REASON—You wouldn't have thought there were so many things wrong with pure reason . . .
Michael E. Levin, N.Y.C.

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to New York to:

DOS FOR DUMMIES—In this very basic book of etiquette, there are no "don'ts" . . .
Scott Blanchard, Novi, Mich.

I REMEMBER MAMA—The history of the Museum of Modern Art as told by the son of its first curator . . .
Kenneth J. Levine, East Lansing, Mich.

FREE WILLY—Central Park's Shakespeare festival begins its season with *Much Ado About Nothing* and is open to the public at no charge.
Rochelle Haimes, Charlotte, N.C.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING—Exactly!
James Lescott, New Canaan, Ct.

And Honorable Mention to:

FREE WILLY—intriguing documentary about male promiscuity . . .
Nick Grasso, Brooklyn, N.Y.

FREE WILLY 2: THE ADVENTURE HOME—the son of the notorious bank robber is falsely imprisoned when a fortune is uncovered in his backyard . . .
*Raymond E. Benenson, Niskayuna, N.Y.
sp. ment: Sophy Alter, Pittsburgh, Pa.*

WHOSE LIFE IS IT ANYWAY?—In this modern fable directed by Frank Capra, George Bailey (James Stewart) suffers amnesia after a sledding accident on Christmas eve.
Bernadette Huvane, N.Y.C.

BATMAN FOREVER—A dark tale about Colonel Farnsworth's servant, doomed to wander the English countryside for all time . . .
Larry Stenger, Medford, N.Y.

YOUNG MAN WITH A HORN—stand-up comedy and the violin are only two of Henny's talents . . .
Jill Shea, Cromwell, Ct.

THE SEVEN HABITS OF HIGHLY EFFECTIVE PEOPLE— . . . unusual look at ecclesiastical fashion features some favorites of Mother Theresa, Maria Cabrini, Soer Sourire . . .
Lauren Foley, Cranston, RI.

DANGEROUS MINDS— . . . well-plotted story about a group of sociopathic nannies . . .
Eleanor Roth, Flushing, N.Y.

THE TALISMAN— . . . from immigrant prayer-shawl-maker to powerful industrialist . . .
Jay Tischenkel, Beech Mountain, N.C.

IVANHOE—A history of prostitution in pre-Gorbachev Soviet Russia.
Mark Flanagan, Shickshinny, Pa.

WESTWARD HO!—The saga of evangelist Divine Brown as she works her way across the U.S . . .
A. Schwartz, Norwood, N.J.

FORGET PARIS—The life of Helen of Troy with her husband Menelaus in the post-Trojan War years.
John Zervoulakas, Greenwich, Ct.

MEN ARE FROM MARS, WOMEN ARE FROM VENUS—A shocking sci-fi tale that dares to explore the ultimate taboo: interplanetary dating.
Jim Weis, Atlanta, Ga.

THE SONG OF BERNADETTE—The Broadway star reprises her favorite roles, including "Sunday in the Park With George," "Dames at Sea," and "Into the Woods."
Steven Greenspan, Rego Park, N.Y.

THE RAINMAKER—Faulkner's inimitable style is well suited to this story of an autistic child growing up in rural Mississippi.
Murray J. Aromson, Long Beach, Miss.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE—In this biopic, Mrs. Leary questions the received wisdom that her cow was responsible for the great Chicago fire . . .
L. Raffel, via the Internet

FOUL MOON—David Shiner's comedy is fast and physical, but its blatant attack on the Unification Church troubles this reviewer . . .
Linda Giordano, Florence, Ala.

POPI—Alan Arkin is memorable as the feisty, salty spinach-eating sailor.
Craig Wolfson, Harrisburg, Pa.

WHEN HARRY MET SALLY . . . —Only a few Washington insiders knew about the torrid affair between our thirty-third president and the exotic fan dancer . . .
Abigail Dobbs, Stone Mountain, Ga.

. . . TICK . . . TICK . . . TICK . . . —In the style of *Outbreak*, this gripping film documents the alarming spread of Lyme disease . . .
Alexa Geller, West Hartford, Ct.

NINE STORIES— . . . ever wanted to construct your own sliver building? This delightful step-by-step guide by a reclusive contractor . . .
*Max Nichols, N.Y.C.
sp. ment.: Diane Booth, Seattle, Wa.*

CLUELESS—Acting on his uncanny hunch system, Ellery Queen searches for the Loch Ness Monster in San Antonio, Texas . . .
Gloria A. Ferguson, Virginia Beach, Va.

LES MISÉRABLES— . . . insightful tell-all biography reveals surprising details about the seemingly happy-go-lucky life of the "Band of Renown" leader.
*JoAnn Renfro, Kansas City, Mo.
sp. ment.: Helen Grossman, Minneapolis, Minn.*

CIRCLE OF FRIENDS—Irish consumer advocate Maeve Binchy's exposé takes its toll on AT&T's closest competitor.
Dan Greenburg, Hastings-on-Hudson, N.Y.

MEDEA—With the success of the Broadway revival of *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying*, Alan Boublil and Claude-Michel Schonberg turn their talents to a new musical set in the high-tech world of communications . . .
Frank Klick, Muscoda, Wis.

20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA— . . . Verne's extraordinary prophecy comes to pass when frenzied expansion of NFL and NBA teams forces management to seek venues in

COMPETITION

Nemodomus beneath . . .

Raymond S. Kauders, Monteseano, Wash.

IS SEX NECESSARY?—Our reviewer reappraises Madonna's magnum opus.

Jay Hoster, Columbus, Ohio

THE KILLING FIELDS—The star of *Norma Rae* speaks for the first time about her half-brothers and their pest-control cartel.

Mitchell A. Kopnick, Oak Park, Ill.

CYBILL—You've read the book, seen the television movie; now take a look at the series exploring a young woman with multiple . . .

Joe McGunagle, Wyandotte, Mich.

THE PEARL—Sportswriter Steinbeck has captured perfectly the charisma of Earl Monroe in this fast-paced . . .

John R. Lewis, No. Tarrytown, N.Y.
Jessica Allen, Gaithersburg, Md.

NYPD BLUE— . . . big-board brokers who trade primarily in IBM . . .

L. H. Waller, Yonkers, N.Y.

THE CHINA SYNDROME— . . . group of psychological profiles taking its title from a former First Lady's obsession with expensive dinnerware . . .

Elaine Ståhlworth, Willow Grove, Pa.

SHOWBOAT—Even as a child, Deion Sanders longed to be the center of . . .

Anthony Gray, Closter, N.J.

HENRY V—another blockbuster sequel with Sly Stallone as a swashbuckler adrift in France . . .

Mary Pacal, Louisville, Colo.

RAMBO: FIRST BLOOD PART II—The second installment of the tragic, passionate life of the great French poet . . .

John DiLeo, N.Y.C.

LEATHERSTOCKING TALES—This latest biography of the controversial photographer Robert Mapplethorpe . . .

Dorothea Scher, N.Y.C.

CARMEN— . . . compelling study of the everyday lives of Amtrak employees . . .

Sybil Ann Lester, N.Y.C.

SLEEPER—This salute to inventor George M. Pullman . . .

Paula Doherty, Fall River, Mass.

LITTLE WOMEN—There are no "little women."

Susan Kelz Sperling, Rye, N.Y.

THE ALIENIST— . . . fourth movie in this series has Sigourney Weaver as Ripley, this time set in N.Y.C. in the late nineteenth century . . .

Elizabeth Deegan, via the Internet
Laura Canon, Brooklyn

DANGEROUS MINDS—Michelle Pfeiffer as an ex-Marine teacher who wins over wayward kids by demonstrating that a love of poetry is the remedy for poverty, hopelessness, and crime. Nonfiction.

Shirley Thomas, N.Y.C.

Competition Rules: POSTCARDS, PLEASE, TYPEWRITTEN IF POSSIBLE. ONE ENTRY ONLY should be sent to Competition Number 832, *New York Magazine*, 755 Second Ave., New York, NY 10017-5998 or sent via e-mail to 71154.3014@compuserve.com. It must be received by October 6. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become property of *New York*. Results and winners' names will appear in the October 30 issue.

Art continued from page 83

bough, friends chatting, the view over the lake. In Lake George, Stieglitz relaxes into a new form of concentration in which the casual commands respect and the modest merits attention. What his photography yields in personality it gains in character.

Georgia Engelhard (1921), for example, is a summer snap of Stieglitz's niece at the door. She is informally dressed; her hair is as casual as a July afternoon. Yet this is a profound piece of work. Her pose is a brilliant balancing of hard and soft, tense and relaxed, classical and romantic, ancient and modern. She is open and closed—at once yes and no. In the characters of her left and right hands, there is a world of difference, yet her steady gaze and her bold frontality offer us a challenging invitation: Do we have sensibility enough to recognize all that may pass on a summer day—and courage enough to embrace the paradoxes?

Every detail in this picture contributes to its effect, from the keyhole to the bracelet. Without the loose plant or the faded geometry beneath her feet, the ruled lines would have less power. Without the dreamy blur of light on the glass, the strict set of her face would lose conviction.

ART In a picture of this quality, there is so much private thought conveyed—so much rendered responsibility to the rich and varied tones of the world—that one takes away the sensation that, here at last, justice is done.

During the retreat to Lake George, Stieglitz's range did not contract. Taken as a group, the late pictures have a startling variety, a fearlessness before whatever life may present to the eye. He is not afraid to be funny, even goofy. Nor is he afraid to be a picturesque photographer when the occasion demands—sometimes only the picturesque will do—or a dirty old man when to be anything else would represent a failure of taste. I doubt there is another photographer, male or female, who has portrayed women in so varied, complex, and intelligent a way. In late Stieglitz there is no Woman, only the many moods of women.

Not surprisingly, there is often an elegiac note to Stieglitz's late work—a poignant accent on the passing and momentary. The photographs of the beautifully named Margaret Treadwell are humid with yearning. (The curators have placed a picture of apples dripping with rain next to the Treadwells; the subject is the same.) Even Stieglitz's famous *Equivalents*, the

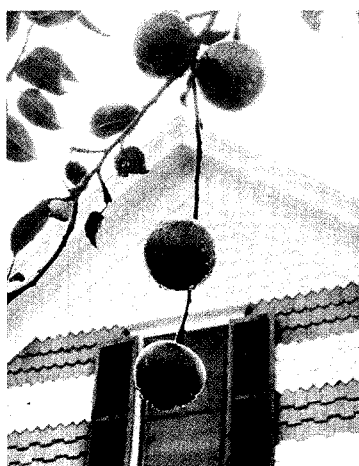
cloud studies about which there has been much heavy intellectual weather over the years—which Stieglitz himself fostered—here seem more playful than anything else: an old man shooting at the sky.

The barns are worn with memory; the poplars are dying; the radiance is sharp but subdued; the hills draw a line on the far side of the lake. But make no mistake: The dispassionate intelligence of Stieglitz's eye does not yield to sentimentality. In his art, this is the final compliment that form pays to feeling.

STIEGLITZ'S APPLES ARE TEMPTING, BUT there is no guilt in his garden. At the Marian Goodman Gallery, Joseph Bartscherer's installation portrays a very different kind of garden. A work of photographs and text made between 1984 and 1993, *Pioneering Mattawa* is a remarkably subtle and disturbing portrait of the transformation of an ancient ecosystem into an industrial garden that produces fruit of many kinds, including apples.

Beginning in 1984, with the help of a vast federal water project, farmers began irrigating a large patch of desert in Washington. Workers cut canals, built reservoirs, and set up pivot irrigating systems; they tied and staked the trees into the earth. Rather than rant about this in the obvious manner of many contemporary artists with views, Bartscherer presents the facts of industrial agriculture in the deadpan style of a high-school science project: "To a grower the ideal tree is symmetrical. It has a trunk from which scaffold branches radiate like spokes." We see the water systems and the plants. We learn that growers truck in bees to pollinate the trees and then truck them out. The prose softens only when we read that mustangs once roamed the area.

The power of *Pioneering Mattawa* slowly builds over time. We begin to see how well composed the photographs are. We note the contained lyricism in the artist's sensibility (Bartscherer even shows an Equivalent of the sky) and observe how the ancient landscape asserts itself around the edges of the project. We discover for ourselves the contrast between the wind-shaped wild trees and the pathetic tied-down apple trees, which are not permitted "their natural tendency to vertical growth." In the end, nothing conveys the sensation of a locked-up landscape better than the restraint in the art itself. (Through September 30.)

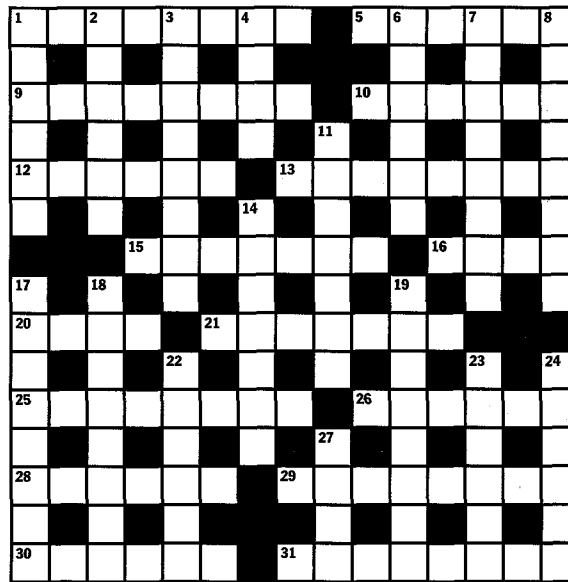


Lake George (1922).

'Sunday Times' of London Crossword

ACROSS

- 1 How team's make-up may vary a bit. (8)
- 5 Shoot that woman for making a commotion. (6)
- 9 Wary about youngster being cleaner. (8)
- 10 Fancy braid partly responsible for hair I cracked. (3-3)
- 12 A deserter, in time, makes mistakes. (6)
- 13 May sound as if the engine has been put in place—but discard it! (8)
- 15 Plug suitable for Her Majesty? This is the plug. (7)
- 16 Have some sense and charge a pound. (4)
- 20 Metal press. (4)
- 21 A small portion, including scrambled eggs? It's most generous. (7)
- 25 Formidable fish straying up the creek. (5-3)
- 26 Dancer also takes a twirl with me. (6)
- 28 Liaison possible when I get off with her. (6)
- 29 Twisting this part of the body makes you reel with pain. (8)
- 30 Spheres of interest for a composer, at first sight. (6)
- 31 Stop a debased form of building. (8)



DOWN

- 1 Bag wild she-cat. (6)
- 2 Wrong gear for me, being thin. (6)
- 3 A boring job, but making one wealthy. (4-2-2)
- 4 Help required a noted effort by Verdi. (4)
- 6 Work I put away—it's sleep inducing. (6)
- 7 Hard-pressed animal ran quickly around. (8)
- 8 Foreign money held in bank not long ago. (8)
- 11 A return match—sweet. (7)
- 14 Concerned with sight of pit in sorry state with coal strewn around. (7)
- 17 Employees on the scrap-heap—or just one employee. (8)
- 18 A murder where you live? The police must be called in. (8)
- 19 Nice gaps utilised for slipping out. (8)
- 22 A gold-plated key—antique. (3-3)
- 23 Lack of water, in wintertime? (6)
- 24 The person who has collapsed with cry of pain. (6)
- 27 Offering me some nutriment. (4)

'But Is It Art?': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

- 1 German prison camp
- 7 Sturgeon's largesse
- 13 Assemble troops
- 19 Movies, formally
- 20 "Clockwork" color
- 21 Fitness guru
- 23 Severe trial
- 24 Painter of moving trucks?
- 26 F.A.O. Schwarz sale
- 27 Word with majesté
- 29 16th-C. German engraver
- 30 Stays stationary, at sea
- 31 Belt site
- 33 Robert Burns's burgh
- 34 Give the heave-ho
- 36 Degrade
- 38 Kennedy Secretary of State
- 40 Mat. times
- 42 Birthday intervals
- 47 Meadow bird
- 48 Painter of outhouses?
- 51 Defect
- 52 — Kabibble
- 53 Fall guys
- 54 Dumbo's wings
- 55 Aborigine
- 57 They're blue, in a verse
- 59 Real-estate unit
- 60 Tango finale
- 61 Vacation "Club"
- 62 Perry of fashion
- 63 "Till death — part"
- 65 Responsive to modification
- 68 Painter of sandwiches?
- 72 Gratuitous awards
- 75 Iditarod destination
- 76 Everlasting; poetic
- 80 British rocker Brian
- 81 Mao — tung
- 82 Hamelin's problem
- 84 Remainder
- 86 Hoopster's credit
- 88 To — (exactly)
- 89 Practices girth control
- 91 Literary monogram
- 92 Antelope's playmate
- 93 Painter of snack bars?
- 96 Sentry's cry

- 97 Declivitous
- 99 Don't-do
- 100 City on the Humboldt
- 101 Buenos —
- 102 "— unto themselves": Bible
- 104 Mule of songdom
- 105 Called it a big hit
- 107 Parisian eatery
- 111 Here's Howe
- 114 Run in neutral
- 115 Former queen of Spain
- 118 Painter of ancient cities?
- 121 Ancestry
- 123 Thaw
- 124 Audio system
- 125 Fly the coop

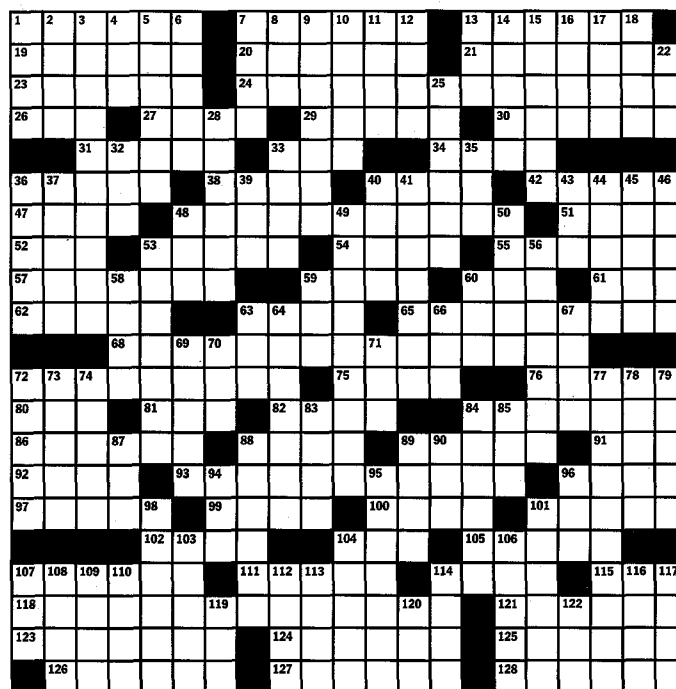
- 126 Fishnets
- 127 Most achy
- 128 Teeter-totter

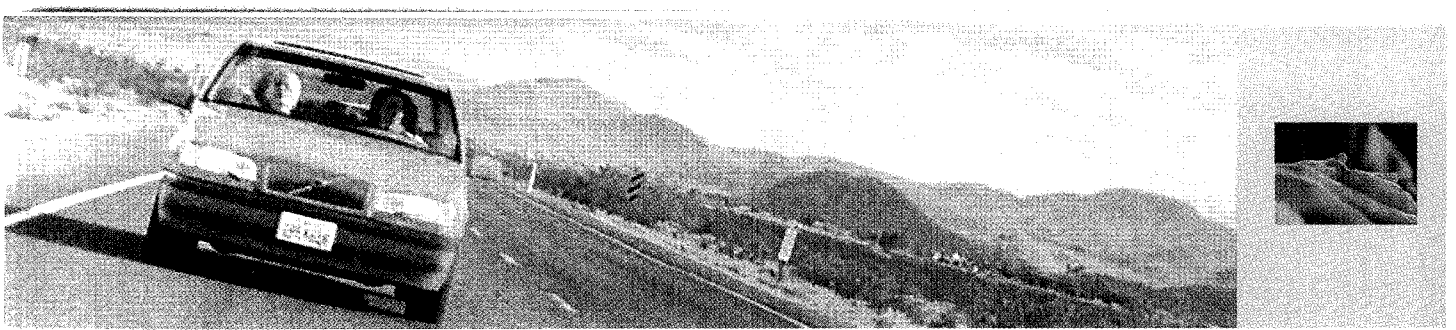
DOWN

- 1 Kiltie
- 2 Raw recruit
- 3 Painter of trenches?
- 4 Spike or Peggy
- 5 Charlotte —, Virgin Islands capital
- 6 Big blows
- 7 Inlet
- 8 Paul's "Exodus" role
- 9 Painter of beards?
- 10 Bring upon oneself
- 11 Ripening catalyst
- 12 Painter Magritte
- 13 Cable channel
- 14 Russian mountains

- 15 Mental balance
- 16 Buster Brown's dog
- 17 Son of Seth
- 18 Colonel's gp.
- 22 Between pi and sigma
- 25 Pledged loyalties
- 28 Seat belts
- 32 Query
- 33 Nile vipers
- 35 America's armada: abbr.
- 36 Partner of kicking
- 37 Pesto ingredient
- 39 Type of tax
- 40 Not quite closed
- 41 Where the ulna is
- 43 Immature newt
- 44 Out on — (in a jam)

- 45 "Boléro" composer
- 46 Gotlander
- 48 Protrude
- 49 Checked the votes again
- 50 Shoot from ambush
- 53 Leaves flat
- 56 Suitability
- 58 Prefix with suction
- 59 Nabokov heroine
- 60 Pat on
- 63 William Tell's canton
- 64 Athenian's rival
- 66 Up for payment
- 67 Spumante city
- 69 One of the senses
- 70 Fore
- 71 — Alamos
- 72 Coin side
- 73 Initiatory attack
- 74 "Long time, —"
- 77 Painter of fuel pumps?
- 78 Moscow money
- 79 Grouses' houses
- 83 Sol's prefix
- 84 Make a tape
- 85 Ordinal-number ending
- 87 High dudgeon
- 88 Declared positively
- 89 Unexciting
- 90 Lithographer's need
- 94 Geneticist's abbr.
- 95 Ascertain the dimensions of
- 96 Hurry up
- 98 Member of the clergy
- 101 Reluctant
- 103 Off the leash
- 104 Cavalry sword
- 106 Medicinal lilies
- 107 First three consonants
- 108 Islands: Fr.
- 109 Out of jeopardy
- 110 Actress Garr
- 112 Minus
- 113 Two prepositions in one
- 114 "— Rhythm"
- 116 Palm used for thatching
- 117 Second time around
- 119 U.S.M.A. grads
- 120 Matter, in law
- 122 Polar abundance





A MOMENT
IN THE LIFE OF A CAR COMPANY.

LAS VEGAS 3:50 pm PST.

ROUTE 160, WHICH BRINGS YOU RIGHT smack-dab into the heart of the city, is not exactly a sightseer's paradise.

You might catch a glimpse of a showgirl hitching a ride into town, or an old woman reading beside a roadside orange stand, but mostly it's just dust. Lots of it.

In that sense, it's the perfect path into the self-proclaimed "Marriage Capital of the World" – there's plenty of time to contemplate what you're about to do.

Which is precisely what Allan and Jennifer are doing this particular October afternoon.

"Let's not wait until the wedding," she'd said suddenly the night before, the tide of epiphany rising with each word. "Let's go to Vegas and get married now."

Allan had stared at her in disbelief.

Not so much for the spontaneity of her decision since it was one of the things he loved about her, but more because he had wondered why they'd wasted a year debating, among

other things, which types of lettuce should compose the salad that would be served at the reception.

"I'm serious," she'd said, watching the blood drain from his face. "I am madly in love with you. I presume you feel the same. Why wait another second?"

So here they are, humming toward the future in their Volvo 850 Sedan, sunroof open, radio blasting, when suddenly Route 160 works its contemplative magic.

"What are we going to tell our parents?" she blurts out, the panic in her voice thick and obvious.

Allan, hoping to calm his future wife, says, "We'll tell them we're capable of making our own decisions.

"We'll tell them we're starting a new life together and we're not interested in compromising. We'll tell them we have to do what's

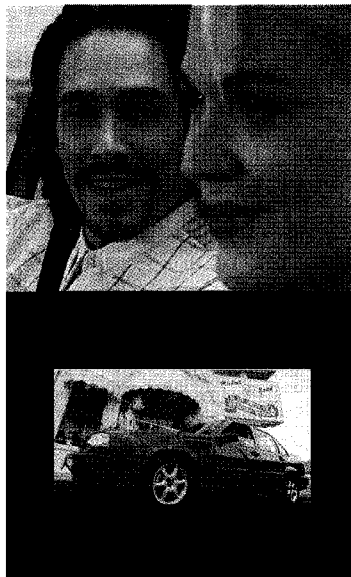
right for us."

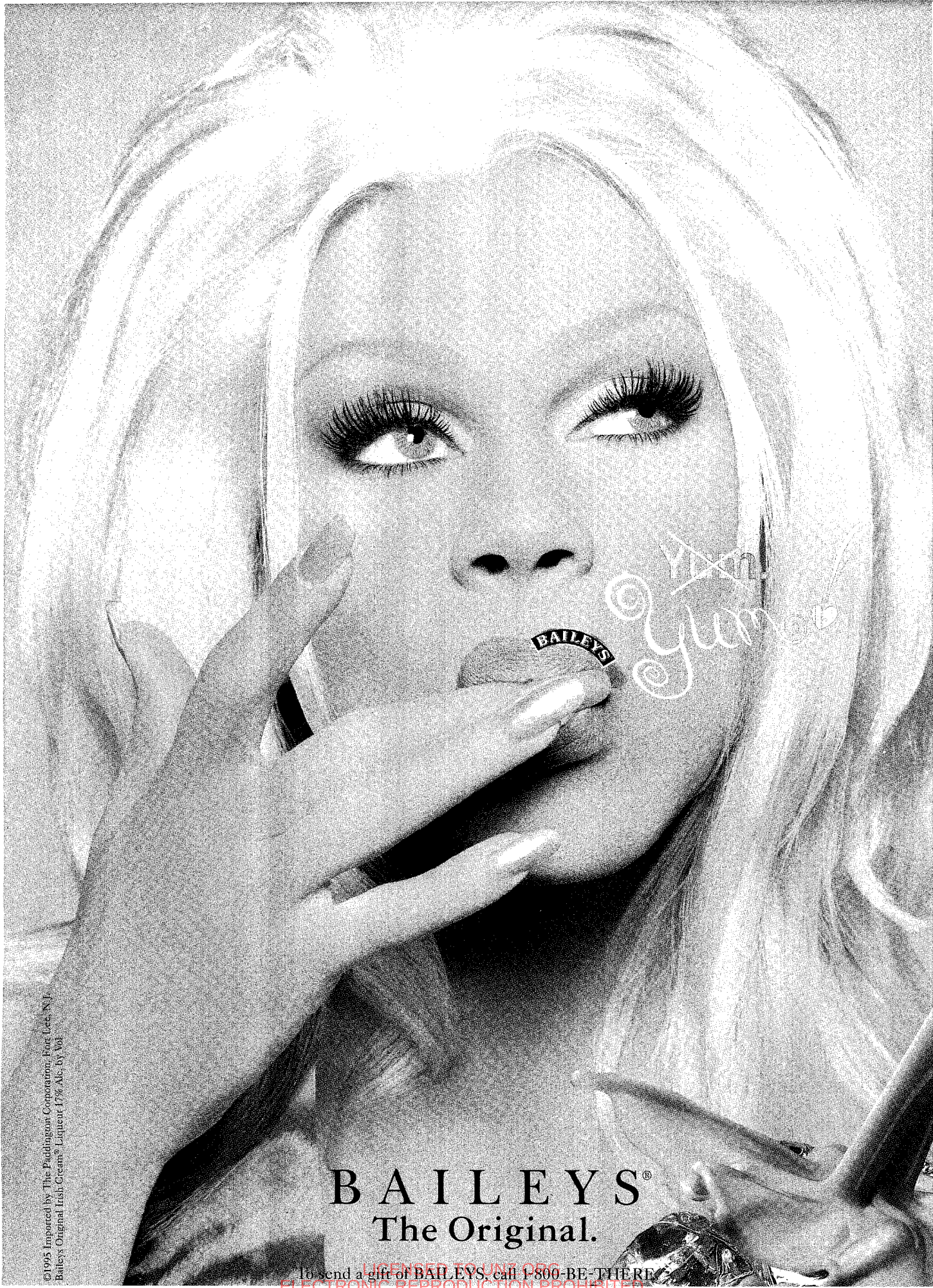
There is a long silence.

"We'll tell them the truth," he continues, struggling to hold back a laugh. "The whole thing was your idea."

"Could you please drive now?" Jennifer asks. "I want to have both hands free when I begin hitting you."

Drive safely.





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